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ARTICLE I.

RELIGION OF THE BIBLE.

Religion of the Bible, in Select Discourses. By THOMAS H. SKINNER. New York. 1839.

IT was with elevated expectations, that we took up this volume from the pen of Dr. Skinner. To say that we lay it down without disappointment, would be saying too little; we can affirm truly, that our anticipations have all been fulfilled, and more than fulfilled by the perusal. We know not when it has fallen to our lot to read a book which has afforded us so much pleasure, and which we feel that we can commend so fully and cordially to the attention of every class of our readers. The name of the author himself cannot but secure it a favorable reception with those who have ever heard his voice in the sanctuary, and are acquainted with the style of his public ministrations. We are happy to know, that there are not a few, to whom the writer is thus favorably known; and, as we cannot doubt that all such will turn with eagerness to the pages of this work, so we are sure, that it will be more their own fault than that of the work itself, if it does not impart to them views, and produce on them impressions, which shall make them wiser and better, so long as they live.

But the influence of these discourses should not be restricted to limits even thus extensive. The voice of a speaker, however widely it may have been heard, can yet be heard by few, in comparison with those whom

the printed page may reach. Nor, again, while it is impossible that words merely spoken should fall upon the ears of all, is it by any means certain, that they will be universally read, because the press has brought them before the public. Even this mode of disseminating truth has its limits: and these, while imposed in part by the necessity of the case are to some extent imposed also by causes which need not exist. One of these so naturally suggests itself under the circumstances, in which we write, that we would just allude to it, as we pass on, and make it the subject of one or two remarks.

It is undeniable, that even religious works of great value make but slow progress, in obtaining currency and favor, beyond the limits of the denomination in which they are produced. It is natural, and we hesitate not to add, proper, for us to give the preference to those writers, who sympathize with us in all our views of truth, and who, from this coincidence, command so much more fully our confidence, and thus acquire a power over us, which enables them to benefit us in a higher degree. To a reasonable preference of this nature, no one can object; so far from condemning it, we would cherish it ourselves, and commend it in others. But there is an excess of this feeling, which is too apt to spring from it, that is a very different quality. Carried to an extreme, it loses entirely the merit of its origin, and develops a spirit bordering but too closely upon prejudice and bigotry. A proneness to this excess is not, so far as we know, the characteristic of one sect more than of another: it would seem to be a tendency of human nature itself. It is a principle of universal operation; and goes far to explain what we believe to be well nigh a universal fact; and that is, that valuable works, not at all sectarian or polemic in their character, but purely practical in their aim and spirit, are often so imperfectly known to Christians of a different religious persuasion from their authors. In this remark we have reference more especially to contemporary works of this class; for in regard to those which have been for a long time before the public, and which possess a very decided merit, it is of course impossible that they should not, however restricted at first, gradually enlarge the sphere of their circulation, and at length win their way to universal favor. Thus no one, we suppose, reads

the Pilgrim's Progress with less readiness or profit, because Bunyan was a Baptist, or Taylor's Holy Living, or Edwards on the Affections, because the one was an Episcopalian, and the other a Congregationalist. The success of such productions may be delayed, indeed, but cannot be prevented. Give them time, and they will triumph over the strongest prejudices which sectarianism can array against them.

But such writings, it should be remembered, furnish but a small part of the religious reading of the times. The present taste, as well in this as every other department of authorship, would seem to be to read those first who have published last; and then, to speak of what is true rather than of what is desirable or wise, it is to the labors of living writers that we are indebted, so far as regards the agency of the press, for nearly all our means of moral excitement. As applied to these writers, the remark we just now made is certainly true, and in this application we make it again. There is, we say, too great a disposition among Christians to limit their knowledge of the religious publications of the day to those of their own sect. They restrict themselves too much to such books as have their origin among themselves. They take too little pains to become acquainted with those which appear elsewhere, receive them with distrust and reserve, and seem often barely to *submit*, as it were, to be benefited by them. Does any one question this? With as much reason might he, in our opinion, question the existence of sectarianism itself: for that it should manifest itself in this form, is no more strange, surely, than that it should appear in any other. That Christendom is yet free from a sectarian spirit, no one will pretend; of course, it still exists and operates, and we have no doubt that this of which we are speaking is one of the ways in which it causes its power to be felt. We believe that one of the first, we are sure one of the most important, effects of its utter extinction will be, that mind will then have fewer obstacles to encounter, in giving free circulation to its thoughts,—that it will overleap with less difficulty those barriers, which separate so widely the various bodies of evangelical Christians, who yet, in reality, differ from each other in so few respects; nay, more, that those barriers themselves will be broken down, so that the writers

of one religious denomination shall have ready access to the members of every other, and no longer be compelled to sacrifice "to party, what was meant for mankind."

It is obvious to remark, that a book assuming such a title as *Religion of the Bible*, ought, at least, to be written in *such a spirit* as to commend it to general acceptance. In this respect, the name which Dr. Skinner has chosen pledges him to nothing which he has not fully done. A volume of religious discourses, containing more of what is fundamental to Christianity, and less of what is extraneous or sectarian, we know not where to find. Those topics in which the true disciples of Christ may disagree, are all excluded; and those only discussed and enforced, in which they have a common interest, and from which spring the obligations which they all acknowledge. If in omitting topics such as those connected with the external ordinances of the gospel, he has not attempted to give the whole religion of the Bible, yet such views as he has chosen to present, are indisputably supported by the authority of that sacred volume.

As was natural, the author dedicates the volume,—he does it in a single brief sentence,—to the people of his charge; and we thus learn that he is pastor of a Presbyterian church; but, aside from this, did we not know what his denominational connection is from other sources, we could never have known it at all, from the contents of the book itself. In short, we are prepared to say, that the writer has fulfilled his intention, as expressed in the preface, and that "the reader will find, in the pieces composing this volume, nothing incongenial with the spiritual feelings and sympathies of all true Christians; nothing which will not, if he is a spiritual man, tend to his advancement in spirituality; and, if he is a worldly man, tend to make him a spiritual one. In perusing the book, he will not once find his thoughts conversant with a subject, which he himself will regard as a matter of doubtful disputation, or as among the uncertainties of religion, or as pertaining to those peculiarities, whether of doctrine, practice or spirit, which have given Christians different names, and have divided them into contending schools and sects."

The discourses which are here presented to the public have not exactly the form of sermons, although we presume that they were originally written as such, and have

been addressed to religious assemblies. We have met before with nearly all of them in the different publications of the day; and it is owing to the fact, that they are now reprinted from these publications, to which they would have been less adapted, as composed in the first instance, that they appear in their present character. We do not see that the reason for this change has any application to the discourses, as they stand in this collection; and should have been better pleased, had they been restored to their original form. So also it appeared to the author himself; when, however, it was no longer in his power to make the correction, and he could only, as an approximation to it, insert in the table of contents a list of the passages which were used as texts.

It is in the light of sermons, however, that we are to regard these discourses, whether we consider their origin as called forth by the exigences of the pulpit, or in fact their construction, notwithstanding the slight defect, to which we have just adverted. And it is in this light, that we *wish* them to be regarded. They are the legitimate fruit of the Christian ministry; and the honor, which they are calculated to reflect upon it, should not be diminished by their being dissociated from it. This volume of Dr. Skinner, in our judgment of it, stands in the very first rank of the class of productions to which it belongs. Happier specimens of the true effective style of pulpit discourses have seldom been penned or preached. They are distinguished for that rare union of qualities, which gives them power over minds of every degree of culture. They satisfy almost every demand of the most rigid literary criticism, and, at the same time, are adapted to make a strong impression on those who are least qualified to judge critically of such performances. To the finish of elaborate composition, without its stiffness, they add much of the directness and energy of unpremeditated discourse, with none of its inelegance and looseness. We were much struck, in reading them, with the power of our language, as adapted to the expression of religious ideas. They furnish a striking illustration of the sufficiency and richness of its stores in this respect. We see from them, that the inculcations of the pulpit may be in the highest degree evangelical and spiritual, and yet be conveyed in

terms as approved and classical, as those which are employed on other subjects.

The discourses, which compose this volume, are ten in number, and are on the following topics: "Spiritual Religion. Spiritual Joy. Doing Good; part first, Doing Good; part second, Coöperation with God. Prayer; part first, Prayer; part second, The Sabbath. Restraints on Divine Influence. The First Last, and the Last First, or the Parable of the Laborers in the Vineyard." From this enumeration, our readers will perceive at once the practical character of the book. We wish them to procure it, and thus judge for themselves of its excellence in this, as well as other respects, and we would not diminish the motive to do this, by presenting too copious extracts upon our pages. We shall limit ourselves to two or three quotations, in which we have in view the two-fold object of illustrating the manner of the author, and calling attention to the importance of some of the ideas which he advances.

The first of the series,—the sermon on *Spiritual Religion*,—is truly an able effort. It not only discusses a subject of vital importance, but does it with a power, moral and intellectual, which is rarely exceeded. We have, in the first place, a definition of 'the nature of spiritual religion, showing what it is in itself, and as contrasted with other kinds of religion, which are found among those who profess to be Christians. The way being thus prepared for understanding the terms of the proposition, the proposition itself, which it is the design of the discourse to illustrate, is laid down in these words: viz., *That spiritual religion has, in many respects, greatly the preëminence above every other.* The truth of this affirmation is then argued, in a strain of the most convincing and persuasive eloquence, from a variety of considerations, such as that this sort of religion is *scriptural* religion,—that it is the most *rational* kind of religion,—that it is the only religion which affords *sensible* and *satisfying* enjoyment,—that it is the only kind of religion which *perceptibly advances the soul in the life and likeness of God*,—that it is more *useful* than any other religion, and better adapted to *sustain us* under evil. And, finally, two or three objections, which might be supposed to arise in the mind against the claims of such piety, are taken up

and disproved, and thus, at the close of the subject, the full weight of the obligation to cultivate and practise this religion, is left *pressing* upon the conscience, with nothing to obstruct it, except the aversion of the heart itself to the holiness, which is shown to be so justly required.

We have sketched the plan of this discourse, not because we suppose the reader will obtain from it any adequate conception of the ability with which it is executed, but because we wish to lay before him at least one example of that skill in sermonizing, which Dr. Skinner possesses in so eminent a degree. There is one peculiarity, we would take occasion to say, in the structure of the sermon under remark, which is worthy of notice. It will be perceived, on comparing the main position of it with the subsequent reasoning, that the former claims less than the latter really proves; in other words, it presents a conclusion narrower than the premises on which it rests. All which it proposed to show is, that spiritual religion has a decided superiority over religion of every other kind; but the thing actually shown and intended, is, not that such religion is the *best* of several kinds of religion, of which a person may safely take his choice, but that it is in fact the *only* religion, which can make it certain that the soul will finally be saved. Every one can see, that this mode of conducting the argument is perfectly adapted to the circumstances of the case. Had more been demanded at the outset, less, in all probability, would have been secured in the end. It admits of no dispute, that the generality of those, who are reputed Christians, do not, practically at least, regard such piety as this discourse recommends, as essential to the safety of their religious hopes. They acknowledge its desirableness, but deny its necessity. They consider it as well suited, perhaps, to ministers of the gospel, and a few others who are peculiarly favored in their circumstances; but beyond this, as too impracticable to be expected, as an ordinary attainment. Hence, to have taken at once the open ground, that such a view as this is utterly false, and the practice to which it leads, in the highest degree dangerous and sinful, could have had no other effect than to arouse the mind to opposition, and throw it into precisely the state, of all others the most unfavorable to conviction. To have provoked thus a feeling of hostility, to have commenced with giving out, as it

were, a challenge to resistance, would have been surely neither necessary nor wise. The plan of discourse, which the author has adopted, has enabled him to avoid all prejudice of this kind against his object. It gives him an opportunity to convince those who may need it, without being compelled, in so doing, to overcome a previously formed purpose on their part *not to be convinced*. The point of the Thrysus, so to speak, is concealed for a while; but it is the Thrysus still. In due time, this is manifest. The ivy-wreaths, which were entwined around it, are presently stripped away, and the fearful weapon is seen as it is. But it is then too late to recoil. The truth has done its work. By the time that the writer has disclosed fully the design and scope of his argument, he has already presented so much evidence of its correctness, that the conclusion to which it tends can no longer be fairly resisted. With what plainness and fidelity that conclusion is urged, the closing sentences of the discourse will show. They are as follows :

"Still, some will think that although spiritual religion is the best and safest kind, yet as the more common sort may suffice, they will content themselves with that. But does not this savor more of a low and calculating selfishness, than of that spirit of regeneracy which instinctively pants after entire freedom from sin, and entire conformity to the image of God? Have those persons any true holiness, who desire no more than may answer to keep them out of the world of wo? But is it certain that the common sort of religion *will* suffice? Who feels certain of it? Have the professors of that religion an assurance of their salvation? Their hearts answer, No! Has the world any assurance of their salvation? All men stand in doubt,—and it is indeed a doubtful matter. St. Paul thought he should be a cast-away if he did not keep his body under, and bring it into subjection. Do these professors of religion practise such discipline on themselves, that their souls may not be lost? Who would stand in their souls' stead? In the infinite concerns of religion, no uncertainty, no suspense of mind ought to be tolerated, if it can possibly be prevented; and prevented it may be, by giving due diligence to that end. And the needful diligence in this case is not more than men generally employ to secure worldly things. But shall men, shall professors of religion, use more diligence to secure to themselves things that perish in the using, than to lay hold on eternal life? Are such men Christians? Must we not tremble at the question!

"Thus irresistible and overwhelming, are the arguments for SPIRITUAL RELIGION. Should we venture upon any other? Destitute of this kind of religion, is there a man living, who, for a thousand worlds, would take our place at death or judgment?"—pp. 41—43.

In passing to the second of the discourses before us, we find ourselves still in the same spiritual atmosphere which surrounded us in the first. The proximity of the one to the other may have been accidental, but it is certainly natural and happy; for what moral effect follows more certainly from its cause, than "spiritual joy" from "spiritual religion?" It is not, however, the object of the writer to consider the origin, or describe the nature of this affection, so much as "to show the power of it as a practical principle." No view of the subject could be taken, so profitable to Christians as this: and yet, probably, it is the very one, which of all others has been least frequently presented. It is universally understood and acknowledged, so far as relates to the ordinary pursuits of men, that to be successfully followed, they must take a deep hold of the affections of those devoted to them, and be regarded, not merely as a duty and a labor, but as a source of happiness and delight. No activity is so efficient as that which is prompted by a lively interest in the work to which it is directed. It is when the mind derives pleasure from the exertion of its powers, that its powers are so exerted as to accomplish the greatest results. It is not enough, for example, if a person would be truly learned, that he should desire the rewards which learning confers; he must delight also in the toils which it imposes, and be attracted to them as much by the gratification which they afford, as by a desire for those remoter benefits which he may thus secure. Nothing has such a tendency to arouse the mind, and give it power for successful effort, as a feeling of intense delight in the objects which engage its attention. Nor is this true of those pursuits only, which are strictly intellectual in their character. We witness the same fact in every department of human labor. Most of those differences of skill, which exist among those who practise the mechanical arts of life, are to be attributed, not so much to a superior natural aptitude for the processes which they perform, as to the greater pleasure, which they take in these exercises of their ingenuity. With such manifestations of the power of this principle, all are familiar; we have observed its effect in the case of others; we have often experienced it ourselves. But beyond these limits, there is another and yet more important field of its operation. It is in our character as moral beings,

that we fill the highest sphere of action ; and the law, of which we have just spoken as having such an effect on our physical and intellectual agency, has the same effect also, here. It is this most interesting and important truth, which the writer sets forth and illustrates, in the discourse under consideration. He thus proposes his object :

"It is joy, for the most part, that makes men industrious and indefatigable in the fulfilment of moral claims and undertakings. This is the great principle of Christian attainment; of holy zeal and enterprise in the people of God. Why should it not be so? Would it not be surprising and unaccountable to find it otherwise? Should we not ask with wonder, how it is, that a principle which holds good in every other department of rational agency, should fail in this department? Are the laws of nature violated in the spiritual kingdom? No; reason requires us to believe, that this is the very sphere, in which, above all others, the efficiency of this influence is discovered. The influence itself exists here in a far nobler kind, than any where else. The joy of the Lord is as far above all other kinds of joy, as holiness is better than other kinds of excellence. The just conclusion is, that the effects of this joy are proportionately superior; the conclusion of common sense, confirmed by the universal testimony of Scripture and experience. It may, however, be useful, to enter somewhat particularly into an examination of the tendencies of this feeling; to inquire, in several instances, into the ways in which its efficacy is exerted and discovered."—pp. 51, 52.

The considerations, which the writer then proceeds to submit, in further prosecution of his design, are happily conceived, and eloquently expressed. We adduce his remarks merely on a single one of the several topics upon which he enlarges,—the power of "spiritual delight to bear up the mind amidst assaults of outward afflictions."

"Through these assaults must all make their triumphant way, who at last gain entrance into the world of rest. *As many as I love I rebuke and chasten. I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.* Here it is that strength is demanded, and what, in these circumstances, imparts strength like this holy joy? Hope and faith are, indeed, needful, but it is joy, commonly, which gives faith and hope their strength. Unattended by joy, they may stay up the mind in some sort, amidst these seasons of storm and darkness; they may keep it from sinking into the deep waters of despair, but they may not do even this, without a great inward strife. Many a saint, going through the floods of trouble in the mere exercise of hope and faith, has meanwhile trembled in himself, lest, by failing to retain these supporters, he should perish in the passage. But how is the scene changed at once, when the light of heavenly joy springs up in darkness? What can any floods or fires of tribulation then do, to hinder

the mind's steadfastness, and swift progress in its upward course to God? These trials seem to assist, rather than hinder it on its way. How matchless the efficacy of this divine joy! It enlivens faith and hope, and all the other heavenly affections. It is as if omnipotence itself had entered into all the feelings of the mind. The mind becomes more than a conqueror. The very violence of fire is quenched; and, sometimes, as in the case of the martyr, the fiercest flames, under the influences of spiritual joy, not only lose their peculiar power, but become an instrument of ease, as the dying martyr found the flames were to him a bed of roses. This may savor of mere ardor, to the externally strict religionist, but he is not set to judge in this case: we appeal in verification of what we have said, to the Scriptures of truth, and the history of the church. It has been fulfilled in thousands of real examples, of whom the world was not worthy."—pp. 60—62.

We are persuaded that no considerate reader will dissent from the leading views of the discourse. No one, surely, will question the desirableness of that high state of religious enjoyment, which it urges upon Christians, or doubt that, if possessed, it would prove the source of all that moral power, which is here represented as connected with it. On these points, it would seem as if there could be no difference of opinion. The only question, which can fairly present itself, springs from another source. It may be thought by some, that the measure of religious joy, for which the writer pleads, is greater than Christians in general can be expected to attain, and that the possession of it is to be recommended as a privilege, rather than enjoined as a duty. The author takes notice, indeed, of this objection; but, as it would have exceeded the usual limits of such a discussion, to have been more particular, he has been able to do little else than barely allude to it. It is obvious, however, that the practical effect of the discourse must depend very much upon the view which is taken of this same objection; and it may not be amiss, therefore, to pause a moment, and inquire how far it is founded in truth.

That the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament, represent, not merely peace of mind, but joy and delight in the Lord, as one of the usual fruits of genuine piety, every one knows, who is familiar with the sacred volume. Nor, as every such person must be aware, do they leave it at our option, whether we will cherish this feeling, or decline it; they use the language of authority, and with the same voice that they call upon us to repent

and believe, they command us also to rejoice, yea, *always* to rejoice in the Lord. Again, we know, on the testimony of the same unerring witness, that the piety of the primitive Christians fully realized, in this respect, the scriptural idea of it,—that it was a piety making them happy in their possessions, as well as their hopes,—ante-dating, to some extent, the bliss of heaven, and pouring the light of “high, eternal noon” through the otherwise gloomy house of their pilgrimage. Does it seem to any one, that we state the case too strongly? Let him, then, cast his eye over the pages of the inspired record;—let him read, for instance, the account which the Acts of the Apostles give, of the first converts, selling their worldly possessions, as soon as they had found the pearl of great price, and yet, in the midst of threatened poverty, eating their meat in gladness of heart;—let him listen to the martyr Stephen, praying for his murderers, and, as the vision of Christ, at the right hand of God, bursts on his dying eye, joyously surrendering his spirit, and sinking to sleep in Jesus,—O, let him hear the praises of Paul and Silas, as they sing in their prison at midnight, while their bodies yet bleed with the stripes of recent chastisement, and they wait for morning, not to release them from their bonds, but to renew their scourging and pains;—let him call to mind, also, what, though spoken by one, applies equally to all the apostles,—*We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; as unknown, yet well known; as dying, and behold we live; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing;*—let him, we say, recollect these, and other numberless illustrations of the state of their minds, and then judge whether the religion of the first believers did not make them happy,—whether their heaven was not truly begun on earth,—whether it would not have been infinite loss to them, as regards even this life, to have exchanged their feelings for any mere worldly portion which can be imagined.

But it will be said, perhaps, that the experience of the first Christians was peculiar in this respect. Admitting that *they* were favored, in so extraordinary a manner, with the consolations of religion, does it follow, it may be asked, that Christians of every age may expect to be equally favored? Why, we ask, in reply, should they

not? The gift of tongues, and other miraculous powers, which the apostles and their contemporaries possessed, have indeed passed away. Nor is this strange. They were not designed to be permanent; and ceased, as a matter of course, when the occasion which required them had ceased. On the contrary, the wants of Christians, as regards their need of spiritual succor and support, are ever the same. There exist, at the present moment, substantially the same reasons for dispensing freely the joys of salvation, as existed in the days of primitive Christianity. The early believers, it is true, had persecutions and trials, of mockery and martyrdom, to encounter, from which believers now are exempt; but are they, therefore, exempt from *all* difficulties? Did the Saviour utter a temporary truth, when he said, It is through much tribulation that ye must enter into the kingdom of God? Assuredly, no. The form of this tribulation may be varied, but the reality of it is unchanged. The first Christians, in being obliged literally to give up their worldly possessions, and forsake all, and follow Christ, did but that which every true Christian does now, in affection, if not in fact; and if *they* needed so much grace to enable them to "take joyfully the spoiling of their goods," *we*, surely, need as much, who are required to regard these things with the same insensibility, as if they were actually lost to us; and, even more,—we had almost said,—since we are obliged to resist, as they were not, the snare of having them still in our hands, to tempt and allure us. In addition to this, we are to remember, also, that the enmity of the unrenewed heart to the gospel, is as deep and bitter as ever. They who live godly in Christ Jesus are no less the objects of its inveterate malice. The church, at this very moment, when all is externally so calm, is as really hated, as when the fires of persecution threatened to devour her, and the blood of her own sons flowed so freely as almost to deluge her. This hostility is differently manifested, it is true. The cross of the gospel, however, may be as painful, when it slays our pride, by exposing us to reproach, as when it tortures the body. A sense of shame is often stronger than the fear of death. Hence there are, perhaps, as many apostates from the faith at this day, when religion is derided as weakness and hypocrisy, as there were when it might be punished as a crime. Pos-

sibly, the step of an informer may not have been half so dreadful to the first Christians, as the sneer of a fool-hardy trifler is, to some of us. The eye of Jesus, we have no doubt, now looks down upon many a follower, who, if it were the will of his Lord, would much more cheerfully glorify him by a martyr's death, than endure the scoffs, with which the ungodly mock at his prayers and zeal. Can we suppose, then, that he, whose compassion has no limit, would give to his people of one age a support under trials, which he refuses to those of another, equally, although differently, exposed? Having loved his disciples in one period of the church, will he not love their successors in every other, even to the end? He does, he must. To suppose otherwise, is to make him, who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, changeable like ourselves. Surely, he who has inscribed the names of his children on the palms of his hands, will not fail to succor them in every distress, and to bless them, even in this life, with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

There is another source of proof on this subject, to which we would just allude. The actual experience of believers shows, that the ministration of the Spirit, in his office of comforter, was not designed to be temporary. There have been those, we mean, in every age of the church, who have walked in the steps of the joy, as well as the faith, of the primitive saints. There have been men, even in our own times, or those next to our own, who have risen to such measures of spiritual joy, as to realize our highest conceptions of the experience of apostles and martyrs. We mention, among the crowd of names, that offer themselves to us in confirmation of this, those of Flavel, Baxter, Tennent, Edwards, and Payson, and to these we might add others still. Surely, with such witnesses before us, we cannot doubt for a moment, that the Holy Ghost is still the comforter, as well as the sanctifier, of the Christian, and that he is as free to impart his consolations to us, as he was to those who were first obedient to the faith.

Why, then, the inquiry here naturally suggests itself, do so few of those, who call themselves Christians, exemplify the spirit of religion, in the matter of which we are speaking? We revert again to the sermon, which has

occasioned these remarks, and give the answer as it is there presented :

"The plain truth is this, that what hinders our joy, is allowed sin. The power of sin to do this is great. This little hand, said Whitefield, placing his hand near his eyes, as he was preaching in the field, while the glorious sun was flooding creation with his beams,—this little hand hides all the lustre of the sun from my eyes; and so a little sin may involve the soul in darkness, though the spiritual world be all bright as heaven itself. But should we therefore be content to live in darkness, or set ourselves with more resolution against all forms and degrees of sin? The latter is the course of duty, and is it not also the course of wisdom? Is it idle to ask the question, What manner of persons ought we to be, in all holy conversation and godliness? Why is it we do not understand, that our only concern in this world is, to keep a guileless spirit, a conscience void of offence? Alas, that we should suffer such things as love of lucre, or of preëminence, or of sensual pleasure, or jealous, and envious, and irascible feelings, to rest in our bosoms, and stay there from day to day, and week to week, and month to month, in the place which should be ever sacred to the gracious affections; in the temple of the Holy Ghost! Alas, that we should be so infrequent, so cursory, so cold in prayer; so seldom in fastings, so formal and lifeless in the duties of the sanctuary: that we should be so uncircumspect in speech, so little intent on walking in the Spirit; in all the pursuits of life, so regardless of the great principle of Christian morals, which demands that we do all things, even to eating and drinking, to the glory of God: that we should have so little fellowship (might we not rather say, such disagreement?) with Paul, in his purpose to do but this one thing all his life long,—forgetting the things behind, and reaching forth to those before, to press towards the mark, for the prize of his high calling? Here is the secret of our want of religious joy, of our spiritual doubts and fears; and also of our readiness to justify them. But shall such things vitiate and set aside the law of Christ's kingdom before recited, *rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice?*

"No, this is as irreversible as any other statute of the eternal realm. It has been given out, not to be neglected, but obeyed. It is the duty of all Christians to rejoice evermore, and the importance of their fulfilling this duty, no tongue can fully tell. Immortal souls, in countless multitudes, have gone to an undone eternity, in consequence of its not having been fulfilled; the salvation of the world still lingers from the same cause; for want of holy joy in the church, all the means of grace in operation are comparatively ineffectual; the triumph of the gospel is kept back, on this sole account; and the gloominess and sadness of Christians keep up a sort of rejoicing among the spirits of darkness."—pp. 83—86.

The two discourses on Doing Good, are intended to urge upon Christians the duty of making it their aim, in imitation of their great Example, to lead lives of active

benevolence. Nothing which is said, in illustration of this point, is to be so construed, however, as to imply any disparagement of the more private and personal claims of religion. The object is not, by any means, to exalt the value of the more active virtues, at the expense of the more passive; but rather to show, that while true Christianity cherishes and promotes the latter, it in reality demonstrates the vigor even of these virtues, as well as develops its own strongest impulses, by devoting itself to works of philanthropy and love. We limit ourselves to a single extract:

"That the life of Christians in this world should, like that of their Lord, be a life of beneficence, is a conviction which must at once seize any mind, that with a just idea of Christian character, associates a recollection of the real state of the world. There was nothing arbitrary in Christ's choosing the mode of life he pursued; and, there is nothing arbitrary in the requisition that Christians should imitate it. The example of Christ was but true virtue developing itself fitly in the circumstances in which he found himself when his dwelling was with men. It was a form, which holiness, carried out into just action, in such a world as ours, naturally assumes. Holiness is benevolence; but how can benevolence with eyes to see, and ears to hear, and feet to walk, and hands to help, refrain in such a world as this, from active and self-denying exertions to do good? Whether we might innocently give ourselves up to quiet contemplations, or private indulgences, or projects for increasing our personal possessions, if we were among a race of sinless and happy beings, we need not inquire; but can we pretend to benevolence, and live for any such purpose, while we have our residence amidst such scenes and circumstances as those in which we are passing our days? Too few, even of Christians, appear to be aware of their circumstances. How little do any of us reflect, that we cannot go abroad into the streets without passing by some habitation of beggary, of disease, or of death; or, what is worse, of ignorance and crime, where benevolence might be doing works of goodness, at which angels would renew their songs of praises? While we are sitting together in the sanctuary, or rejoicing in the society of our friends, or pursuing our gainful business, how seldom or how slightly do we think that men, not far distant from us, are groaning life away in want and distress, in dungeons and in chains; and that widows and orphans, paupers, prisoners, and others ready to perish, far and near, and all the world over, are by their deep necessities crying aloud for our pity and our assistance! And more heart-rending still, that nearly the whole world are lying in the chains and under the curse of sin; and generation after generation are led captive of the great destroyer, at his will, into the prisons of eternal death! But should Christians be thus unmindful that it is in such a world they have their dwelling? If nothing could be done by them to alleviate human wretchedness, they might well forbear beneficent

effort, and live for other purposes than to do good to men. But as this is a world of hope as well as of sorrow, and as we have, through the bounty of Providence, and the sacrifice of Christ, ample remedies for both the temporal and spiritual ills of man, where is our benevolence, if we do not exert ourselves to make full proof of these remedies? Must it not astonish the holy angels to see benevolent beings, in our circumstances, unemployed in doing good? Is it strange, that in these circumstances our Saviour should have devoted himself to works of mercy and compassion? Where is the vigor of piety in the church, when but here and there can a Christian be found who lives only to be useful to his perishing fellow-men, and he passes too often for little better than a well-meaning enthusiast?"—pp. 100—103.

Should we venture to designate any one of the discourses here given to the public, as superior to the rest,—as *primus inter pares*,—we should accord that character to the one on *prayer*,—divided into two parts;—the sixth and seventh of the series. There may be single passages of equal power in some of the others; but, taken as a whole, we give it the preëminence. The structure of it,—the exact relation of the different parts to each other,—the power of analysis which it discovers,—the vigor of thought and style, as well as earnestness of feeling, with which it is written, together, make it one of the most perfect models for a sermon, that we have ever heard from the pulpit, or read from the press. This, we are aware, is high commendation; but we leave it without fear with the discourse itself, to vindicate its justice. We have room for only a few paragraphs. From the effect of these, diminished, of course, by being taken out of their proper connection, the reader may judge of the effect of the whole;—*ex pede Herculem*.

The subject of the discourse is the utility of prayer. This is considered,—“In its direct tendency to improve the human character; in its counteracting influence on whatever tends to injure that character; in its efficacious influence on whatever is favorable to it; and, in its persuasive influence on the great Source of blessedness himself.” Under the first head, the author analyzes the nature of prayer, and shows, that the several acts, of which it consists, require precisely those affections and states of mind, which constitute the greatest perfection of character; and hence, that prayer, since it calls into exercise these affections and states of mind, as often as it is performed, con-

tributes, as nothing else can, to the advancement of the soul in holiness. This part of the subject is thus treated :

" Prayer is adoration. And when are the divine perfections so likely to expand the soul with the ardors of holy love and delight, as when brought distinctly before her eye in this heavenly employment? The philosopher may be inadvertent, while he traces these perfections in the frame of nature; and the theologian may coldly speculate and discourse concerning them as exhibited in Scripture. But he who fixes a firm and single eye on God in prayer, and dwells on one attribute and another with adoring admiration, will not be long unconscious of that pure flame, in which are blended all the elements of virtue and happiness. Prayer is confession of sin. And when is sin more apt to melt the heart into the soft relentings of godly contrition, than when carefully recounted to him against whom it has all been committed, with a spirit awed into reverence and submission by the pure majesty of the Divine presence? You may speak lightly of sin, when your words are directed to the sinful ear of a creature like yourself; but get you into some solitary place, and set the Lord distinctly and immediately before you; and spread out your offences before his undefiled eye; and, under his pure and piercing gaze, lay your heart and life open;—and we see not how you are ever to become repentant, if your sorrows do not then begin to flow forth. Prayer is supplication for mercy, grounded upon the blood of Christ, and the promises, which in him are yea and amen. And if ever the heart hath advantages for becoming all subdued and possessed by the sentiments and feelings which these wonders of divine love should excite, it is now. Men may speak to one another of these subjects with as little sensibility as they feel towards common things; but when the soul collects herself, and comes, and, convinced of her guilt, stands trembling and pleading before her great Judge, and tells him of his professed clemency and graciousness, and how his own Son hath loved her, and how he himself hath said and sworn, that for his worthy Son's sake, he will withhold no blessing from any humble contrite suppliant,—what a resistless tendency hath all this, to transfuse the soul with confidence, and faith, and full assurance of hope. Prayer, finally, is thanksgiving for favors received. And, sure, if ever gratitude unfeigned and unextinguishable do glow in a mortal's breast, this is the occupation in which the ethereal passion is generated and nourished. You may be reminded, that goodness and mercy have followed you all the days of your life, and look around you upon a thousand witnesses of the divine benignity still compassing you about; and your heart still be but little awake to its numberless and everlasting obligations. But not so, if, in a secret interview with your Father in heaven, you yourself tell over to him some few of the countless mercies which his hand hath been incessantly bestowing on you, since you first became the object of his providential and gracious care. Thus does it appear, how the various excellencies of holy character are instrumentally produced and promoted by means of this exercise; and it would appear more convincingly, if the time permitted more detail."—pp. 188—191.

From the second general division of this discourse,—*prayer, the neutralizer of what injures the character*,—we select what is said in illustration of a single topic :

“ Again, the world often fills the bosoms of men with avarice and ambition ; under the former of which they make haste to be rich, and under the latter to be great ; under either, or both, to be undone ; since the love of money is the root of all evil ; and since they have no heart to believe the gospel, who receive honor one of another.

“ Would you, then, regard that as a useless thing, which has a tendency to eradicate these base passions from the hearts of men ? But if men would give themselves to prayer, they would soon cease to be the slaves of these passions. Prayer would quickly dethrone and banish these guilty usurpers of dominion over the immortal minds of men. If men would acknowledge God in all their ways, God himself would be their ruler and guide ; and his Holy Spirit would hold the throne of their hearts. If, before they undertake their plans and enterprises, they would submit them, with the calmness and seriousness of pure devotion, for the approbation of him, on whom they depend for success, how many of them would they relinquish, and with what moderation would they prosecute the rest ! Seest thou a man hurrying, and scrambling, and scuffling for the pelf or the praise of this world ? Assuredly thou seest a prayerless soul ; professor or not, he is a prayerless soul ;—one who, if he deals at all with God in prayer, deals with him only so far as to mock and insult him. A praying man knows too much concerning the true riches, and the honor which cometh from God, to discover such miserable infatuation for the things of an hour. To such a man it matters little, whether he rank with this world’s rich or poor, its mighty or its mean. Riches cannot exalt, nor poverty depress him ; honors cannot elate him, nor reproaches break his heart. He dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, abiding under the shadow of the Almighty ; afraid neither for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day.”—pp. 200—202.

We quote also the conclusion :

“ A word, at parting, to the saint,—the man of faith in Christ. Great, beloved brother, and manifold, are thy privileges ; but what we now would humbly call upon thee to bear in constant remembrance, is, the power which thou, all impotent and helpless as thou art in thyself, can exert through prayer. The feeblest of saints can chase a thousand,—can put ten thousand to flight,—can overcome the world,—can elevate himself to higher honor than earth can give or appreciate. There is a kind of omnipotence in prayer ; as having an influence on him who is Almighty. But why do we put thee in mind of this ? Not because we would have thee inflate thyself with pride ; but because we remember that the spirit of prayer is altogether benevolent. Its power is unto the destruction of nothing but sin and its fruits. Its power hath the same scope and aim with that glorious Being on whom it depends. Pure prayer’s first accents are, ‘ Hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done

in earth as it is in heaven.' Faithful brother, man of prayer,—a man who hath power with God,—forget not, we beseech thee, what, by means of prayer, thou art capable of accomplishing. The world's conversion hath not yet been achieved. Means, with that great end in purpose, have been long in operation, and have recently been much increased. What those means are, thou knowest; and their powerlessness, independently of God's blessing, thou knowest also. We remind thee again of thy privilege, as endued with the spirit of grace and supplication. For Zion's sake, then, hold not thy peace, for Jerusalem's sake rest not, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. There is neither dulness in the ear nor weariness in the arm of God. Both almighty strength and boundless mercy are awake and alert, to make full and swift return to any righteous man's effectual fervent application. And the divine glory is still pledged to make the dominion of truth and grace universal and complete. Of the prophecies promising that triumph, not a jot or tittle can fail to be fulfilled; unless God can cease to be God, or the Scriptures cease to be his word. And the souls of men have not become less excellent than when Christ counted not his blood too precious to be given for their ransom. Nor are they less liable to be lost, or liable to less than an everlasting perdition. And shall the knees of the saints be soon wearied, and the breath of their prayers be stifled? O, let them lift up their hands, and pour forth their cries, till they cease to have their dwelling in the land of prayer."—pp. 224—227.

But we have already extended this article, perhaps, too far, and must now bring it to a close, without remarking on several topics, which we had designed to introduce, when we began. As we said before, our object has been to make known, not so much the *contents* of the book, as the *book itself*. To call attention to it, is all which we have aimed to do;—and, in truth, it is the only service which it needs at our hands. We merely bespeak for it an opportunity to plead its own claims; and it will do it, we are sure, more effectually than can any voice of commendation from us or others.

ARTICLE II.

ECLECTICISM.

Or, the Philosophy of M. COUSIN, so far as it is developed in his Philosophical Fragments, his Introduction to the History of Philosophy, and his Examination of Locke, &c.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE remaining facts of consciousness, viz., those of sensibility and of will, we shall be obliged to pass over in a more cursory manner. The facts of reason, which we have already considered, are all *necessary*, and in no degree under the influence or control of the will. The same is true of the facts of sensibility. In the will only, we find freedom. To the acts of the will only, are attached the characteristics of personality and responsibility. According to the system we are considering, we are accountable neither for our sensations, our judgments, nor our preferences, but only for our *volitions*. The external world is the source and cause of our sensations. "I press upon a sharp cutting instrument, and a painful sensation results. I put a rose to my nose, and an agreeable sensation results. Is it I who produce these phenomena? Can I make them cease? Does the pain or pleasure come or go at my wish? No; I am subject to the pleasure, as well as the pain; both come, subsist, and depart, without regard to my will. In a word, sensation is a phenomenon marked in the eye of my consciousness with the characteristic of *necessity*."^{*} Reason is the source of all our primitive judgments; and these judgments are performed by all men alike. All men must necessarily judge, that the whole is greater than a part, that two and three are equal to five. Reason is pronounced to be that true Light, the *Logos* of St. John, which "lighteth every man that cometh into the world." The conclusion is, that "liberty does not fall under sensibility or intelligence,"—a term here

* *Elements of Psychology*, Chap. X.

used as synonymous with reason,—“it falls under activity, and not under all the facts which are referred to this class, but under a certain number which are marked by peculiar characteristics; that is to say, those actions which we perform, with the consciousness, both of performing them and of being able not to perform them.”* Actions, marked by these peculiar characteristics, are said to be only the acts of the will, and, consequently, for these alone are we accountable. To illustrate more particularly the author’s views of liberty and accountability, we submit the following extract:

“Every moral act is comprised of three elements, perfectly distinct; 1. The intellectual element, which is composed of the knowledge of the motives for and against, of deliberation, of preference, of choice. 2. The voluntary element, which consists entirely in an internal act, namely, the resolution to do. 3. The physical element, or the external action. * * * * *

“It is now the question to determine, precisely, in which of these three elements we are to find liberty, that is to say, the power to do, with the consciousness of being able not to do. Is this power to be found in the first element, the intellectual element of free action? No, for it is not in the power of man to judge that one motive is preferable to another; we are not masters of our preferences, we prefer one motive to another, on this side or that, according to our intellectual nature, which has its necessary laws, without having the consciousness of being able to prefer or to judge differently, and even with the consciousness of being unable not to prefer and to judge as we actually do. It is not, then, in this element, that we are to seek for liberty; neither is it in the third element, in the physical act; for this act supposes the external world, an organization which corresponds to it, and in this organization a muscular system, sound and appropriate, without which the physical act is impossible. When we accomplish this, we are conscious of acting but on condition of a theatre which is not at our disposal, and of instruments which are imperfectly at our disposal, which we can neither restore, if they leave us, and they may leave us at any moment, nor set in order, if they become deranged, and deceive us, and which often do deceive us, and obey their own peculiar laws, over which we have no power, and with which we are scarcely even acquainted; whence it follows, that we do not act here with the consciousness of being able to do the opposite of that which we do. It is not, then, in this third element, any more than in the first, that we are to look for liberty; it can only be in the second; and there, in fact, we find it. Neglect the first and the third element, the judgment and the physical act, and let the second element, the will, subsist alone, analysis discovers two terms still, in this single element, namely, a

* *Philosophical Miscellanies*, Vol. I, p. 26.

special act of will, and the power of will within us, to which we refer this act. This act is an effect, in relation to the power of will, which is the cause of it; and this cause, in order to produce its effect, needs no other theatre, and no other instrument, than itself. It produces it directly, without any medium or condition ; it continues and completes it, or suspends and modifies it—creates it entirely, or destroys it entirely ; and, at the very moment when it exercises itself by a special act of any kind, we have the consciousness that it could exercise itself by a special act of a quite contrary kind, without any obstacle, without exhausting itself by such action, so that after having changed its acts a hundred times, the faculty remains absolutely the same inexhaustible and identical will itself, in the perpetual variety of its applications, always being able to do what it does not do, and not to do what it does. Here, then, in all its perfection, is the characteristic of liberty. Sensible facts are necessary. We do not impute them to ourselves. Rational facts are also necessary ; and reason is no less independent of the will than sensibility. Voluntary facts alone are marked, in the view of consciousness, with the characteristics of personality and responsibility.”*

The author has here given us his sentiments upon two most important subjects,—the freedom of the will, and the extent of human accountability. We shall not alarm our readers, by attempting an extended elucidation of these topics ; but the prominence, which they have always occupied in philosophical discussions, will justify us in a few brief remarks. Cousin’s theory, with regard to the freedom of the will, was designed by himself, and has been regarded by many others, as a refutation of those views of the subject, which have been advocated in this country by President Edwards. We do not, however, regard it as repugnant to the sentiments of Edwards, to maintain that “when the will exercises itself by a special act of any kind, we have the consciousness that it has the *power* to exercise itself in quite a contrary act, without exhausting itself by such action.” Herein, as Cousin supposes, consists the perfection of liberty; and we grant it. When the will has exercised itself in a certain act, who will deny that the will is the *cause* of that act ? If it is the will’s act, it was the will, surely, that acted. It was not *motive* that acted, nor argument, nor any thing else, but the will itself ; and, in producing this act, who will deny, that the will was free, and that the same power which produced

* *Elements of Psychology*, page 252; also, *Philosophical Miscellanies*, page 265; also, *Ibid.*, page 124.

this act, is sufficient to produce a directly contrary act, or to repeat the same act? And we know, that the will often does, at different times, and in different circumstances, put forth acts directly contrary to each other. How, then, would Cousin account for this diversity? We are told that the cause is still to be found in the will alone,—that the will always determines itself. But if the will be the only cause, then it will be impossible to account for the difference in action; this difference would be an effect without a cause; for the law, that "like causes produce like effects," is as applicable to mind, as to matter. And if the will must be regarded, not only as the efficient cause, but as the determining and directing cause of all its acts, then the will must always act in one direction; there could be no difference in volitions, no variety, no liberty, no room for either virtue or vice. Are we told, that the same cause produces different effects, in different circumstances? This we admit; and we would ask, what are the different circumstances which influence the will to put forth acts, differing in their moral character? These circumstances can be nothing more than the varying *motives* by which the acts of the will are determined. We are, then, conducted inevitably to the conclusion of Edwards, that the will is determined by the strongest motive. The will is still the efficient and uniform cause of its own acts, while the power of motive is the cause which inclines the will to one action rather than another, and which imparts to every volition the characteristic of virtue or of vice. Were we to offer any further considerations in favor of this position, we could only repeat those which have already been advanced by Edwards himself. His argument still remains unshaken; and, even had it suffered, in the least, from the attacks of its numerous adversaries, we could have little hope of seeing its breach repaired in these modern times. In our opinion, however, it has gathered strength from age and opposition, and is destined to endure, as long as truth continues to have a single advocate. We recommend it, therefore, to our readers, with a sentiment similar to that which was expressed by a celebrated architect, with regard to the great dome of St. Peter's. Having been commissioned to examine that stupendous monument of mechanical ingenuity, from a fear, that some of its frame-work was beginning to

give way, he returned this report:—"The work of Angelo still stands unimpaired; and should it ever need mending, better let it fall."

As to our author's views of the extent of human accountability, we have much to object. Our limits, however, will admit of only a few brief suggestions. His doctrine is, that the characteristic of responsibility attaches itself only to our volitions, and that these only can have a moral character. In his analysis of *action*, he first supposes deliberation, preference, and a knowledge of motives for and against. He then asks, what faculty it is which deliberates, prefers, and takes cognizance of motives. He replies, that it is the *intelligence*, the faculty whose operations, according to his system, are entirely under the control of necessity. To deliberate, he tells us, is "nothing else than to examine with doubt, to estimate the relative value of different motives, without yet perceiving it with the clear evidence that commands judgment, conviction, preference." "Now," he again asks, "what is it that examines, what is it that doubts, what is it that judges, that we should not yet judge, in order to judge better? Evidently it is intelligence. * * * It is in the intelligence that the phenomena of preference take place, as well as the other phenomena which it supposes. Thus far, then, we are still in the sphere of intelligence, and not in that of action." Intelligence deliberates, intelligence prefers, intelligence decides that we *ought* to do it. At this point, the office of intelligence closes, without having performed any act to which is attached the least accountability, the least virtue or vice. The whole matter is now referred to the disposal of another faculty,—this faculty *resolves*; it says, *I will*, or *I will not*. Here commences responsibility; here commences virtue or vice. The faculty which resolves is not the same with the faculty which judges and decides. The faculty which says I ought, is not the same which says I will. I ought, is a necessary judgment, I will, is a free and unrestrained volition. Volition only can be praised or blamed.

Could this system be sustained, how would the responsibility of man be diminished! What a multitude of his sins would prove to be sinless! For his opinions, which have so often led him astray, he is no longer accountable. His preferences, his desires, his choice, which impel him

to so many acts of selfishness and of injustice towards others, are all the results of necessary judgments, over which he has no control. Avarice, covetousness and idolatry, are no longer sinful. Jealousy, hatred, malignity and wrath, may be troublesome occupants of some unfortunate bosom, but if their fury can only be restrained within the precincts of their own *Aeolian caverns*, they can never be chargeable with moral blame. They are all sensations or judgments, under the rigid dominion of necessity. Pity, compassion, charity, benevolence, which have so often gladdened the pallid countenance of indigence and poverty, are not in themselves moral virtues. They impart not to their possessor any moral character. Indeed, if morality attaches itself only to volitions, it would be impossible for man to possess what may properly be called a *moral character*, or a moral nature. His nature, that is to say, his intellect, his affections, or his heart, cannot be depraved, or morally contaminated. As morality begins with volition, it must end with volition. Volition, however vicious, can proceed from no vicious trait of character, and can leave upon the character no moral stain. The admonition of the wise man is then no longer needful, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." According to the above system, the will is not influenced by our previous moral habits, nor by any of our previous judgments. Let our judgments and our preferences be as they may, our will may be this or that. One necessary consequence of this system is, that virtue and vice are impossible, a consequence which our author would, of course, deny; but let us look at his theory. He finds, indeed, a place for the influence of motives; but what place? He confines this influence exclusively to the operations of intelligence, never allowing it to extend to the will. Motives never influence our volitions; they influence our judgments and our preferences, but these have no moral character; and even these cannot influence our volitions. Volition is uncontrolled, either by preference, judgment, motive, or any thing else. Now, separate volition from the influence of all motive, and what becomes of its moral character? What virtue or vice can be attached to a volition, which is prompted by no motive whatever, whether good or bad?

But if this system be wrong, where lies the error?—

where does it begin? It is no error, surely, to attach the characteristic of moral responsibility to our volitions or intentions. In this all systems of moral philosophy agree. But, in attaching a moral quality to volitions, they generally include also the motive which determines the volition. An executioner intends or *wills* to destroy human life, because he is required to do so by law. Another man wills the same act from motives of revenge. Both perform the same deed; the latter only is culpable. But it is an error to *confine* moral responsibility either to volitions or motives. Otherwise, a brute is as susceptible of moral guilt, as man. A brute may take away human life, and may do it from motives of revenge. But why, in this case, do we attach the idea of guilt to the act of man, and not to the act of the brute? Evidently, it is because man is endowed with reason; and is responsible for the *exercise* of his reason. In short, because man is an intelligent being, he is responsible for his judgments, his preferences, and often even for his sensations. Who does not know, that an impure imagination may induce sensations which tend to vitiate the character? Who will deny, that, if we neglect to discipline our minds, and to enlighten our reason, we shall often form wrong judgments and preferences, and thereby be impelled to wrong volitions and actions; whereas, a cultivated character might have led us to judge rightly, and act rightly. Aside from these considerations, every system of moral philosophy must be defective, which does not hold man guilty, in a degree, even for his ignorance, and for acts of forgetfulness and neglect. A parent may forget or neglect the moral culture of his children; but who will say that he is not, in some degree, responsible for their consequent moral ruin? The sin of Eli was, that "his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." Saul persecuted the Christians through *ignorance*; and, though his motive was good, he was still guilty. A man may indulge in nervous and peevish sensations, until he becomes as churlish and irritable as Nabal; who was such a son of Belial that no one dared speak to him. Can such an individual be blameless? The moral system of the New Testament, while it indeed holds man accountable for his volitions, holds him equally accountable for his preferences and his judgments. Our Saviour's language to the Jews

is, “Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life;” here, guilt is charged upon the will. Guilt is also charged upon the preference, where it is said, “This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men *loved* darkness rather than light.” The scoffers, also, alluded to by Peter, are implicated in guilt, when they are represented as expressing the impious conclusion of a perverted judgment, by the interrogation, “Where is the sign of his coming?” We admit that the sacred Scriptures do not recognise expressly the metaphysical distinctions we have alluded to; but who can deny that they here charge upon man the guilt of sinful volitions, sinful preferences, and sinful judgments? We conclude this paragraph by remarking, that the whole error of Cousin, in relation to this subject, proceeds from a vain attempt to transfer the same necessity to all our judgments and preferences, which is necessarily attached to our perception of first and necessary truths.

Having arrived thus far, he is prepared more fully to answer the question with regard to the origin of our knowledge. He, at last, comes to the same conclusion with Reid and Stewart,—that though we have many ideas which cannot be traced, either to sensation or reflection, yet we have no *innate ideas*. What others have called innate ideas, Reid and Stewart have called first truths, the necessary conceptions of the intellect, &c. Cousin calls them the spontaneous developments of reason, or of the intelligence, and regards the external world as furnishing only the *occasion*, by which these ideas are necessarily evolved.

We now hasten to a brief statement of the manner in which Cousin disposes of the question with regard to the validity of our knowledge. Here, he enters within the precincts of Ontology,—the science of real being. He is now to attempt that grand problem, so perplexing to philosophy, and hitherto unsolved,—to settle the inquiry, how we can know that the things which we see, and hear, and feel, actually exist,—how we are to pass from a world of phenomena, of qualities, of appearances, to a world of substances, of real essences,—from the finite to the infinite,—from the relative to the absolute. Between these two worlds, he would have us believe there is a “great gulf fixed,” more dark than the caverns of Scylla, more

to be dreaded than the vortex of Charybdis. Here, in attempting to force a passage, system after system has found its ruin. Thus far Aristotle came, but dared to proceed no farther. Here Des Cartes, also, paused, and, rather than attempt the dark profound, was willing to rest the existence of a world of reality upon his faith in God. Kant was more adventurous, but his oblivion was the reward of his temerity. But that splendid system of philosophy, which is to attract the admiration of all Europe, was not to be baffled by this difficulty. Cousin would, therefore, have us work ourselves up to the highest possible emotions of sublimity, while he unfolds his stupendous scheme for crossing this vast abyss. But what is his scheme? As he has now a work before him worthy of a god, a god is accordingly introduced to perform it. In this, we suppose he is sustained by the advice of the poet:

“*Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.*”

To effect the purpose in hand, human reason is deified; its robes of humanity are taken off, and it is solemnly invested with all the attributes of divinity. The doctrine proposed to us is, that our reason does not belong to us, it is no part of our personality; nothing is personal but our volition; and “nothing is less personal or less individual than reason.” Reason is the divine in the human; it is God dwelling in humanity,—dwelling alike in every individual of the human race. When our senses, therefore, supply us with a knowledge of the *qualities* of matter, this furnishes the occasion upon which reason reveals to us that there is an unseen substance in which these qualities inhere. When the senses give us a knowledge of the finite and the relative, reason is always present to reveal to us instantly a knowledge of the infinite and the absolute. Hence we are authorized to believe in the existence of real substances, and of an infinite, absolute Being, even with more confidence than we believe in the testimony of our senses; because, for the existence of these, we have the immediate testimony of the Deity himself. Thus, having invested reason with supreme and unlimited authority, and having freed it from all the fallibility and weakness incident to human nature, our author has laid the foundation of a system of Transcen-

dentalism, by the aid of which he can easily arrive at the utmost boundary of all possible knowledge. Even the essence itself of the great Supreme can hide no secret from the disciple of such a system. We are told, that the divine essence, when searched to the bottom, is found to "*consist only of creative power.*" The language of Inspiration is, "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" And the Christian, in his highest aspirations, can only indulge the hope, that when he shall enter the pure abodes of the redeemed, he shall then know even as he is known. But the system, of which we are now treating, would teach us that the Almighty can be perfectly comprehended, even in our present state. And it actually professes, not only to give us a complete analysis of the character and essence of God, but to demonstrate, that there is nothing further knowable or possible, beyond this analysis. This statement the following remarks will amply justify :

"We shall not deny the charge of wishing to penetrate into the depths of the divine essence, which common opinion declares to be incomprehensible. There are those, who would have it incomprehensible. There are men, reasonable beings, whose vocation it is to comprehend, and who believe in the existence of God, but who will believe in it only under the express condition, that this existence is incomprehensible. What does this mean? Do they assert that his existence is absolutely incomprehensible? But that which is absolutely incomprehensible can have no relations which connect it with our intelligence, nor can it be in any wise admitted by us. A God who is absolutely incomprehensible, is a God who, in regard to us, does not exist. * * * * Will it be said, that God is not altogether incomprehensible,—that he is somewhat incomprehensible? Be it so; but let the measure of this be determined; and then I will maintain, that it is precisely the measure of the comprehensibility of God, which will be the measure of human faith. So little is God incomprehensible, that his nature is constituted by ideas,—by those ideas whose nature it is to be intelligible."

If we wish to know what analysis he has given of the Deity, we have only to recur to his analysis of reason. In that was found three elements, constituting a triplexity in unity. Triplexity and unity are all found in man, and are all that is necessary to constitute a God. The elements of reason were defined to be the idea of the finite, of the infinite, and the relation of necessity connecting them. The same elements are found in God, and to

destroy one of these elements, is to destroy the whole. The plain English of this is, that in God we find first, *absolute cause*, this is his essence; the second element is, *necessary effect*, this is the universe; the third element is, the relation between this cause and this effect. Destroy one of these correlatives, and you destroy the other. Destroy the world, for instance, and you destroy God; for "there can be no more a God without a world, than a world without a God."

"There are, in human reason, two elements, and their relation; that is to say, three elements, three ideas. The existence of these three ideas, is not an arbitrary fiction of human reason; for, in their triplicity and in their unity, they constitute the very foundation of human reason. They appear there, to govern it, as reason appears in man to govern him. That which was true in reason, humanly considered, subsists in reason considered in itself; that which forms the foundation of our reason forms the foundation of eternal reason; and that is a triplicity which resolves itself into unity, and an unity which develops itself into triplicity. The unity of this triplicity alone, is real; and, at the same time, this unity would utterly perish, if limited to either of the three elements which are necessary to its existence; they have all the same logical value, and constitute one indecomposable unity. What is this unity? The divine Intelligence itself. Here is that thrice holy God, whom the family of man recognises and adores."

* * * * * "What is the theory which I have just stated? It is the very foundation of the Christian religion. The God of Christians is both threefold and one, and the charges which are brought against the doctrine I teach, must extend even to the Christian trinity. The dogma of the trinity is the revelation of the divine essence, illuminated in its whole depth, and brought within the scope of thought. It does not seem that Christianity regards the divine essence as inaccessible, or interdicted to human intelligence; for it gives to the humblest mind instruction concerning it; it is the first truth which it teaches us in our childhood. But, it may be asked, do you forget that this truth is a mystery? I answer, no, I do not forget it; but neither do I forget, that this mystery is a truth. Moreover, I will speak plainly and unequivocally upon this point. Mystery is a word which belongs, not to the vocabulary of philosophy, but to that of religion. Mysticism is the necessary form of all religion, considered merely as religion; but under this form are ideas which may be approached and comprehended."

Philosophy here assumes a lofty tone; to her nothing is mysterious. Religion is weak, and has to encounter many mysteries; but philosophy has no such word as mystery in her whole vocabulary. Could this view of the doctrine of the trinity be accepted by Trinitarians, the Unitarians would doubtless have but little farther controversy with

them upon the subject. And if this be a specimen of the revelations which Cousin's reason has made to him, we have only to recur to the testimony of Revelation to settle the question with regard to the claims of such reason to the attributes of divinity.

When philosophers undertake to advance some new and strange theory, which has only an equivocal value, even in their own estimation, it is curious to observe their anxiety to enlist in their favor the testimony of some theologian of acknowledged piety. Of this, we have here a very remarkable instance. Cousin is anxious to press in the testimony of Fenelon, in support of the doctrine, that "reason is literally a revelation," and, that all its dictates are divine inspirations; and the translator of the Philosophical Miscellanies is very sure, that he can find traces of this doctrine in the writings of President Edwards. But we are here again constrained to remark, for the sake of the young, into whose hands these translations may fall, that the quotation referred to, from the writings of Edwards, does not justify any such conclusion. Edwards is there speaking of the special influences of the Holy Spirit, which are shared only by the true children of God, and not of those revelations of reason, in order to the enjoyment of which, it is only necessary to be a human being.

The argument, by which the divinity of reason is here supported, is equally valid in proof of the divinity of our eyes. Our eyes reveal to us light, which is not our own, it is not the property of individuals, it is shared in general by all who have eyes. Moreover, this light comes to us *necessarily*; in order to prevent it, our eyes must be destroyed; just as it would be necessary to annihilate reason before we could prevent the truths it reveals. Why may we not, then, conclude, that the eye is not the property of an individual; that it is eye universal, eye absolute, or, in other words, the "divine in the human?"

We shall not be able to give, as we intended, a particular account of our author's distinction between pure, spontaneous reason, and practical reason. The latter is human, it is our own. This is what the Scotch philosophers call the discursive faculty. Spontaneous reason imparts to all men the same truths, and leaves them all equal. All the difference which exists between one man and another, between the peasant and the philosopher, is occasioned by

the various use which is made of practical reason. And this difference is not without its utility. It is necessary to make a distinction between man and man; without it, all would run into a state of fusion, become amalgamated into one mind, and occasion in society a universal stagnation. The distinction here drawn, while it makes high pretensions to originality, is the same which has been made by Jacobi, and some other German writers, between reason and the understanding. The same idea was adopted by Coleridge, and has been tampered with by many in our own country; but the distinction has by no one been so clearly expressed as by Jacobi; an extract from his writings may be seen in "Specimens of Foreign Literature," Vol. I.

In the survey we have taken of the above system, we have necessarily left several prominent particulars unnoticed; and, with regard to others, we may have, in some instances, mistaken the author's meaning. Where, however, we have feared the least mistake, we have given his own language. As he has not given us his system, in a connected manner, we have made our own arrangement of his materials; and our quotations have, therefore, been necessarily taken out of the connection in which the author penned them. In no other circumstances would this liberty have been justifiable. But we are not conscious of introducing, at any time, a quotation in a connection adapted to misrepresent his sentiments. The extracts, which we have referred to no particular page, may all be found in the first six lectures of his Introduction to the History of Philosophy; and we have made no extracts which are not accessible to the mere English reader.

Great pains have been taken to recommend this system to the young men of our country. But it is still struggling for existence in the land which gave it birth, and we predict, that it will, in a short period, be permitted to expire, without sympathy or regret. Cousin is surrounded by many profound thinkers, who are turning their attention, with characteristic enthusiasm, to the study of mental science. We rely much upon their efforts in expelling from the veins of French literature the poison of German Transcendentalism. And we cannot relinquish the hope, that France, having once carried out, to their last

dreadful results, the principles of a false philosophy, till the nations have trembled at the fearful and bloody tragedies she had enacted, may yet be permitted to complete for the world a philosophical system, whose pure light may be her own future guide, and whose benignant results may be her highest glory.

Especially has this system been highly commended, on account of its religious influence. It has been hailed as the most probable means of securing a very desirable end,—the “scientific grounding of a spiritual religion.” But from the view, which we have given of this system, our readers may judge of its religious influence. Cousin, indeed, makes high pretensions of regard for Christianity. But it is too evident, that he does not understand the Christian religion. He has never seen it; he has never felt its influence; and, with all his philosophical analysis, we do not perceive, that he has ever discovered in human nature the disease for which Christianity supplies the remedy. He has, it is true, contemplated the Christian religion as a form of civilization, and one, too, that is destined to triumph over all others; but he has never viewed it as a means of regeneration, in the Scripture sense of that term. Indeed, according to his system, piety is only a philosophical refinement; and for man, there is no God but reason, no holier spirit than the inspirations of genius. The following may be regarded as a specimen of his manner of expressing his regard for Christianity :

“Christianity is the philosophy of the people. He who now addresses you, sprang from the people and from Christianity; and I trust you will always recognise this, in my profound and tender respect for all that is of the people and of Christianity. Philosophy is patient; she knows what was the cause of events in former generations, and she is full of confidence in the future; happy in seeing the great bulk of mankind in the arms of Christianity, she offers, with modest kindness, her hand to Christianity, to assist her in ascending to a yet loftier elevation.”

Truly this is *modest* kindness and humility! But when one, who was once in the embrace of avowed infidelity, can give no better account of his conversion to Christianity, than that which is contained in the above paragraph, we are capable of no other feelings towards him than those of unmixed commiseration.

The commendatory remarks, made by Dugald Stewart,

in some of his last writings, with regard to Cousin, have contributed not a little to the favorable introduction of his philosophy among ourselves. But these remarks may be accounted for, when we reflect, that Cousin was at first a disciple of the Scottish school; but after he returned from Germany, and resumed his lectures, in 1828, he assumed a very different tone of feeling and remark towards the Scottish writers. Their system is now a "timid philosophy," a "pallid idealism," "insular, like the island which gave it birth." Stewart surely could not have perused these remarks.

Notwithstanding the numerous errors in the system of Cousin, he may, nevertheless, be read with profit by those whose minds are in some degree matured upon philosophical subjects. He furnishes many fine specimens of psychological analysis, among which, we would especially recommend his remarks, in his *Examination of Locke*, with reference to our idea of causation. He plainly refutes the dangerous and absurd theory of Brown, who resolves this idea into a mere succession of antecedents and consequents. Cousin clearly proves, that our idea of causation is a necessary conception of the intellect; and, that, after it is once evolved, it can never again be expelled from the mind; forcibly reminding us of the language of Horace :

"Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret."

The system we have been considering, is denominated *Eclecticism*. Eclecticism, however, cannot, strictly speaking, be applied to mental philosophy. It may be employed in matters of taste or utility; in architecture, for instance, or in forms of government; but in an affair of argument it is entirely inapplicable. Who ever heard of Eclecticism in mathematics? He that carries in his own hand the measuring rod, by which the truth of other systems can be tested, must have first constructed a true system of his own. Eclecticism, therefore, is below the dignity of a philosopher; and, if we trace its history, we shall find, that it has always originated from ignorance of the true method of philosophising, from the darkness and perplexity of the human mind, with reference to difficult subjects, or from a timid disposition to sacrifice truth, in order to tranquillize the minds of heated partisans; and

its result has always been a confused amalgamation of opinions and doctrines, having no affinity, no connection with each other, and it has thus served to retard rather than to promote the cause of truth. We submit the above remarks, already too much protracted, to the candid consideration of our readers.

ARTICLE III.

ZENOBIA AND PROBUS.

Zenobia. Or, Letters of Lucius M. Piso, from Palmyra, to his Friend MARCUS CURTIUS, at Rome. Now first translated and published. 2 vols. New York and Boston. 1838.

Probus: Or, Rome in the third Century, in Letters of Lucius M. Piso, from Rome, to FAUSTA, Daughter of GRACCHUS, in Palmyra. 2 vols. New York and Boston. 1838.

THESE interesting volumes, understood to be from the pen of Rev. William Ware, have deservedly risen to a high place in our contemporary literature. We have long been abundantly supplied with stories founded on the incidents of modern history, and showing almost every phase of modern society, from the wild fanaticism of the crusaders, down to the savage ferocity and warrior fortitude of our own Indians. We are, therefore, the more disposed to welcome the appearance of works, that carry us beyond the region which has so often been described, and open before us the scenes of a period, which, to the student of history, is filled with events of momentous interest. When we call to mind the number of those who, since the publication of the earliest of the Waverley novels, have risen to a respectable eminence in the literature of fiction, we are more than ever impressed with the immense variety of aspects under which this many-colored life of ours may be viewed. It was formerly contended, that the materials of romance must be drawn from the incidents of a past age, lest fancy and fact should

seem too much to contradict each other, and that which actually happened, and that which only is likely to have happened, should stand in contrasts too bold and striking. But this idea seems recently to have been abandoned. For we have now served up, in the forms of fashionable romance, not only historical events, occurring within our own personal recollection, but incidents of private life, which date back but two or three years, and even the "sayings and doings" of the last season at some of our innumerable places of public resort. These, worthless as they often are, constitute the principal reading of a considerable portion of society. We almost think it in vain longer to cry out against them, and are beginning to settle down in patient waiting for the progress of higher intelligence, and better taste, and more than all, of a purer morality, to accomplish what we once thought might be effected by a speedier reform.

To be a successful writer of historical romance, requires powers and labors, corresponding to those which belong to the writer of history itself. They must both accurately study the features, and thoroughly comprehend the spirit, of the age of which they write. They must alike be endowed with a power of generalization, that can reduce the mass of facts and events to the principles on which they depend, and a vigor of imagination, and a faculty of dramatic exhibition, which shall avoid the dulness and dryness of minute narration, and combine the scattered details into forms of enduring interest and beauty. The difference between them is mainly in this; that the historian is content with setting forth the striking and general characteristics of a period, with portraying the revolutions that agitate the surface of society, and delineating the characters who stand forth as the leaders and representatives of the generation to which they belong; while the writer of romance, guided by the unchanging principles of our common nature, enters the retreats of private life, exhibits the subordinate incidents, which history does not stoop to notice, and portrays the passions and interests, the magnanimity and meanness, that controlled the daily actions of men. The one narrates only what might have happened in such an age as that described; the other relates what actually did happen, and what, indeed, gave character to the age itself.

In history, we have the truth of fact, and of course, that of nature, too; in historical romance, the truth of nature alone. When both are written with equal fidelity, and with a like conscientious regard to the interests of truth and virtue, they awaken the same sympathies with mankind, and teach the same lessons of human nature and divine providence. The difference between these two forms of history is not unlike the difference between the conceptions of a mind endowed with an active and ardent imagination, and those of a cool and unimaginative mind, on reading the same narration of facts. Suppose the narrative be of a battle-scene. To the reader destitute of imagination, it presents the statistics of the conflict, the numbers and positions of the contending hosts, the issue of the contest, and an estimate of the loss sustained by either army, and here and there a striking incident mingling in with the thread of the narrative; while before the mind of the other there arises the scene, in all its reality and fearful sublimity. His fancy lingers over it, until he seems to see the fiery leaders, charging at the head of their embattled legions, their banners fluttering gaily in the breeze, and their music stimulating their martial prowess. The field of battle seems spread around him, and he gazes upon its groups of dying and dead, and hears the sigh at the thought of friends who are away, the parting prayer, the agonizing groan, the shriek of death, until he is forced to turn away, saddened at the spectacle which his fancy has presented before him.

The volumes, which we have placed at the head of this article, belong to the species of literature we have now been discussing. Both these works, taken together, constitute a continuous historical romance, of which the first part relates to Palmyra, and closes with the fall of that renowned seat of eastern empire; and the second relates entirely to Rome, and closes with the death of the emperor Aurelian. They are an attempt at the reproduction of the close of the third century of the Christian era, a period when Palmyra, in the full meridian of her short-lived glory, was reposing beneath the benignant sway of the great Zenobia, and when Rome, maddened with the victories, and crowned with the wealth which a thousand years of almost perpetual war had heaped upon her, was mustering her armies for yet new conquests, and holding

the world in awe of her power. Lucius Manlius Piso, a Roman patrician, of ancient family, is called to Palmyra, to endeavor to ascertain the fate of his brother Calpurnius, who, along with the emperor Valerian, had been carried into captivity, by Sapor, king of Persia, and while residing in the east, becomes an intimate visiter at the court of Zenobia, and writes of the affairs and fate of her kingdom, to his friend Marcus Curtius, at Rome. These letters constitute the first of the works we have mentioned above. The second consists of letters written by the same patrician, to his friends in Palmyra, after his return to Rome. The author, we think, has shown his judgment in selecting the form of letters, since romance, as now understood, is a species of literature wholly unknown to any period of classic antiquity; and there would have been a singular impropriety in supposing a manuscript story, after the model of a modern novel, to have been discovered among the scattered remains of Roman literature. The style, though occasionally careless, and now and then too decidedly modern, for a work professing to come from so remote an age, is yet, on the whole, admirably fitted to the character assumed by the author, and indicates a mind, not only well stored with the learning of the period which he describes, but unusually familiar with the epistolary forms of Latin antiquity. Saving the halo of romance which is thrown over it, all the language is constantly reminding us of the letters of Cicero and Pliny the younger, and the other specimens of Latin composition which have come down to us.

The author, as we have already suggested, has entered upon a field of romance hitherto almost unoccupied. With here and there an exception, the writers of fiction, in our language, have drawn their materials from the incidents of modern history, and left the ancient world, with its peculiar institutions, its mysterious mythologies, and strange and varied forms of public and private character, its wars, its tumults and crimes, all to be illustrated upon the pages of veritable history alone. Of all the periods of antiquity, none furnishes so rich materials for a sober, historical drama or romance, as that transition period, when the long-decaying power and valor of the Roman empire were rapidly becoming extinct, and when, amidst the expiring glories of the pagan worship, Christianity

was emerging from her Galilean obscurity, and hastening, over fallen shrines and deserted temples, to climb the summits of the capitol, and "place upon her brow the diadem of the Cæsars." It is a portion of this period, that the author has selected, to portray in these volumes. A period, more filled with historic and romantic interest, could hardly have been chosen, from the whole range of history. On the one hand, is the majestic fabric of the Roman empire, its massy frame-work, bearing the marks which the vices and crimes of centuries had graven upon it, beginning to give signs of the universal ruin, that, in a subsequent age, was so fearfully consummated. Its all-conquering legions are abroad over every plain, and along every frontier; its early patriotism has become nearly extinct; its ancient faith, descending from the founders of the city, is fast dying away in the minds of the people, and, amidst the scepticism and licentiousness that every where succeed, there appears the benignant form of Christianity, diffusing her gentle influences over the humble walks of life, shedding her mild light upon the mysteries which philosophy had toiled in vain to solve, and kindling in the hearts, alike of the ignorant and the learned, aspirations for a purer virtue, and faith in a nobler destiny than poetry, in its brightest visions, had ever revealed. On the other hand is Palmyra, the city of Palms, rising from an unknown origin, almost the only oasis in the desert that stretches from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, gathering within its narrow limits the resources and energies of the east, and beneath the sway of the beauteous and ambitious Zenobia, putting forth its power, in proud rivalry even with the imperial city of the Cæsars. It is the relations subsisting between subjects like these, and the vast machinery of incidents that spring from these relations, and suggest themselves to every mind, that our author has illustrated in the volumes before us.

The "Letters from Palmyra," present, as their leading subject of interest, no less a personage than Zenobia herself, of whom Gibbon gives the following (for him at least) glowing description :

"Modern Europe has produced several illustrious women, who have sustained with glory the weight of empire; nor is our own age destitute of such distinguished characters. But, if we except the

doubtful achievements of Semiramis, Zenobia is, perhaps, the only female, whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex, by the climate and manners of Asia. She claimed her descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt, equalled in beauty her ancestor, Cleopatra, and far surpassed that princess in chastity and valor. Zenobia was esteemed the most lovely, as well as the most heroic of her sex. She was of a dark complexion (for in speaking of a lady, these trifles become important); her teeth were of a pearly whiteness, and her large black eyes sparkled with uncommon fire, tempered by the most attractive sweetness. Her voice was strong and harmonious. Her manly understanding was strengthened and adorned by study. She was not ignorant of the Latin tongue, but possessed, in equal perfection, the Greek, the Syriac, and the Egyptian languages. She had drawn up, for her own use, an epitome of oriental history, and familiarly compared the beauties of Homer and Plato, under the tuition of the sublime Longinus."

Such is the historian's sketch of this remarkable woman, who sought to divide with the emperors of Rome the dominion of the world. She seems to have kindled and kept alive among her subjects a devotion to her person and her throne, such as, perhaps, has never been equalled in the history of sovereigns. We present the following description of the queen of Palmyra, from the letters of Piso, as he sees her, for the first time, in the streets of her own magnificent capital. He was engaged in some negotiation in the shop of Demetrius, a celebrated worker in precious stones and metals, as the shouts with which she is hailed break upon their ears. On learning the cause of the outcry, Piso ascends with Demetrius, to the top of an adjoining market, to wait the approach of the royal procession :

"At the distance of about a mile from the walls, we soon saw the party of the queen, escorted by a large body of horse; and, approaching them from the city, apparently its whole population, some on foot, some on horse, some in carriages of every description. The plain was filled with life. The sun, shooting its beams over the whole, and reflected from the spears and corselets of the cavalry, and the gilding and polished work of chariots and harness, caused the scene to sparkle as if strewed with diamonds. It was a fair sight. But fairer than all, was it to witness, as I did, the hearty enthusiasm of the people, and even of the children, toward their lovely queen. Tears of joy, even, I could see falling from many eyes, that she was returning to them again. As soon as the near approach of Zenobia to the walls began to conceal her and her escort, then we again changed our position, and returned to the steps

of the shop of Demetrius, as the queen would pass directly by them, on her way to the palace.

"We had been here not many moments, before the shouts of the people, and the braying of martial music, and the confused sound of an approaching multitude showed that the queen was near. Troops of horse, variously caparisoned, each more brilliantly, as it seemed, than another, preceded a train of sumptuary elephants and camels, these, too, richly dressed, but heavily loaded. Then came the body guard of the queen, in armor of complete steel,—and then the chariot of Zenobia, drawn by milk white Arabians. So soon as she appeared, the air resounded with the acclamations of the countless multitudes. Every cry of loyalty and affection was heard from ten thousand mouths, making a music such as filled the heart almost to breaking. 'Long live the great Zenobia!' went up to the heavens. 'The blessing of all the gods on our good queen!' 'Health and happiness to the mother of her people!' 'Death and destruction to her enemies!—these, and cries of the same kind, came from the people, not as a mere lip-service, but evidently, from the tone in which they were uttered, prompted by real sentiments of love, such as it seems to me never before could have existed towards a supreme and absolute prince.

"It was to me a moment inexpressibly interesting. I could not have asked for more, than for the first time to see this great woman just as I now saw her. I cannot, at this time, even speak of her beauty, and the imposing yet sweet dignity of her manner; for it was with me, as I suppose it was with all,—the divine beauty of the emotions and sentiments which were working at her heart, and shone out in the expressive language of her countenance, took away all power of narrowly scanning complexion, feature and form. Her look was full of love for her people. She regarded them as if they were her children. She bent herself fondly towards them, as if nothing but the restraints of form withheld her from throwing herself into their arms. This was the beauty which filled and agitated me. I was more than satisfied.

"'And who,' said I to Demetrius, 'is that beautiful being, but of a sad and thoughtful countenance, who sits at the side of the queen?'

"'That,' he replied, 'is the princess Julia; a true descendant of her great mother; and the gods grant, that she, rather than either of her brothers, may succeed to the sovereign power.'

"'She looks, indeed,' said I, 'worthy to reign,—over hearts, at least, if not over nations. Those in the next chariot are, I suppose, the young Cæsars,—as I hear they are called,—about as promising, to judge by the form and face, as some of our Roman brood of the same name. I need not ask whose head that is, in the carriage next succeeding; it can belong to no other in Palmyra, than the great Longinus. What a divine repose breathes over that noble countenance! What a clear and far-sighted spirit looks out of those eyes! But,—gods of Rome and of the world!—who sits beside him? Whose dark soul is lodged in that fearful tenement?—fearful and yet beautiful, as would be a statue of ebony!'

"'Know you not him? know you not the Egyptian Zabdas?—the mirror of accomplished knighthood,—the pillar of the state,—

the Aurelian of the East? Ah! far may you go to find two such men as those,—of gifts so diverse, and power so great,—sitting together like brothers. It all shows the greater power of Zenobia, who can tame the roughest and most ambitious spirits to her uses. Who is like Zenobia?"

"‘So ends, it seems to me,’ I replied, ‘every sentence of every Palmyrene,—Who is like Zenobia?’”—*Zenobia*, Vol. I, pp. 60—62.

Again, after an intimate acquaintance at the palace of the queen, in reply to a question of the princess Julia, whether fame had done her more than justice, he bears the following testimony to her dignity and charms:

“‘Great as her reputation is in Rome,’ I replied, ‘fame has not, to my ear at least, brought any thing that more than distantly approaches a true and faithful picture of her. We have heard much, indeed, —and yet not enough,—of her surpassing beauty, of the vigor of her understanding, of her vast acquirements in the Greek learning, of the wisdom and energy of her conduct as a sovereign queen, of her skill in the chase, of her bravery and martial bearing, when, at the head of her troops, she leads them to the charge. But of this union of feminine loveliness with so much of masculine power, of this womanly grace, of this winning condescension,—so that it loses all the air of condescension,—to those much beneath her in every human accomplishment, as well as in rank, of this I had heard nothing, and for this I was not prepared. When, in the morning, I first saw her seated in all the pride of oriental state, and found myself prostrate at her feet, it was only Zenobia that I saw, and I saw what I expected. But no sooner had she spoken, especially no sooner had she cast that look upon you, princess, when you had said a few words in reply to me, than I saw, not Zenobia only, but the woman and the mother. A veil was suddenly lifted, and a new being stood before me. It seemed to me, that that moment I knew her better than I knew myself. I am sure that I knew her. Her countenance all living with emotion, changing and working with every thought of her mind, and every feeling of her heart, reveals her with the truth of a magic mirror. She is not known at Rome.’”—*Zenobia*, Vol. I, p. 119.

Piso, on his voyage up the Mediterranean, had received his first impressions of the Christian religion from the conversations of an intelligent fellow-passenger, by the name of Probus, a Christian, who, in a subsequent part of the story, is made to act a prominent part. At Palmyra, he again meets this same religion, which his Roman education had taught him to despise, even within the palace of Zenobia, in the person of the princess Julia, the daughter of the queen. From her lips he becomes more fully acquainted with its principles, and during his residence in the East, he is almost persuaded to be a Christian.

While his mind is occupied with the elevated inquiries thus urged upon him, he visits, in company with the princess, and Fausta, the daughter of Gracchus, the retreat of St. Thomas, an aged hermit, in the mountains of Syria, to whom Julia had often repaired for instruction in the new religion,—a character that adds not a little to the pleasing variety which spreads its charms over the work. After ascending along a steep and toilsome way, they at length arrive at the solitary dwelling of the recluse.

"Upon a rude bridge of fallen trunks of trees, we passed the stream as it crossed our path, and which, then shooting over the edge of the precipice, was lost among the rocks and woods below. A cloud of light spray fell upon us as we stood upon the bridge, and imparted a most refreshing coolness.

"'Where you see,' said Julia, 'that dark entrance, beneath yonder low-browed rock, is the dwelling of the aged Christian.'

We moved on with slow and silent steps, our spirits partaking of the stillness and solitariness of the place. We reached the front of the grotto, without disturbing the meditations of the venerable man. A part of the rock, which formed his dwelling, served him for a seat, and another part, projecting after the manner of a shelf, served him for a table, upon which lay spread open a large volume. Bending over the book, his lean and shrivelled finger pointing to the words, and aiding his now dim and feeble eye, he seemed wholly wrapped in the truths he was contemplating, and heeded not our presence. We stood still for a moment, unwilling to break a repose so peaceful and profound. At length, raising his eyes from the page, they caught the form and face of the princess, who stood nearest to him. A quick and benignant smile lighted up his features; and rising slowly to his full height, he bade her welcome, with sweet and tremulous tones, to his humble roof.

"'It is kind in you,' said he, 'so soon again to ascend these rough solitudes, to visit a now unprofitable old man. And more kind still to bring others with you. Voices from the world ring a sweet music in my ear,—sweeter than any sound of bird or stream. Enter, friends, if it please you, and be rested, after the toil of your ascent.'

"'I bring you here, father,' said Julia, 'according to my sometime promise, my friend and companion, the daughter of Gracchus, and with her a noble Roman, of the house of Piso, lately come hither from the capital of the world.'—*Zenobia*, Vol. I, p. 158.

In the course of their conversation, the reverend man narrates his history, and urges upon his noble visitors the truth of the gospel, with the elevated earnestness of a Christian father:

"'My father, Cyprian, a native of Syria, attained, as I have attained, to an extreme old age. At the age of fivescore years and ten, he died within the walls of this quiet dwelling of nature's own hewing,

and there, at the roots of that ancient cedar, his bones repose. He was for twenty years a contemporary of St. John, the evangelist,—of that John, who was one of the companions of Jesus, the founder of Christianity, and who, ere he died, wrote a history of Jesus, and of his acts and doctrine. From the very lips of this holy man, did the youthful but truth-loving and truth-seeking Cyprian receive his knowledge of Christianity. He sat and listened, while the aged apostle,—the past rising before him with the distinctness of a picture,—told of Jesus; of the mild majesty of his presence; of the power and sweetness of his discourse; of the love he bore towards all that lived; of his countenance, radiant with joy, when, in using the miraculous power intrusted to show his descent from God, he gave health to the pining sick, and restored the dying and the dead to the arms of weeping friends. There was no point of the history which the apostle has recorded for the instruction of posterity, which Cyprian did not hear, with all its minuter circumstances, from his own mouth. Nay, he was himself a witness of the exercise of that same power of God, which was committed without measure to Jesus, on the part of the apostle. He stood by,—his spirit wrapt and wonder-struck,—while at the name of Jesus the lame walked, the blind recovered their sight, and the sick leaped from their couches. When this great apostle was fallen asleep, my father, by the counsel of St. John, and that his faith might yet farther be confirmed, travelled over all the scenes of the Christian history. He visited the towns and cities of Judea, where Jesus had done his marvellous works. He conversed with the children of those who had been subjects of the healing power of the Messiah. He was with those who themselves had mingled among the multitudes who encompassed him, when Lazarus was summoned from the grave, and who clung to the cross when Jesus was upon it dying, and witnessed the sudden darkness, and felt the quaking of the earth. Finding, wherever he turned his steps in Judea, from Bethlehem to Nazareth, from the Jordan to the great sea, the whole land filled with those who, as either friends or enemies, had hung upon the steps of Jesus, and seen his miracles, what was he, to doubt whether such a person as Jesus had ever lived? or had ever done those wonderful works? He doubted not; he believed, even as he would have done, had he himself been present as a disciple. In addition to this, he saw at the places where they were kept, the evangelic histories, in the writing of those who drew them up; and at Rome, at Corinth, at Philippi, at Ephesus, he handled with his own hands the letters of Paul, which he wrote to the Christians of those places; and in those places and others, did he dwell and converse with multitudes who had seen and heard the great apostle, and had witnessed the wonders he had wrought. I, the child of Cyprian's old age, heard from him all that I have now recounted to you. I sat at his feet, as he had sat at the evangelist's, and from him I heard the various experiences of his long, laborious, and troubled life. Could I help but believe what I heard?—and so could I help but be a Christian? My father was a man,—and all Syria knows him to have been such an one,—of a passionate love of truth. At any moment would he have cheerfully suffered torture and death, sooner than have

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swerved from the strictest allegiance to its very letter. Nevertheless, he would not that I should trust to him alone, but, as the apostle had sent him forth, so he sent me forth, to read the evidences of the truth of this religion, in the living monuments of Judea. I, too, wandered a pilgrim over the hills and plains of Galilee, I sat in the synagogue at Nazareth, I dwelt in Capernaum, I mused by the shore of the Galilean lake, I haunted the ruins of Jerusalem, and sought out the places where the Saviour of men had passed the last hours of his life. Night after night I wept and prayed upon the Mount of Olives. Wherever I went, and among whomsoever I mingled, I found witnesses, eloquent and loud, and without number, to all the principal facts and events of our sacred history. Ten thousand traditions of the life and acts of Christ and his apostles, all agreeing substantially with the written records, were passing from mouth to mouth, and descending from sire to son. The whole land, in all its length and breadth, was but one vast monument to the truth of Christianity. And for this purpose it was resorted to by the lovers of truth from all parts of the world. Did doubts arise in the mind of a dweller in Rome, or Carthage, or Britain, concerning the whole or any part of the Christian story, he addressed letters to well-known inhabitants of Jewish cities, or he visited them in person, and by a few plain words from another, or by the evidence of his own eyes and ears, every doubt was scattered. When I had stored my mind with knowledge from these original sources, I then betook myself to some of the living oracles of Christian wisdom, with the fame of whose learning and piety the world was filled. From the great Clement, of Rome, from Dionysius, at Alexandria, from Tertullian, at Carthage, from that wonder of human genius, Origen, and his school at Caesarea, I gathered together what more was needed, to arm me for the Christian warfare; and then went I forth, full of faith, myself, to plant its divine seeds in the hearts of whosoever would receive them. In this good work, my days have been spent. I have lived and taught, but to unfold to others the evidences which have made me a Christian. My children,' continued he, 'why should you not receive my words? why should I desire to deceive you? I am an old man, trembling upon the borders of the grave. Can I have any wish to injure you? Is it conceivable that, standing thus already, as it were, before the bar of God, I could pour false and idle tales into your ears? But if I have spoken truly, can you refuse to believe? But I must not urge. Use your freedom. Inquire for yourselves. Let the leisure and the wealth which are yours, carry you to read, with your own eyes, that wide-spread volume, which you will find among the mountains and valleys of the holy land. Princess, my strength is spent, or there is much more I could gladly add.'

"'My friends,' said the princess, 'are, I am sure, grateful for what you have said, and they have heard.'

"'Indeed we are,' said Fausta, 'and heartily do we thank you. One thing more would I ask. What think you of the prospects of the Christian faith? Are the common reports of its rapid ascendency to be heeded? Is it making its way, as we are told, even into the

palaces of kings? I know, indeed, what happens in Palmyra; but elsewhere, holy father?

"As Fausta spoke these words, the aged man seemed wrapped in thought. His venerable head sank upon his breast; his beard swept the ground. At length, slowly raising his head, and with eyes lifted upward, he said, in deep and solemn tones, 'It cannot, it cannot be difficult to read the future. It must be so. I see it, as if it were already come. The throne, which is red with blood, and he who sits thereon, wielding a sword dropping blood, sinks—sinks—and disappears; and one all white, and he who sits thereon, having upon his frontlet these words, "Peace on earth, and good-will towards men," rises and fills its place. And I hear a movement of a multitude, which no man can number, coming and worshipping around the throne. God of the whole earth, arise!—visit it with thy salvation! Hasten the coming of the universal kingdom of thy Son, when all shall know thee, and love to God, and love to man, possess and fill every soul.'"—*Zenobia*, Vol. I, pp. 169—173.

But we must reserve the remaining space for a brief notice of the "Letters from Rome." In these, though the characters are nearly the same as in the "Letters from Palmyra," the interest turns almost entirely upon incidents connected with the progress of the Christian religion. Palmyra had fallen a helpless, though not unresisting victim, to the vengeance of Rome, and the proud Zenobia had been carried captive to the imperial city, to grace the triumph of Aurelian, the most splendid and costly that Roman eyes had ever looked upon. The haughty Aurelian had assigned her a palace at Tibur, where, in the midst of her family, and surrounded by a few of her former attendants, she still maintained something of her queenly dignity, and gave herself to the cultivation of letters and philosophy, and to the society of the friends who visited her, in her humiliation and retirement. Piso, having rescued his brother from the captivity of the Persian, had returned to Rome, and was now dwelling in his own palace upon the Cœlian hill, the happy husband of the princess Julia, the daughter of Zenobia. Both himself and the princess had openly espoused the faith of the Christians, much to the astonishment of the city, and still more to the scandal of the ancient house of the Pisos. This connexion with the obnoxious sect carries him into intercourse with all classes of its members, leads him to the secret places of their assemblies, both of worship and deliberation, and makes him intimately acquainted with all the events that befal

them, in that age of furious persecution. On the other hand, his high rank, and the political standing of his family, as well as his own early personal acquaintance with Aurelian, bring him often to the imperial palace, and furnish him with a thorough knowledge of the designs and motives of the emperor himself. Thus does the author remove the veil through which, both in civil and in ecclesiastical history, we are obliged to look at the events and characters of the age, and introduces us to the secret assemblies and private walks of the Christians, and to the domestic character and familiar conversations of Aurelian and his advisers.

As we turn over the pages of these letters, we see how the degenerate Cæsars of that age,—the creatures of the army and the plebeian rabble,—were urged to the commission of the foulest crimes, by the vilest and meanest of mankind. Their almost boundless empire was made one vast theatre, where was continually exhibited all that could gratify the brutal passions of an idle, ignorant, and sanguinary multitude. In rapid succession, they rose and fell, each wading through slaughter to his throne, and each drenching it with blood, and leaving behind him little else than his name, to distinguish him from those who had gone before, or those who should come after him. If Aurelian was less sensual than Gallienus or Commodus, with scarcely less cruelty, he combined greater talents, and was more sternly bent on accomplishing the bloody purposes of a military ambition. His virtues were such as we should expect from a Pannonian peasant, raised, through the gradations of military rank, to the throne of the world. They were a fearless and unbending energy, a valor, that made him, in battle, worth a hundred ordinary men, and as much magnanimity as could consist with the policy of an unrestrained despotism, and the purposes of a boundless ambition. That such a man, on the throne of the Cæsars, should often have been duped by others, weaker than himself, is not surprising. In these volumes, he is very naturally represented as urged on to his deeds of blood, by the solicitations and deceptions of a crafty and iniquitous priest, of the name of Fronto. In illustration of the manner in which the wily priest works upon the mind of the superstitious emperor, we quote a conversation which was overheard by Piso,

as he was abroad with one of the ladies, in the gardens of the palace :

"By the gods, his life shall answer it," said Aurelian, with vehemence, but with suppressed tones; "who but he was to observe the omens? Was I to know that to-day is the Ides, and to-morrow the day after? The rites must be postponed."

"It were better not, in my judgment," said Fronto; "all the other signs are favorable. Never, Papirius assured me, did the sacred chickens seize so eagerly the crumbs. Many times, as he closely watched, did he observe them, which is rare, drop them from their mouths, over-filled. The times he has exactly recorded. A rite like this put off, when all Rome is in expectation, would, in the opinion of all the world, be of a more unfavorable interpretation, than if more than the day were against us."

"You counsel well, let it go on."

"But to insure a fortunate event, and propitiate the gods, I would early, and before the august ceremonies, offer the most costly and acceptable sacrifice."

"That were well, also. In the prisons, there are captives of Germany, of Gaul, of Egypt, and of Palmyra. Take what, and as many, as you will. If we can make sure of the favor of the gods, it is when we offer freely, that which we hold at the highest price."

"I would rather they were Christians," urged Fronto.

"That cannot be," said Aurelian. "I question if there be a Christian within the prison walls; and, were there hundreds, it is not a criminal I would bring to the altar. I would as soon offer a diseased or ill-shaped bull."

"But it were an easy matter to seize such as we might want. Not, O Aurelian, till this accursed race is exterminated, will the heavens smile, as formerly, upon our country. Why are the altars thus forsaken? Why are the temples no longer thronged, as once? Why do the great, and the rich, and the learned, silently withhold their aid, or openly scoff and jeer? Why are our sanctuaries crowded only by the scum and refuse of the city?"

"I know not. Question me hot thus."

"Is not the reason palpable and gross to the dullest mind? Is it not because of the daily growth of this blaspheming and atheistical crew, who, by horrid arts, seduce the young, the timid, and, above all, the women, who ever draw the world with them, to join them in their unhallowed orgies, thus stripping the temples of their worshippers, and dragging the gods themselves from their seats?"

"I know not. Say no more."

"Is it possible religion or the state should prosper, while he, who is not only vicegerent of the gods, universal monarch, but what is more,—their sworn Pontifex Maximus, connives at their existence and dissemination ——"

"Thou liest."

"Harboring, even beneath the imperial roof, and feasting at the imperial table, the very heads and chief ministers of this black mischief ——"

"Hold, I say. I swear, by all the gods, known and unknown, that another word, and thy head shall answer it. Is my soul that of a lamb, that I need this stirring up to deeds of blood? Am I so lame and backward, when the gods are to be defended, that I am to be thus charged? Let the lion sleep when he will; chafed too much, and he may spring, and slay at random. I love not the Christians, nor any who flout the gods and their worship; that thou knowest well. But I love Piso, Aurelia, and the divine Julia; that thou knowest as well. Now no more."

"For my life," said Fronto, "I hold it cheap, if I may but be faithful to my office and the gods."

"I believe it, Fronto. The gods will reward thee. Let us on."

"In the earnestness of their talk, they had paused, and stood just before us, being separated but by a thin screen of shrubs. We continued rooted to our seats, while this conversation went on, held there by the impossibility of withdrawing without observation, and by a desire to hear,—I confess it,—what was thus in a manner forced upon me, and concerned so nearly, not only myself, but thousands of my fellow-Christians."—*Probus*, Vol. I, pp. 87—89.

The Christians, even before the close of the third century, had wandered widely from the simple faith, and mild, unostentatious virtue, which was taught by the Saviour, and so perfectly exemplified in every page of his history. They had multiplied with a rapidity which they could not but ascribe to the agency of Heaven. They had spread the knowledge of the gospel from Judea, not only over all the East, but to Italy, and even to the shores of the Atlantic. Gaining confidence from the number and standing of their converts, they had come forth from their obscure retreats,—the catacombs and sepulchres, in which they at first held their persecuted worship,—and dared to preach their religion through the streets of Rome, and even in the porches of the temples of the gods. Under the lenient sway of some of the emperors, learning, and rank, and wealth had joined themselves to their cause, until now, their once simple observances were beginning to vie with the costly rites of the heathen worship; and the highest officers of their churches were rivalling, in the magnificence of their dwellings, and the splendor of their equipage, the pampered priesthood of Jupiter and Apollo. Of this character, were the celebrated Paul, of Samosata, bishop of Antioch, and Felix, bishop of Rome; of each of whom, we have occasional glimpses, in the course of these volumes. The author has, however, chosen more fully to portray those differences

of character and action, among the Christians, which would arise from difference of temperament and condition in life. In the characters of Macer and Probus, we are presented with a striking contrast between religion, as it appears when engrafted upon a mind stern and impulsive, unregulated and unreflective, and upon one that has been disciplined by study and philosophy, and cultivated by the society of the learned and refined. Macer was the son of a keeper of the Vivaria, in Rome, and passed his early years in the purlieus of the amphitheatres. Since his arrival at manhood, he had served in the armies of his country, under successive emperors, and in almost every part of the world. Having become a convert to Christianity, he embraced the rigid doctrines of the Novatians,—the puritans of that early period of the church,—and believing himself under the special guidance of Heaven, he became one of those stern enthusiasts, who are to be found in every age, and under all religions, and who, by the severity of their manners and principles, and the vehemence of their denunciations, are sure to challenge hostility and persecution upon themselves and the cause whose misfortune it is to have them for its advocates. But the spirit of Macer will be best illustrated by some passages of the language he is made to use. He had been haranguing the people in the street, from the steps of the temple of Peace, just after he had been strongly rebuked, and rudely thrust from the tribunal of the prefect Varus, before whom he had come to prefer a complaint of injustice. The passages, which we select, present scenes that, in many of their features, were by no means uncommon, in those days of conflict of faith with faith.* As he was descending from the place of his harangue, one of the multitude furiously brings against him the common charge, that “he was an atheist, like all the rest of the Christians; they have no gods; they deny the gods of Rome, and give us nothing in their stead.”

“‘We deny the gods of Rome, I know,’ replied Macer, ‘and who would not, who had come to years of discretion? who had so much as left his nurse’s lap? A fouler brotherhood than they, the lords of heaven, Rome does not contain. Am I to be called upon to worship a set of wretches, chargeable with all the crimes and vices to be found on earth? It is this accursed idolatry, O Romans, that has sunk you so low in sin. They are your lewd, and drunken, and

* Neander’s Church History, Vol. I, 151.

savage deities, who have taught you all your refinement in wickedness ; and never, till you remove them, never, till you repent you of your iniquities, never, till you turn, and worship the true God, will you rise out of the black Tartarean slough in which you are lying. These two hundred years, and more, has God called to you by his Son, and you have turned away your ears; you have hardened your hearts ; the prophets, who have come to you in his name, have you slain by the sword, or hung upon the accursed tree. Awake out of your slumbers ! These are the last days. God will not forbear for ever. The days of vengeance will come ; they are now at hand ; I can hear the rushing of that red right arm, hot with wrath —'

"' Away with him! away with him!' broke from an hundred voices ! ' Down with the blasphemer !—' Who is he, to speak thus of the gods of Rome ?—' Seize the impious Galilean, and away with him to the prefect !' These, and a thousand exclamations of the same kind, and more savage, were heard on every side, and at the same moment, their denial, and counter exclamations, from as many more.

"' He has spoken the truth !—' He is a brave fellow !—' He shall not be touched, except we fall first !' came from a resolute band, who encompassed the preacher, and seemed resolved to make good their words, by defending him against whatever assault might be made. Macer, himself a host in such an affray, neither spoke nor moved, standing upright and stiff as a statue ; but any one might see the soldier in his kindling eye, and that a slight cause would bring him upon the assailants with a fury that would deal out wounds and death. He had told them that the old legionary was not quite dead within him, and sometimes usurped the place of the Christian ; this they seemed to remember ; and after showering upon him vituperation and abuse in every form, one after another, they withdrew, and left him with those who had gathered immediately around him. These, too, soon took their leave of him, and Macer, unimpeded and alone, turned towards his home."—*Probus*, Vol. I, pp. 246, 247.

Again, when the Christians had been prohibited, on the severest penalties, from preaching to the people, or holding their assemblies in public, Macer ascends the steps of the capitol, and with the edict of the emperor staring him full in the face, begins an address to the multitude, ever ready to listen to his vehement and exciting eloquence. We quote the closing passage :

"' Romans !' turning now, and addressing the crowd, 'the emperor, in his edict, tells me not to preach to you. Not to preach Christ in Rome, neither within a church, nor in the streets. Shall I obey him ? When Christ says, " Go forth and preach the gospel to every creature," shall I give ear to a Roman emperor, who bids me hold my peace ? Not so, not so, Romans. I love God too well, and Christ too well, and you too well, to heed such bidding. I love Aurelian, too. I have served long under him, and he was ever good to me. He was a good, as well as a great general, and I loved

him. I love him now, but not so well as these ; not so well as you. And if I obeyed this edict, it would show that I loved him better than you ; and better than these, which would be false. If I obeyed this edict, I should never speak to you again of this new religion, as you call it. I should leave you all to perish in your sins, without any of that knowledge, or faith, or hope in Christ, which would save you from them, and form you after the image of God, and after death, carry you up to dwell with him and with just men, for ever and ever. I should then, indeed, show that I hated you, which I can never do. I love you, and Rome, I cannot tell how much,—as much as a child ever loved a mother, or children one another. And therefore it is, that no power on earth, nor above it, nor under it, save that of God, shall hinder me from declaring to you the doctrine which I think you need, nay, without which your souls will perish, and dwell for ever and ever, not with God, but in fires eternal, of the lowest hell. For, what can your gods do for you? what are they doing ? They lift you not up to themselves,—they push you down, rather, to those fires. Christ, O Romans, if you will receive him, will save you from them, and from those raging fires of sorrow and remorse, which, here on earth, do constitute a hell, hot as any that burns below. It is your sins, which kindle those fires, and with which Christ wages war,—not with you. It is your sins, against which I wage war here, in the streets of Rome. Only repent of your sins, Romans, and believe in Christ, the Son of God, and, O how glorious and happy were then this great and glorious city. I have told you before, and I tell you now, your vices are undermining the foundations of this great empire. There is no power to cure these, but in Jesus Christ. And when I know this, shall I cease to preach Christ to you, because a man, a man like myself, forbids me ? Would you not still prepare for a friend, or a child, the medicine that would save his life, though you were charged by another, never so imperiously, to forbear ? The gospel is the divine medicament that is to heal all your sicknesses, cure all your diseases, remove all your miseries, cleanse all your pollutions, correct all your errors, confirm within you all necessary truth. And when it is this healing draught, for which your souls cry aloud, for which they thirst, even unto death, shall I, the messenger of God, sent in the name of his Son, to bear to your lips the cup of which, if you once drink, you shall live for ever, withhold from you that cup, or dash it to the ground ? Shall I, a mediator between God and man, falter in my speech, and my tongue hang palsied in my mouth, because Aurelian speaks ? What, to me, O Romans, is the edict of a Roman emperor ? Down, down, accursed scrawl ! nor insult, longer, both God and man.'

"And saying that, he reached forth his hand, and seizing the parchment, wrenched it from its brazen frame, and rending it to shreds, strewed them abroad upon the air."—*Probus*, Vol. II, pp. 98—100.

Scarcely was this act of high-handed contempt of the emperor's authority accomplished, when the Christian

was hurried again to the judgment-seat of the prefect Varus, where, with the fortitude of a soldier and a Christian, he offers up his life amidst the taunts of the multitude and the tortures of every instrument that cruelty could invent. But the vengeance of the populace is not thus satisfied. They hurry from the scene of Macer's sufferings and death, to the obscure dwelling of his wife and children,—an interesting group,—whom, to complete the symmetry of his character, the father is represented as having deserted (in obedience to the suggestions of his imaginary inspiration), and left for their support to the charity of friends or the scanty earnings of their own occasional labors. They are dragged forth from their humble home, and, amidst the most heart-rending entreaties, in a public square of the city consecrated to such uses, are given to the blood-hounds of the amphitheatre. The rising of this war of popular vengeance and its breaking upon the devoted family of Macer, constitute a scene which, for power and vividness of description, we have seldom seen surpassed.

We had intended to contrast with this reckless yet well-meant enthusiasm, some passages from the eloquent defence of the Christians, which Probus makes in the presence of Aurelian, but our limits forbid, and we must refer our readers to the defence itself, as a clear and earnest, yet calm and well-reasoned exposition, of the nature of Christianity, and the rights of its disciples.

The literature of antiquity is singularly deficient in the incidents of private history. It opens here and there a glimpse, through which we may follow some literary or public man to the scenes of his familiar resort; but the numberless goings on of life in the ancient world, its daily intercourse, its loves and hates, and domestic relationships, are all shrouded in the veil which time so speedily throws over the unrecorded events of the past. This veil, Mr. Ware, we think, has been eminently successful in lifting from the period of Roman history which he describes. As we read, the age seems to rise around us. We are not merely distant and idle spectators of its varied scenes, but stand in their very midst. We move with the rushing multitudes through the streets of Rome, we are present at the shows of the amphitheatre, at the assemblies of the Christians, and in the palace of the emperor. We catch

a portion of the spirit of those degenerate times, and look into the hidden movements of that vast machinery of empire which holds the world in chains.

To one feature, alone, in the author's portraiture of the early Christians, we have to object. And to this, our objections arise, not so much from different views of the history of the period, as of the character and meaning of Christianity itself. It is, that in these pages the religion of Christ wears too much the appearance of a mere ethical system, whose heavenly origin was attested by the holy life and martyr-death of its founder, and to which converts were won by the power of argument and the impulses of feeling alone. Not a few of the speeches and conversations, which are here put into the mouths of the Christians, present a striking contrast, in this respect, to the addresses of a similar character recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, or to the strain of lofty fervor that runs through the epistles of the New Testament. There is no recognition of the sacrifice for sin, of "God manifest in the flesh," of the divinity veiled in humanity, which, in our apprehension, so deeply impressed the minds of the early Christians and give to the teachings of the Saviour, and the ordinances of his religion, their awful significance and sanction. Christianity, as here presented, is little else than Judaism softened and made milder by the principles of universal love. The object of worship it presents is still an abstraction. It is the far off, unapproachable Deity, sitting apart in the solitude of his glory, and commanding only the cold and distant reverence of men. A faith and an object of worship like these could commend themselves to the mind of the philosopher alone. The multitude, among whom our religion won its greatest triumphs, would never have felt its power. The human mind is ever demanding images embodying the abstract principles it is called upon to reverence. It must have them, or the principles themselves soon lose their hold on the affections and consciences of men. We see this strikingly illustrated in the ancient Jews. Their whole history is the almost unvarying record of a constant alternation between the worship of the abstract and universal Deity, and of the forms of nature in which he was suffered to exhibit his character. Neither the recollection of the terrific scenes of Sinai, nor the constant presence of

their heaven-appointed ritual, was sufficient to curb this universal propensity of the mind of man to embody the object of its worship in the forms of visible and tangible images. Christianity, as it appears to us, has made provision for this weakness of our nature, and to this provision, at least, as among the secondary agencies, we must ascribe the hold it has, from the beginning, maintained upon the minds of men. The degradation of the Saviour to the rank of a mere mortal, even though he were a perfect specimen of incorrupt humanity, would render us unable to account for the rapid spread of his religion in the early centuries of the church. The philosopher might have admired the lofty morality it enjoined, and placed the name of its founder on the list of worthies higher than that of Plato or of Socrates. But the unlettered man would have found in it no quickening power, no fitness to supply the deep wants of his spiritual nature. "It was," as has well been said, "before Deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the synagogue and the doubts of the academy, and the pride of the portico, and the fasces of the lictor, and the swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust." Our author, we conceive, would have been far truer to the spirit of the early church, had he recognised this feature of Christianity as it was promulgated by the apostles, and almost universally received even amidst the heresies of the century to which these letters relate. We ought not, however, to be surprised, that he should substitute his own religious sentiments for those of the early Christians; and we draw our remarks to a close, with thanking him for these entertaining volumes, and expressing the hope, that we may meet him again in the same attractive field of literature.

ARTICLE IV.

MALCOM'S TRAVELS.

Travels in South Eastern Asia, embracing Hindustan, Malaya, Siam, and China, with Notices of numerous Missionary Stations, and a full Account of the Burman Empire; with Dissertations, Tables, &c. By HOWARD MALCOM. In 2 vols. Boston. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1839.

AMONG the incidental benefits, which the missionary enterprise has conferred upon the world, one of the most interesting is, doubtless, the additions which it has made to our knowledge of the globe, its productions and inhabitants. Missionaries are generally educated men. They become domesticated in a foreign land. They learn its language, become familiar with its people, and are enabled thus deliberately to compare it with the civilized country which they have left. And in intrepidity, in perseverance, in indomitable energy, they will not lose by comparison with any other travellers whatever.

In confirmation of these remarks, we need only refer to the missionary journals published by the various societies for propagating the gospel, both in this country and in Europe. We recollect nothing of the kind more valuable than those diaries, if they be considered merely as contributions to our knowledge of distant and uncivilized nations. But this has been, thus far, merely the first fruits, merely the mint, anise and cummin, of the knowledge which we are destined to receive from these sources. Let us remember that, from this country alone, there are educated missionaries permanently residing among almost all the tribes of our aboriginal Indians, in Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, Armenia, Persia, Bombay, Madras, Bengal, Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, China, the African slave-coast, South Africa, the islands of the Pacific, and we know not how many other foreign countries. The knowledge which has been thus collected must be immense, and, as

every one must perceive, incomparably greater than all that our countrymen have ever collected from all other sources whatever.

The volumes before us form a valuable contribution, made to American literature by the Baptist Missionary Society of this country. It will be proper briefly to state the circumstances which gave rise to the journey, of which these pages contain the record, and express our opinion of the manner in which the work is accomplished.

The Baptists in the United States commenced their missions in the East, in the year 1813. The first station was at Rangoon; and the first missionaries were Rev. Adoniram Judson and his wife. From this city, stations have been multiplied, until they are now found at Maulmain, at Amherst, at Tavoy, at Mergui, at Bangkok, at Madras, at Canton, at Assam, until quite lately at Ava, and in some other places. The work, in 1835, had become so extensive, the annual expenditure so great, and the field of labor was so distant, that it was considered desirable to send an active member of the missionary board to visit the posts which had been established; to converse with the laborers on the spot; to advise, counsel, and direct, as one who was intimately acquainted with the views of his brethren at home; and to bring back such information, acquired from actual residence on the spot, as might be of material utility, in the formation of future judgments.

The selection, in this case, fell upon the Rev. Howard Malcom, a gentleman who had, with great success, for several years, occupied one of the pulpits in the city of Boston; but who had recently been compelled to resign his charge, by reason of ill health. We have cause to believe, that the labors of Mr. Malcom were highly esteemed by those who commissioned him, as well as by those to whom he was sent. With this subject we have, however, at present, nothing to do. We take up the book merely as the record of the travels of an intelligent Christian gentleman, sojourning in south-eastern Asia, and as such merely, do we propose, on this occasion, to consider it.

Viewing the work in this point of light, we are decidedly of the opinion, that these volumes will hold a permanent, and a high rank, among the books of modern travel. Mr. Malcom has enjoyed peculiar advantages for making

a valuable work. At every principal place of temporary residence, he found persons perfectly at home in the language and manners of the country. Besides those who were, from religious sentiment, desirous of rendering him every facility for carrying forward his researches, he met, at most of the stations, gentlemen of the East India Company's service, who were able to furnish him with those various important items of statistical and political information, which have added so greatly to the value of the work. The official character, which our author sustained, as the commissioner of a respectable board of missions, opened to him many avenues of knowledge, which would have been closed to other travellers.

Mr. Malcom also possesses peculiar *personal* advantages for the task which he has undertaken. Few men of his age, in our country, have travelled more extensively. As general agent of the American Sabbath School Union, he visited every part of the United States. Within a few years, he has made the ordinary tour of Europe, and rendered himself familiar with the modes of life peculiar to established and long-continued civilization. He possesses, in the character of his mind, many of the most valuable requisites for a tourist. To great perseverance, unusual presence of mind, acute observation, and uncommon colloquial ability, he unites business habits of the first order, strong common sense, and much natural shrewdness. All these he has put forth in the present work. Nor is this all. He has not been satisfied with making a merely entertaining and readable book. His aim has been higher. He has endeavored to render his labor permanently useful to the cause of missions and of literature. We are happy to say, that, in our opinion, he has succeeded. Unless we greatly err, these volumes will become stock books of travels, and will remain as books of reference and entertainment, after many of their contemporary journals have been forgotten. We do not know of any other similar works in the English language, from which a reader will derive so much accurate and definite information respecting the manners, customs, trade, productions, and manufactures of southern Asia. The labor in preparing them must have been great, but we believe that it will prove to have been successfully expended. Mr.

Malcom has shed new light upon a large portion of the globe, with which we have been heretofore but slightly acquainted, and will, we doubt not, receive the thanks of the literary, as well as the religious public.

The style of the work is unpretending, direct, and calm; sometimes rising to eloquence, and frequently enlivened with graphic sketches, and original suggestions. It is also rendered uncommonly valuable, by a great number of engravings, taken from drawings made on the spot, and happily illustrative of the manners and customs of the East. A new, and to some extent, an original map accompanies the volume, more accurate, we are informed, than any which has before been published.

The work is comprehended in two volumes. The first contains travels in Burmah, with digested notes upon the country. The author sailed from Boston, in the ship *Louvre*, on the 22d of September, 1835, and on February 21st, 1836, arrived at Amherst, the harbor, at the mouth of the Salwen; and the next day proceeded to Maulmain, the principal seat of the Baptist missions in the East, and the residence of the governor, or commissioner for the provinces conquered by the British from Burmah. From thence he proceeded to Tavoy, and after spending a short time here, returned to Maulmain, to hold a general meeting of the missionaries, assembled to consult on various topics, connected with their different spheres of labor. When this conference terminated, Mr. M. sailed for Rangoon, ascended the Irrawaddy, stopping at the most interesting localities, and spent several weeks in Ava, the capital of the empire. Returning to Rangoon, he next visited Chittagong, and the coast of Arracan. This terminates the journeys recorded in the first volume.

The remainder, and rather the larger part of the volume, consists of digested, and very valuable notes on the Burman empire. Among the topics discussed in these notes, are such as the following: Burmah, its government, orders of nobility, magistrates and laws, population, manners and customs, diseases, medical practice, commerce and manufactures, features of the country, climate, minerals, rivers, productions, animal and vegetable, agriculture, animals, religion, priesthood, literature, degree of civilization, &c., &c.

We shall now present a few extracts from different parts of the work, selected with the intention of giving our readers specimens of the manner of its execution.

The following description of a squall at sea, seems to us unusually graphic :

" Thursday, 5. Reached the south-east trade-wind, and are going gayly, with a steady breeze, at the rate of seven miles an hour. Those who have not been to sea can scarcely realize the exhilaration of spirit produced by a strong favoring wind, after wearisome delays. We had scarcely made any advance for ten days, and were almost weary of delay. When we had wind, it was in severe squalls, accompanied with heavy showers. The majesty of a few sharp squalls, however, repays one for the danger they may involve, and tempts the timid passenger to brave the wind and a wetting, for the pleasure of the sight. Every sluggish sailor is converted instantly into a hero. Every order is obeyed on the run. The lofty display of canvass, which had been flapping against the masts, is rapidly reduced, as the threatening cloud draws on. Regardless of the huge drops which now begin to descend, the captain stands at the weather bulwark, peering, through half-closed lids, into the gathering gloom. Fitful gusts herald the approaching gale. More canvass is taken in; the waves are lashed to foam; the wind howls through the rigging; the bulk-heads creak and strain; the ship careens to the water's edge; and the huge spray springs over the weather-bow; then comes the rain in torrents; the mainsail is furled, the spanker brailled up, and the man at the wheel is charged to 'mind his weather helm.' Soon the whole force of the blast is upon us. '*Hard up!*' roars the captain. '*Hard up, sir!*' responds the watchful helmsman. The noble thing turns her back to the tremendous uproar, and away we scud, conscious of safety, and thrilling with emotions of sublimity.

" The rush is over! The dripping seamen expand again the venturous canvass,—the decks are swabbed,—the tropical sun comes out gloriously,—we pair ourselves to promenade,—and evening smiles from golden clouds, that speak of day-gladdened realms beyond. And now the rolling billows, disrobed of their foaming glitter, quiet themselves for the repose of night, while the blessed moon beams mildly from mid-heaven.

" " Thou art, O God ! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee !
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things bright and fair are thine." "

Vol. I, pp. 19, 20.

A storm off Tavoy Point, is thus described :

" The present period of the year on this coast is the latter part of the dry season, and is marked by heavy squalls and showers. After

these, there are about six weeks of clear weather, increasingly hot, after which the monsoon changes to the south-west, with violent squalls, and the rains set in for six months. In this return voyage to Maulmain, we experienced three of these storms, accompanied by much thunder, each severely testing the power of our anchor and vessel. The rocky coast furnishes no harbor except Mergui, Tavoy, and Amherst; and the high mountains which skirt the shore seem to draw together the utmost fury of the elements.

"One of these storms, experienced off Tavoy Point, will be memorable to all on board. As night drew on, the thunder, which had been growling on the mountains, grew more violent. It was evident we should have a hard blow; and, the tide turning against us, we were obliged to anchor in an exposed situation. After dark, the wind and lightning increased, and we got top-mast, gaff, &c., upon deck, and, paying out much cable, waited the issue, uneasy. At length it blew a hurricane, and the lightning kept up a glare bright as mid-day. It was but at intervals that it was dark, even for a moment, the light flickering constantly like a torch in the wind. We were in the very midst of the electric cloud, and the sharp, crackling thunder was deafening. Torrents of rain drenched the poor fellows on deck (for there was room for only two or three below), and even in the cabin I had to gather my desk, &c., under an umbrella; for the neglected seams let in the water in twenty places. The little cutter pitched heavily at her anchor, and the loud roaring of a lee surf told what we should experience if she parted her chain. We left all in the hands of God, and were sitting in silence below, when a universal shout of terror brought us on deck, —a ball of fire rested on the mast-head! The consternation was universal; the captain and every one of the crew vociferating prayers, one to the Virgin Mary, another to Mahomet, &c., each in different language. They seemed frantic, and their voices rose on the tempest like the swelling wail of dying men. One declared it was the devil, and proposed to drive him away by burning a certain mixture to make a horrid smell. They seemed comforted, however, to see us confident, and aware of its cause. The Christian Karen's were tranquil, but awe-struck, and lay on their knees with their faces to the deck, uttering prayer each for himself, in a low but audible voice. It staid clinging to the mast, amid all the rocking of the surges, till the lascars were nearly ready with their incantations, and then disappeared. It was an hour of great danger; but the good hand of the Lord was upon us, and our frail bark rode out the storm, which abated in its violence before morning."—Vol. I, pp. 51, 52.

Our readers will be amused with the following good-natured exhibition of the inconveniences to which our author was frequently exposed in his navigation along the coast:

" Aside from the danger of navigating this side of the bay of Bengal (except from September to March, when the weather is exceedingly fine), the inconveniences are not small, from the bad construc-

tion and management of the vessels employed, and the annoying insects, &c., with which they abound. My little cutter is superior in all those respects to the Burman vessels, which I expect generally to sail in from place to place. I can stand up in the cabin, while in those one can only sit, and that on the floor. I have a little quarter-deck, which they know nothing of. And we have an iron anchor, while theirs is but a piece of wood, shaped like a fish-hook. On the score of insects, too, I am informed that my condition is far better. In the latter point, however, I can by no means boast. Hundreds of ants, great and small, black and red, move in endless files every where. Cockroaches, flying and creeping, spotted, striped, and plain, walk over me and about me all night, but, through mercy, they do not bite, and are, withal, quite shy when there is a light burning, and so do not interrupt me when engaged. I now and then kill a forward fellow; but it is in vain to think of abating the nuisance, for their 'name is legion.' I have nice sugar-cane laid in a corner for the ants, to keep them away; but some of them are blood-thirsty, and bite me with all zeal. I sometimes watch a bold fellow, as he runs over my hand; and, when he finds a suitable spot, he raises himself perpendicular, and digs into me, kicking and struggling, as if he would go through the skin. The spiders I kill without mercy; and busy enough they kept me, the first day or two. Some of them have bodies as big as the joint of one's thumb, and occupy, as they stand, a space as large as the top of a coffee-cup. Mice nibble my clothes at night. I have seen but two or three centipedes, and succeeded in killing them; but there are, doubtless, more on board. But the mosquitoes! They are a torment day and night. I am comforted with the assurance, that strangers suffer most with them, and hope they will not 'make a stranger of me' much longer.

"Among all these enemies, I have no auxiliaries but two or three nimble lizards. These I carefully befriend, and they consume as many of the vermin as they can. But what are these among so many? Beside their services in the butchering department, they interest me by their sudden and adroit movements on the walls and ceiling, and, withal, sing for me every night, as soon as the candle is out.

"The variety of costume on board is striking. My man is from Madras, and wears generally nothing but a pair of calico drawers. The captain has nothing but a piece of check wound tight round his hips, and drawn up between his thighs. The owner's agent, or supercargo, is a Mussulman, and wears, beside the waist-cloth, a muslin jacket with sleeves, tied in front, so as to discover the left breast. The su-cún-ny, or steersman, is a half-blood Portuguese, and wears drawers, and a short shirt or jacket, of red calico. One of the sailors has a regular short gown and petticoat, and the other, short drawers only. The Karens wear nothing but a long shirt without sleeves, made of substantial cotton cloth, ingeniously figured in the loom. Diversity in dress is still greater in the towns, arising from the great mixture in the population. I have, however, already become so accustomed to it, that it ceases to excite attention."—Vol. I, pp. 52—54.

Idolatry, in all its forms, has always been prodigal of labor and capital. In Burmah, though it is seen in one of its least objectionable shapes, yet even here it must have drained, most effectually, the means of the people. Without mentioning the fact, that all the gold which comes into the country is used for gilding the temples and royal edifices, how sad must be the waste of property in the construction of pagodas and images. The following description of the aspect of the country, in this respect, will give us a striking conception of the moral condition of a heathen land :

"The whole region immediately above Maulmain is alluvial; the rocks chiefly blue limestone of excellent quality. The country is flat, fertile, and beautiful, but, though once populous, is now thinly inhabited. The scenery is rendered romantic and peculiar by small mountains, rising abruptly from the level fields to the height of four, five, and six hundred feet; the base scarcely exceeding the size of the summit. In most parts, trees and shrubs cling to the sides; but here and there the castellated and perpendicular rocks project above the foliage, like the turrets of some huge ruined tower. On the summits of many of them, apparently inaccessible to human feet, Boodhist zeal has erected pagodas, whose white forms, conspicuous far and near, remind the traveller every moment that he surveys a region covered with the shadows of spiritual death. Some of the smaller of these hills I ascended. My heart sickened as I stood beside the dumb gods of this deluded people, looking down and around on a fine country, half peopled by half-civilized tribes, enjoying but half the blessings of their delicious climate, borne by whole generations to the chambers of death. They eat, and drink, and die. No inventions, no discoveries, no attainments, no enjoyments, are theirs, but such as have descended to them age by age; and nothing is left to prove they have been, but their decayed pagodas, misshapen gods, and unblessed graves.

"Most of these mountains contain caves, some of them very large, which appear to have been, from time immemorial, specially devoted to religious purposes. The wealth and labor bestowed on these, are of themselves sufficient to prove how great the population has been, in former ages. I visited, in these excursions, three of the most remarkable,—one on the Dah Gyieng, and two on the Salwen. They differed only in extent, and in the apparent antiquity of the idols they contained. Huge stalactites descended almost to the floor in many places, while, in others, stalagmites, of various magnitudes and fantastic shapes, were formed upon the floor. In each, the bats occupied the lofty recesses of the ceiling, dwelling in deep and everlasting twilight. In one they seemed innumerable. Their ordure covered the bottom, in some places, to the depth of many feet. Throwing up some fragments of idols, we disturbed their noon-tide slumbers, and the effect was prodigious. The flutter of their wings created a trembling, or pulsation in the air, like that

produced by the deepest base of a great organ. In the dusk of the evening, they issue from the cave in a thick column, which extends unbroken for miles. The natives all affirmed this to be the case every evening; and Mr. Judson himself, when here with Major Crawford and others, saw the almost incredible fact.

"This cave has evidently been long deserted, except that a single large image at the entrance is kept in repair, before which were some recent offerings. I might, therefore, have easily obtained images for my friends; but, Mr. J. being afraid of an injurious influence on the native Christians who were with us, I abstained, and afterward obtained a supply by regular purchase.

"The last one we visited is on the Salwen, about fifteen or twenty miles above Maulmain. The entrance is at the bottom of a perpendicular but uneven face of the mountain, enclosed in a strong brick wall, which forms a large vestibule. The entrance to this enclosure is by a path, winding along the foot of the mountain; and nothing remarkable strikes the eye till one passes the gate, where the attention is at once powerfully arrested. Not only is the space within the wall filled with images of Gaudama of every size, but the whole face of the mountain, to the height of eighty or ninety feet, is covered with them. On every jutting crag stands some marble image, covered with gold, and spreading its uncouth proportions to the setting sun. Every recess is converted into shrines for others. The smooth surfaces are covered by small, flat images in burnt clay, and set in stucco. Of these last, there are literally *thousands*. In some places, they have fallen off, with the plaster in which they were set, and left spots of naked rock, against which bees have built their hives undisturbed. Nowhere in the country have I seen such a display of wealth, ingenuity, and industry. But imposing as is this spectacle, it shrinks to insignificance, compared to the scene which opens on entering the cavern itself. It is of vast size, chiefly in one apartment, which needs no human art to render it sublime. The eye is confused, and the heart appalled, at the prodigious exhibition of infatuation and folly. Every where, on the floor, over-head, on the jutting points, and on the stalactite festoons of the roof, are crowded together images of Gaudama,—the offerings of successive ages. Some are perfectly gilded; others incrusted with calcareous matter; some fallen, yet sound; others mouldered; others just erected. Some of these are of stupendous size; some not larger than one's finger; and some of all the intermediate sizes; marble, stone, wood, brick, and clay. Some, even of marble, are so time-worn, though sheltered, of course, from changes of temperature, that the face and fingers are obliterated. In some dark recesses, bats were heard, and seemed numerous, but could not be seen. Here and there are models of temples, kyoungs, &c., some not larger than a half bushel, and some ten or fifteen feet square, absolutely filled with small idols, heaped promiscuously one upon another. As we followed the paths which wound among the groups of figures and models, every new aspect of the cave presented new multitudes of images. A ship of five hundred tons could not carry away the half of them.

"Alas! where now are the successive generations whose hands wrought these wonders, and whose hearts confided in these deceits? Where now are the millions who came hither to confess their sins to gods that cannot hear, and spread their vain oblations to him that cannot save? The multitudes are gone, but the superstition remains. The people are left like the gleanings of the vintage, but the sway of a senseless, hopeless system is undiminished. Fewer bow in these dark recesses, but no better altars witness holier devotions. May we not hope great things from the effect of a full toleration secured by the present rulers, and a full tide of missionary effort set forward by American churches? Thanks be to God, that a Christian nation rules these provinces, and a Christian community sends forth light and truth. Happy and auspicious is the mental dawn which now begins to break. May Christians pray it into perfect day!"—Vol. I, pp. 60—63.

In contrast with *Heathen* Burmah, as it is represented in the preceding extract, it will be interesting to our readers, to obtain a glimpse of *Christian* Burmah, as it has been reclaimed from sin, by the preaching of the glorious gospel of the ever blessed God. It is a description of Mata, a native village inhabited by Christians, converted through the labors of the missionaries at Tavoy:

"Two days' journey from Tavoy, a considerable number of Karens, converted in different places, have been brought together, and formed into a Christian village; the heads of every family being members of the church. These Christians now amount to about two hundred, and conduct themselves with exemplary rectitude. By the aid of the missionaries, they have obtained goats, bullocks, oil-mills, seeds, &c.; and with these, and still more by the increased industry they have been taught to practise, they have been enabled to cease their wanderings, and acquire many comforts to which their countrymen are strangers. Cleanliness, in which Karens are universally deficient, has been attained in no small degree. The men have been exhorted to raise plenty of cotton, and the women induced so to apply themselves to spinning and weaving, as to furnish every one of their families with a change of raiment. They now wash their garments often, which before they scarcely ever did. Their ground, under their houses, which always used to be receptacles for filth and vermin, is all swept out clean every Saturday afternoon, and the rubbish burnt. On Sunday, they come to public worship perfectly clean, and, as their costume covers the person entirely, the sight would please the most fastidious American eye.*

"But it is the spiritual change visible at Mata,† which is most delightful. In this respect, they present a most attractive spectacle.

* Friends who wish to make little presents to the Karen Christians, might send fine-tooth combs, brown soap, writing-paper, slates and pencils, quills, strong scissors, cotton cloth, thread, large needles, and penknives. Garments of any description are not wanted.

† The name given their village, importing, literally, "Love." Sometimes they call it Mata-myu, or City of Love.

Punctual in all public services, they fill a large zayat on the Sabbath, and manifest a decorum and devotion far superior to any thing ordinarily seen in America. Being a musical people, and having a book of over a hundred hymns, composed by Mr. Mason, they, almost without exception, unite in the singing; and to my ear their psalmody was correct and sweet. After a prayer or a benediction, they all utter an audible '*Amen*,' remain silent on their knees for the space of half a minute, and retire in perfect silence,—a practice which would greatly improve our meetings. Mrs. Wade has been in the habit of holding daily a prayer-meeting with them at sunrise. Almost every morning, before day-light, many gather at the zayat, and commence singing hymns. As soon as Mrs. Wade is seen issuing from her door, at sunrise, they strike the gong, and presently the multitude come together. It is remarkable, that not one man or woman refuses to pray when called upon. On Sunday, a Sunday school is held in the morning, at which all the children of proper age attend; those that are not professors being formed into one company, and the others into another, superintended by the missionary and his wife alternately. Public worship and preaching are held morning and evening. The afternoon is often employed in baptizing, or administering the communion; and when this is not the case, prayer-meetings are held at the houses of the sick. Some fifty or more members of the church live at different distances in the country, as far round as five or six miles. These attend punctually, generally walking in on Saturday afternoon, that they may lose no part of the blessed day.

"It will of course be supposed, that this people, so lately wild and wandering, without books, without even the forms of religion, and furnished as yet with no part of the word of God in their own tongue, and but a single manuscript copy of the Gospel of Matthew, would be exceedingly ignorant of the claims of Christianity. They are indeed so. But it is exhilarating to see the readiness and cordiality with which they enter into the performance of every duty, as soon as it is made known to them. Time would fail to describe all the instances which illustrate this remark; but one or two may be named. Mrs. W. had on one occasion read to them that chapter in Matthew, which, describing the judgment, speaks of visiting Christ (as represented in his disciple) when sick or in prison, &c. They at once saw how regardless they had been of persons under sickness and sorrow; and the very next day began to perform services to the sick, such as they had never thought of doing before. A poor widow, who had a leprous sort of disease, and a child about two years old, similarly affected, were visited by many of them the very next day. They performed many repulsive offices for her and her child, brought water, cleaned the house, gave them rice and other articles, and so enriched and comforted the poor creature, that she was bewildered with delight. These attentions have continued constantly. Another, who was bed-ridden with loathsome sores, was attended to in the same way. Since that time, no one is suffered to want any thing which the rest enjoy. These kindnesses are done with studied concealment, and can be learned only from the beneficiaries themselves.

"On being told of the persecution of Moung San-lone and others at Rangoon, and how they had been chained, imprisoned, and excessively fined, they unexpectedly proposed subscribing toward paying his fine and releasing them from prison; and out of their deep poverty actually sent to Rangoon fifty rupees for this purpose. They have built, of their own accord, a sufficient house for the residence of their missionary and his family, and a zayat. A greater evidence of Christian generosity is seen in their missionary zeal. Those whose abilities, as assistants or school-masters, warrant the missionaries in sanctioning it, are ever ready to part with their families, and go wearisome journeys of six months at a time, among distant villages, where they are utterly unknown, carrying on their backs tracts and food, sleeping on the way in trees, or on the ground, and enduring many privations. Young men whose services are very important to their aged parents in clearing jungle and planting paddy, are readily spared, and go to various points, during the rainy season, teaching school, for which their salary is from two to three dollars a month,—half what they could earn in other employ. About twenty school-masters and assistants are now thus employed. Mr. Mason has, in his excursions, baptized many converts who were brought to the knowledge of the truth by these assistants. His last journey among the retired villages between Tavoy and Mergui, has been cheered by the reception of a number of such.

"The change in regard to temperance is not less remarkable. Unlike the Burmans, whose religion utterly forbids strong drink, and who scarcely ever use it, the Karen use it universally, and generally to excess: every family make arrack for themselves, and from oldest to youngest partake. Drunkenness, with all its train of horrors, is rife among them, of course. But no sooner do any become serious inquirers, and consort with the disciples for further instruction, than they totally abandon the accursed thing. In Mata, therefore, not a drop is made or drank. The children of the very men who were sots, are growing up without having tasted or seen it. The consequences to domestic peace and general welfare may be supposed.

"It will be recollectcd, that they knew nothing of letters or books, till Mr. Wade reduced their language to writing, about three years ago. It is found that the system he has adopted is eminently philosophical, and so easy for learners, that, in a few weeks, pupils who have never seen a letter learn to read with facility.

"As evidence at once of the benefit of Mrs. Wade's school, and the piety of the young converts, I will here give translations of some letters received from pupils on coming away from Tavoy. The following is one of some twenty or more, and is a fair specimen.

"Letter from a female Scholar, aged 15 years.

"O Great Teacher!

"We put our trust in Jesus Christ, the eternal God. O great teacher, having heard that you have come to Tavoy, I have a great desire to see thy face. Therefore, O great teacher, when thou prayest to God, I beg thee to pray for me: when I pray, I will remember thee, O great teacher! When I heard of thy arrival, I had a great desire to go to you. I said to my father, I will go; but he did not give permission. My mind was cast down, and my tears fell much, O great teacher! O pray for me, and I, when I pray, will much pray for thee. A letter of affection from

"Naw Poo Moo."

Vol. I, pp. 41—45.

Among the curiosities of this country, one of the most singular is the wells of petroleum. Our author's notice of the locality is as follows :

"Before sunset, June 28, came to for the night at Yay-nan-goung, a village important only for its trade in petroleum. The wells being but two miles from the village, I immediately set out to walk to them. The way was well beaten by bullock carts, often crossing the bed of the torrent (now dry), whence the village derives its name. A more rugged and desolate region can scarcely be imagined. The rocks are sand-stone, pudding-stone, and petrifications; the soil, sand and blue clay. Small hills on every side rise abruptly, like waves in a chopping sea, sterile and unsightly. One plant only seemed to find a congenial soil. It resembled a prickly pear, growing to the height of thirty feet, with stem a foot in diameter.

"The wells are very numerous, said to be more than 400, occupying a space of about 12 square miles. They are from 200 to 300 feet deep, of small calibre, and sustained by scantling. The temperature of the oil, when first raised to the top, is 89°. Men do not go down, but an earthen pot is lowered in and drawn up over a beam across the mouth, by two men running off with the rope. The pot is emptied into a little pool, where the water with which it is largely mixed subsides, and the oil is drawn off pure. It is exported in earthen jars, containing about 30 pounds. The price now, including the pots, is about a tical for 2½ viss, or about 50 cents for ten pounds. A well yields about 400 or 500 viss per day, and is worked by three or four men. Sometimes 700 are obtained. The amount depends on the quantity of water drawn up with the oil. A duty of one twentieth is paid to government.

"This most useful oil is very extensively used for lamps and torches, and is exported to all parts of the empire whither it can be taken by water. It is also used for preserving wood, mat partitions, palm-leaf books, &c., from insects and from the weather, and is an admirable article for these purposes. Even the white ants will not attack wood which has been brushed with it.

"For several days, we have noticed on the shore great quantities of petrified wood, and have gathered specimens, which exhibit the fibres and cells perfectly. Some trunks of trees, ten or twelve feet long, lie in the edge of the water, entirely petrified. Teeth, bones, &c., are found in the same state. The inhabitants assured me that they sometimes picked up petrified leaves."—Vol. I, p. 91.

The following remarks on Burman civilization strike us as indicative of unusual independence and originality of observation :

"Whether the state of society exhibited in Burmah be, on the whole, more conducive to happiness, than the species of civilization which we enjoy, is a question I leave to philosophers. It ill becomes us to scorn all states of society which differ greatly from our own, without inquiring how far our estimate may be formed by mere

education and habit. I would certainly prefer to engraft science and religion on the condition of man in Burmah, to having them accompanied by our forms of society, and social constitution. There, human wants have a definite limit, easily reached ; and leaving ample leisure to almost every member of society for the pursuits of religion and science. With us, it is scarcely possible for the great majority to fulfil the precepts of religion, or cultivate by science their immortal powers. The laboring man can only by incessant efforts keep himself and family supplied with what they think necessities. With every grade above, it is the same. Not only is religion, but reason and health, sacrificed, in our pursuits, exertions, and amusements. In vain do sacred teachers and philosophers cry out against the universal perversion. So long as society is so constructed, the evils must remain. Prisons, hospitals, poor rates, executions, poverty, disease, celibacy, and innumerable sufferings, grow up from these evils.

"On the whole, the Burmans are fully entitled to be called a civilized people. A regular government, a written language, an established literature, a settled abode, foreign commerce, respectable architecture, good roads and bridges, competent manufactures, adequate dress, gradations of rank, and the condition of women, conspire to establish their claim to be so considered. Their exact place in the scale of civilization is not so easily settled. In intellect, morals, manners, and several of the points just named, they are not surpassed by any nation of the East, and are certainly superior to any natives of this peninsula. Prior to the recent entrance of Europeans, the degree of civilization, whatever it was, seemed to be fixed and complete. No change in laws, habits, manufactures, food, dwellings, poetry, painting, or indeed any thing else, had been made for centuries ; or if made, yet so slowly as to impart no excitement to the public mind. Now, the case is decidedly different. They not only have contact with many Europeans, but confess inferiority ; and in some things are adopting our modes and manufacture. In the Tennasserim provinces, this is especially the case ; and should England resign those possessions, the effects of her dominion on the population will remain and extend. If the present king should retain the views of state policy which he expressed to me while a subject, and which he is the fittest man in the kingdom to execute, Burmah must rapidly rise in political importance.

"The introduction of the art of printing would, probably, do more for this people than any other in India. Active, intelligent, and persevering, the whole community would feel the impulse of diffused knowledge. All would read, all would be quickened, all would contribute to the general improvement. It would bring with it that stupendous influence, which is the wonder of these latter days,—the power of voluntary association. Men and women would form small communities for the accomplishment each of some favorite aim. Every improvement could be made general. Every useful project would find friends, and succeeding generations enjoy accumulating light.

"But in allowing myself these anticipations, I take for granted,

that missionary efforts will be hugely increased, and their effects fall upon the whole community. True religion can alone enable the press to produce its fullest blessings. Without this, it may elevate the arts, improve science, and advance the general wealth; but it leaves them a race of rebels against the eternal Lord,—a kingdom of Satan. Indeed, without religion, the press could not accomplish the worldly prosperity of the state. A press, directed by genuine, steady, and persevering benevolence, must operate for Burmah, ere she rise from the dust, and sit joyously among the nations. As yet, all the power of the press is in our hands. What a trust! How are the Baptists in America bound to follow up, with tenfold energy, the work they have so well begun! How should the friends of man lend their aid in disseminating among this people the rudiments of true science, the principles of right government, and the blessings of pure religion! Even now, she is the first native power in Farther India, and is second in all the East only to China. Within and around her, are a hundred tribes of people, over none of whom is her influence less than that of France over the smaller states of Europe. Let Burmah embrace the Christian faith, and she has at her command, money and missionaries for all their tribes.”—Vol. I., pp. 236—238.

Our extracts have already been copious. We must, however, make one more from this volume, as it gives us the only specimen which we have seen, of the ethics of Gaudama. It inculcates a pure and delightful morality, and teaches us, that even in heathen nations, God frequently does not leave himself without a witness, who shall proclaim the principles of duty to the consciences of men. The more we investigate the character of man, the more strongly are we convinced, that men perish not because they have not light, but because they despise and reject it :

“‘Know thou, that to keep from the company of the ignorant, and choose that of learned men; to give honor to whom it is due; to choose a residence proper to our station, and adapted for procuring the common wants of life; and to maintain a prudent carriage,—are means of preserving a man from evil doings. The comprehension of all things that are not evil, the exact knowledge of the duties of our station, and the observance of modesty and piety in our speech, are four excellent modes of renouncing wickedness.

“‘By ministering a proper support to parents, wife, and family; by purity and honesty in every action; by alms-deeds; by observing the divine precepts; and by succoring relations,—we may be preserved from evil. By such a freedom from faults, that not even the inferior part of our nature manifests any affection for them; by abstinence from all intoxicating drink; by the continual practice of works of piety; by showing respectfulness, humility, and sobriety

before all ; and gratitude to our benefactors ; and, finally, by listening often to the preaching of the word of God,—we overcome evil inclinations, and keep ourselves far from sin. Docility in receiving the admonitions of good men ; frequent visits to priests ; spiritual conferences on the divine laws ; patience, frugality, modesty ; the literal observance of the law ; keeping before our eyes the four states into which living creatures pass after death ; and meditation on the happy repose of Nicban ;—these are distinguished rules for preserving man from wickedness.

“‘That intrepidity and serenity which good men preserve, amid the eight evils of life (abundance and want, joy and sorrow, popularity and abandonment, censure and praise) ; their freedom from fear and inquietude ; from the dark mists of concupiscence ; and, finally, their insensibility to suffering ;—these are four rare gifts, that remove men far from evil. Therefore, O sir ! imprint well upon your heart the thirty-eight precepts I have just delivered. Let them be deeply rooted there, and see that you put them in practice.’”—Vol. I, pp. 250, 251.

The second volume opens with a description of Calcutta. The view here given of the moral and intellectual condition of this great centre of the British power in India, is, by far, more definite and comprehensible, than any we have before seen. Of the many things here worthy of notice, we can direct the attention of our readers to but one or two. The men of the world, statesmen and politicians, have often stigmatised, as foolish and simple, the Christian method of improving the condition of a people. They have accused us of ignorance of human nature, and have been very forward to teach us how the thing should be done. It seems that an opportunity occurred in Calcutta, some time since, for putting these notions into practice. By a provision of the government of India, 300,000 rupees per annum, were placed under the control of “the committee of education,” for the improvement and education of the natives. It is amusing to observe the manner in which this committee of *savans* proceeded to the accomplishment of their undertaking :

“Until 1835, the policy of the committee was to encourage the study of Persian, Sunscrit, and Arabic literature, as the best means of elevating the general intelligence of the natives. Hence the endowment of schools and colleges, expressly for these studies, and *paying* the students liberal monthly stipends. A great number were thus induced to study these dead languages, who felt no interest in them, and made no valuable proficiency. While modern science was enlightening all Europe, these students were learning

Ptolemy's astronomy, Aristotle's philosophy, and Galen's medical institutes, and reading the shockingly lascivious stories of the Mricchakata, and the Nol Damayanti. Bishop Heber examined some of these students at Benares, and says,* 'The astronomical lecturer produced a terrestrial globe, divided according to their system, and elevated to the meridian of Benares. Mount Meru he identified with the north pole, and under the south pole he supposed the tortoise "Chukwa" to stand; on which the earth rests. He then showed me how the sun went round the earth once in every day, and how, by a different motion, he visited the signs of the zodiac.'"

Vol. II, p. 25.

"This policy of the committee led also to the expenditure of enormous sums in procuring translations of elevated scientific works into those languages, and printing original Arabic, Persian, and Sunscrit works, hitherto unknown to Europe. Of the books printed by the committee up to 1832, there were of Sunscrit, thirteen thousand volumes, of Arabic, five thousand, Persian, two thousand five hundred, and Hindu, two thousand. A large proportion of these are quarto volumes, of seven hundred to eight hundred pages, and printed in editions of five hundred copies. Of course, were they ever so valuable, they could not be generally diffused over an empire of two millions of inhabitants. Not a single work was printed in the prevailing and spoken languages of India! The books thus brought forth as treasures of Oriental literature, were indeed such to some philologists of Europe; but false philosophy, fabulous histories, and impure romances, could do no good to Hindus, even supposing the mass of the people could have read them."—Vol. II, p. 26.

If *missionaries* had been guilty of so egregious a blunder, the whole civilized world would have resounded with laughter, from one end to the other.

We have heard so much, both in this country and in England, of the reformation effected in India by the celebrated Ram Mohun Roy, that we feel interested to learn the facts in the case, from an eye-witness. The following is the testimony of our author:

"We found the place to be a commodious hall, in a respectable Hindu dwelling-house. There was no idol, or idolatrous representation, of any kind. On a small stage, raised about eighteen inches from the floor, handsomely carpeted, sat, cross-legged, two respectable looking pundits. One side of the room was spread with clean cloths for the native attendants, who sat after the manner of the country; and on the other were chairs, for the accommodation of strangers. In the centre, and opposite to the rostrum, lay some native musical instruments, and a violin. The room was well lighted, and the punkas, of course, waved overhead.

* *Travels in India.*

[March,

"One of the pundits opened the services by reading Sunserit, from a loose palm-leaf held in his hand, stopping at every two or three words, to expound and enforce. The subject was *knowledge*,—what it was, and what it was not, &c. Abstract ethical questions were discussed, not unlike the fashion of the old scholastics; but no moral deductions were made, nor any thing said to improve the hearers. The whole discourse must have been unintelligible to most of them.

"The other then read a discourse in Bengalee, consisting chiefly of explanations of their religious system, and encomiums on it. He particularly dwelt on its liberality; boasting that they quarrelled with no name or persuasion; and assuring us, that it was of no consequence whether we worshipped idols, Mahomet, Jesus Christ, or the Virgin Mary; that it was not possible to come to any certain knowledge respecting religious things; and that if any man believed his way to be right, that way was right for him. These discourses extended to about an hour; and the rest of the time, about another hour, was occupied with music. At the close of the preaching, professed musicians advanced to the instruments, and, seating themselves on the mats, put them in tune, with the usual amount of discord. Two of them then sang several hymns, with instruments accompanying it. The themes were, the unity of the Divine Essence, and the various attributes of majesty and power. No one joined the strain, nor were there any books to enable them to do so. Nothing could be less reverent or devotional, than the manner of the musicians. They looked about them with all possible self-complacency, making unmeaning gestures, bowing and blinking to each other, and vociferating with such a nasal twang, that it was a relief when they had finished. I thought it was literally such music as the poet speaks of,—intended 'to soothe savage breasts,' for certainly, no other could well endure it.

"On their retiring, a very different singer took the place, and proceeded for half an hour, with great power of execution, and not a little taste. His voice was uncommonly fine. He accompanied himself skilfully on the native guitar. The violin had been well played from the beginning, and the music was now truly excellent, furnishing, I was informed, a fair specimen of the best Bengal art. The singer, as well as the violinist, is distinguished at the nautch entertainments of the city.

"No female was present, nor do any ever attend. Most of the congregation came in only in time to hear the music, and stood near the staircase, not without disorder. The number of the regular attendants was not over twenty. I am informed, thirty is the largest number ever present. The spectators were somewhat more numerous.

"Few of the professed adherents are so confident of their rectitude, as to detach themselves wholly from the common religious customs, though more negligent in these matters than their neighbours. The very pundits officiate, not because converts to these opinions (for such they do not profess to be), but because regularly paid for their services. One of them, in his discourse this evening, expressly told us that there was no impropriety in worshipping

idols,—a doctrine which R. Roy would not admit. The musicians also are paid, and perform here for the same reasons that they do at a nautch, so that the whole concern is sustained by the money of a few friends, and descendants of R. Roy.

"Such is the boasted reformation of Ram Mohun Roy! Not another congregation of his followers is found in all India! Of his labors as a reformer, this is the sum:—Fifty or a hundred persons rendered negligent of the national religion, or gathered here because they were so before, without being a whit the better in their private life, or public influence; in some cases, adding the sins of Europeans to those of their countrymen; without being disentangled from the horrid system of the Shasters; without being ready, or without the moral courage, to restore to their own wives and daughters the rights of human nature. With all the superiority to prejudice and custom, boasted by Ram Mohun Roy, he did nothing for the elevation of the sex.—Vol. II, pp. 30—32.

Our readers are all, probably, aware of the opposition which the government of India, for a long time, manifested to the establishment of *Christian* missionaries, and to all efforts for the propagation of the gospel. The manner, in which this same government treats the vile superstitions of this most debasing idolatry, may be learned from the following facts. The public treasury pays out, annually, \$26,000, for the *support of Juggernaut*, and for the temples in the district of Tinnevelley, \$145,000 per annum. The following fact occurred at Surat:

"This Hindu festival [coco-nut day] was ushered in by a salute of guns from the honorable Company's ship, lying in the river, opposite to Surat. The castle guns fired a salute at the same time. About four P. M., after the brahmin had consecrated the coco-nut with prayers, the European magistrate presented the offering to the river, amidst the poojas (worship) of the brahmans and other Hindus present. While this vain and idle ceremony was going forward, the ship, before alluded to, first moved down, and then up the river, displaying her colors, and firing salutes. The British flag was waving on Surat Castle all the day, in honor of the festival. In this way our rulers and their agents directly and publicly countenance idolatry and superstition in this place. The new moon, excepting twice in the year, when the Mussulmans are mourning, is regularly saluted by five guns, to please the Mahometans. Two thousand rupees are annually given to the same people by government, to assist them in the celebration of their Edes (festivals). When shall these practices be brought to a perpetual end?"—Vol. II, pp. 73.

The government receives a tax from every pilgrim. In order to increase this tax, "pilgrim hunters," or *idol missionaries* are sent out by hundreds, over the whole

country, and paid by government! A Christian native soldier is flogged; a heathen native is not subject to the lash! If a Mahometan or Hindu change his religion, he forfeits his inheritance, by their laws; those laws are enforced by Christian magistrates! Public offices are closed on native heathen festivals; but on the Christian Sabbath, native officers and servants are employed as usual! These things may well give rise to the following indignant aspirations, quoted by Mr. M. from the Oriental Christian Spectator:

"We trust that the time is now at hand when our rulers will cease to be the bankers and factors of the idols and their prototypes, the abortions of those who became "vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened;" when they will no longer grace heathen and Mahometan revelries by attendance, and participation in their unholy rites and ceremonies, nor rend the heavens, and provoke the thunders of Omnipotence, by firing salutes in their honor; when they will suffer no document dedicated to "the lord of devils,"* or profaning the name of Jehovah,† to leave the public offices; when they will cease to appeal to the "vanities of the heathen," for rain and fruitful seasons; when they will neither in respect "make mention of the name of heathen gods, nor cause to swear by them,"‡ nor regulate the affairs of their worship, nor settle the rank of their deluded votaries; and when they will no longer bewilder the minds of the 'twice-born' youth, by the exploded and absurd science of the Vedas and Puráñas, taught in Sunscrit colleges, and qualify them for dexterously poisoning the souls of the people throughout the length and breadth of the land, by compositions prepared under the auspices of the great Destroyer. We hope, we say, that this, the most happy day which India has seen, and the prelude of one still more glorious, will speedily arrive; and we invoke the blessing of God on all, in India and Britain, who, by remonstrance with man, and prayer to God, may seek to hasten it."—Vol. II, pp. 75, 76.

As there seems just now to be a surplus amount of philanthropy among the reformers of Great Britain, we recommend them to turn their attention to the demand for the article, which exists in this portion of her majesty's possessions in India.

From Calcutta, Mr. Malcom proceeded to Madras, and thence to Singapore. Before leaving Madras, he visited Tanjore and Trechnopoly, the seats of Mr. Swartz's missions. Of these there are some interesting, though melancholy memoranda. After remaining some weeks at

* Ganesh.

† Or Hu.

‡ Josh. 23: 7.

Singapore, he proceeded to Bankok, the capital of Siam, where his visit seems to have been of a very useful and most interesting character. Returning thence to Singapore, he sailed for Canton, and proceeded by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, to the United States. We should have been pleased to delay our readers with several extracts from our author's descriptions of manners, localities, &c., in each of these places, but our limits forbid. We must reserve all that remains for some remarks upon the fourth part of the work, which consists of dissertations, tables, &c., intended to present a summary of our author's observations on the present condition of the missionary enterprise in south-eastern Asia.

The first chapter of this part is devoted to China, the various points from which it may be reached, the comparative difficulty of the language, the books to be studied, and obstacles to be surmounted. On all these points, the information is various and select. The second chapter contains "the missionary field in and around Burmah." This is a synoptical view of the Burman and adjacent tribes. It is rather too brief to be attractive, and we cannot but wish that more had been said of some of these people, especially the Karen. There are many important questions connected with this latter tribe, which we should like to see discussed. Their religious traditions and their moral precepts all point to an ante-Mosaic origin. Take, for instance, the following:

"Various traditions prevail among them, which have a remarkable similarity to Scripture facts. The following is a specimen: 'Our race began with a married pair, who lived in happy innocence and abundance. Mo-kaw-le, or the devil, attempted to seduce them to partake of certain food which they had been commanded not to eat. They both listened and argued for some time, till the man, indignant and out of patience, would hear no more, and rising up, went away. The woman continued to listen. Mokawle assured her that if she would take his advice, she should know all things, and be endued with ability to fly in the air, or penetrate into the depth of the earth. That she might prove the truth of what he said, he begged her just to taste the least morsel, and she would know for herself. She began to hesitate, and said, "Shall we verily be able to fly?" Upon this, Mokawle redoubled his protestations of ardent good-will, and repeated the most flattering assurances, till the woman ate. Mokawle then praised and cajoled her, till she was induced to go and find her husband. He yielded reluctantly, and after much coaxing. They realized none of the promised advan-

tages, but felt no difference in themselves till next day, when God came and cursed them, saying, "You shall become old ; you shall be sick ; you shall die."

"The only religious teachers are a sort of prophets, called *Boo-khoos*, who predict events, and are greatly venerated by the people. They are always bards, singing with uncommon skill, sometimes extemporaneously, verses of their own composition. The uniform burden of the prophecies is, the coming of a deliverer, who is to gather their scattered tribes, and restore them to security and independence."—Vol. II, pp. 197.

We should have been pleased to see what light Mr. Malcom had been able to throw upon these interesting inquiries. The remainder of the chapter is occupied with an account of the names, numbers, and localities of about eighty different tribes of Asiatics. These are, of course, too brief to be interesting to ordinary readers; but the mere review of their numbers, and destitution of the gospel, furnishes affecting inducement to farther exertion. Many readers will pass by this chapter, but such as examine it cannot fail to be impressed with the inadequacy of our present force, in this important and inviting missionary field.

The two following chapters contain a large amount of matter, which, we think, must be invaluable to all those who are engaged, either in actual missionary labor abroad, or those who, at home, are charged with the direction of that labor. The first of these treats of the "measure of success which has attended modern missions." Our author here meets the objection, that very little has, thus far, been accomplished, by showing, that the number of laborers is small, in proportion to the magnitude of the work;—that much of their labor has been, from necessity, preparatory;—that the present missionaries encounter special difficulties from poverty of language, state of society, degraded condition of the natives, presence of nominal Christians, &c., and lastly, that much of the labor, of necessity, falls short of the field. He then turns to the good effected; and shows what has been done towards removing obstacles, translating Bibles and tracts, and preparing grammars and dictionaries; and closes with a striking view of the blessings which the missionary cause has conferred on our own churches. We commend this chapter to the profound consideration of the friends and enemies of missions. Rarely have we seen any thing more candid, judicious, or conclusive. How striking is

the following exhibition of the difficulties which must arise to a translator of the word of God into a heathen tongue :

"For terms, which are of primary importance in religious discourse, words must often be used, which are either unmeaning, or foreign to the purpose, or inaccurate. It is not easy to exhibit this difficulty in its true magnitude, to such as have not mixed with heathen. A few examples may, however, make the argument intelligible. Words equivalent to *God*, *Lord*, &c., must, in various languages, be those which the heathen apply to their idols; for there are no others. In Tamul, the word *pavum* (sin) signifies only 'exposure to evil'; or simply 'evil,' whether natural or moral; and may be applied to a beast, as well as a man. The word *padesuttam* (holiness) means 'clearness.' *Regeneration* is understood by a Hindu or Boodhist to mean 'another birth' in this world, or 'transmigration.' The *purposes of God*, they understand to be 'fate.' The word used in Bengalee for *holy* (*d'harma*), sometimes means 'merit' acquired by acts of religious worship, and sometimes 'that which is agreeable to rule or custom.' When the compound word *Holy Ghost* is translated, it becomes 'Spirit of rule,' or some phrase not more intelligible. In the Episcopal Liturgy in Bengalee, it is rendered 'Spirit of existence,' (*sadatma*); and Mr. Yates, in his new version of the Scriptures, uses the word *pabitru*, 'clean.' This last, while it avoids the hazard of conveying a wrong idea, and seems to be the best rendering, is yet evidently imperfect. In Siamese, the word most used for *sin* (*tot*) means either 'guilt,' or the 'punishment of guilt,' or simply 'exposure to punishment.' The best word the missionaries can get for *holy*, is *boresut*, 'purified,' when people are spoken of; and *saksit*, 'or Spirit having power because of sanctity,' when the Holy Ghost is meant. There is no Siamese word equivalent to *repent*; and a phrase is used signifying 'to establish the mind anew,' or 'make new resolves.' In Burman, there is no term equivalent to our *heaven*, and a word meaning 'sky,' or more properly 'space,' is used; nor any word for *angel*, and the rendering of that term has to be 'sky-messenger'; nor any word for *condemn*, except the circumlocution 'decide according to demerit, or sin'; nor any word for *conscience*, *thank*, &c., &c. I might add scores of such cases, given me by missionaries. There is scarcely a theological term not subject to this difficulty.

"For a multitude of our terms there is no word at all. Among these are not only theological terms, such as *sanctification*, *gospel*, *evangelist*, *church*, *atonement*, *devil*, &c., but the names of implements, animals, customs, clothing, and many other things, of which ignorant and remote tribes have never heard, and for which entire new terms are obliged to be coined."—Vol. II, pp. 223, 224.

"The depreciation of morals is as great as that of intellect. We look in vain even for Spartan or Roman virtue. Except perhaps among the Cretans, it is hardly probable that the first preachers anywhere encountered such a spirit of falsehood and deceit as distinguish the heathen now. Truth is utterly wanting. Man has no

confidence in man. The morality is not only defective, it is perverted. Killing a cow or an insect, is more shocking than the murder of an enemy: lying for a brahmin is a virtue; stealing for real want is no sin: a few ceremonies or offerings expiate all crimes. Transmigration abolishes identity; for, if perfectly unconscious in one state of existence, of all that transpired in previous ones, identity is virtually lost. Sin is reduced to a trifle, the conscience rendered invulnerable, generous sentiments extinguished, and the very presence and exhortations of the missionary engender a suspicion destructive to his success. His reasons for coming are not credited; and the fear of political treachery is added to a detestation of his creed. The best supposition they can make is, that he is seeking religious merit, according to his own system, and careful, not so much for their conversion, as for his personal benefit in a future state."—Vol. II, pp. 226.

The following allusion to the hostility of Christian governments to the propagation of the gospel is enough to draw a sigh from the breast of every thoughtful man. Our author speaks of it, also, we regret to say it, in the very mildest terms in which the truth could be spoken:

"Where Christian governments have borne rule, and where his own life has been most secure, he has found those very governments arrayed against his success. When Buchanan would have given forth information touching the abominations of Hinduism, not a journal in Calcutta dared publish his communications! When he made them from the pulpit, his friends were not allowed to publish the sermons. When he returned to England, and published these things, his statements were denied, and his character assailed. The East India Company long opposed the introduction of missionaries, or kept them under a surveillance which defeated their object. Had not the Danish settlement at Serampore afforded an asylum, till an experiment was made, evincive of the political harmlessness of evangelical labors among the natives, it is doubtful whether India would have been opened to this day. It is only necessary to refer to the periodical accounts, to the Calcutta newspapers, and to the occasional pamphlets of that time, to show how wilfully and effectively the messengers of mercy were hindered, for many years; and how large deductions ought to be made, on this account, from the fruits which might otherwise have been produced. Though the Indian government no longer exerts a direct opposition to missionaries, it does many things, some of which have been named in a previous chapter, to sustain paganism and Mahometanism throughout its dominions.

"The Dutch government has been even more inimical, and still maintains its hostility. When Mr. Bruckner, after many years' labor, had translated the New Testament into Javanese, he went to Serampore, and at great expense got types cast, and printed it. But he no sooner returned (in 1832), and gave away a few copies, than the government seized the whole edition, and placed it in the public

stores, from whence it has never been restored. I could mention other facts of a similar character. Their own chaplains and other clergy are under such restraints, as tend to nullify or obstruct their labors to convert the natives.

"The Spanish and Portuguese colonial governments in India have avowedly opposed us from the beginning, on the ground of our Protestantism."—Vol. II, pp. 228, 229.

We should be glad to add several other extracts on these topics; but must content ourselves with the following excellent remarks, which strike us as singularly appropriate:

"That captains or merchants visiting the East often say, 'We read animating missionary accounts in the papers, but see no such things on the spot,' is not surprising. How should they? What means do they take to get information? Have they gone to the native chapels; or accompanied the missionary in his daily rounds; or visited the converts' homes, or the schools; or seen Bibles and tracts given away? Have they so much as visited the missionary himself, except at meal-times, or other intervals of labor? What would a gentleman know of the state of religion in London or New York, who had merely walked about the streets, or conversed with those who make no pretensions to piety; or with such as are hostile? Without taking pains, even residents at a station may remain almost perfectly ignorant of a missionary's operations.

"Instead of naked assertions, that nothing has been done, we have a right to expect objectors to come forward with the religious statistics, past and present, of specified places. They should fairly show, that the work said to be done is not done, or, that the effects said to have followed have not followed. If they merely point to things left undone, we concur in lamentation; and only ask larger means, and further time, to show greater results.

"There is reason to suspect, that those who most loudly assert the failure of missions, are those who would have it so. There are, in foreign countries, many who would shelter their vices in the gloom of surrounding paganism, and are impatient of the restraints of missionary influence. And there are many at home, who, being inimical to Christianity, impugn its benevolent operations, for want of talent or learning, to attack its fundamentals. And there are many, who, without being unfriendly to religion, are glad of a cloak for covetousness, and, in declining to contribute on the score of conscience, can save their money, and at the same time claim superiority or piety, or keener insight into abuses.

"It is quite certain, that the great body of those who complain, are not persons who have most right to do so. They are not those who have given their money, their children, or themselves, to the work; and who, if there be fraud or folly, are of all others the most interested to make the discovery. They are not those who have seen most of the field, or who have most diligently read the reports of the societies. They are not those who have had the most exten-

sive and intimate acquaintance with the men who have gone forth, and who might infer what is done from a knowledge of the agents. They are not the men best acquainted with the managers and management of the different boards. All these classes of persons are friendly.

"Such considerations should restrain the uninformed, from impugning our motives, or disparaging this great work. They should hear the voice of reason, addressed to some in a former age, who opposed what they did not understand. 'Let these men alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.'

The next chapter is of still graver interest. As the author remarks, "more than forty years' experience in modern missions ought to furnish data for an intelligent revision of the system." Yet, until this work, nothing of this kind has been attempted, in any reasonable manner. Writers have, we know, broached new theories, and have advised, like Edward Irving, that all missions should be modelled on their plan. But, to such teaching, no man of practical sense would give a moment's heed. We want now to look at the facts which forty years have brought to light, and from a comparison of these, to deduce principles which may guide our subsequent efforts. The views presented in this chapter, seem to us the result of much candid, and yet searching observation; guided by a heart fervently attached to the missionary cause. Our author considers, 1. that the proportion of time and money bestowed on schools should be less; 2. that, at some stations, at least, less time might be devoted to translation and tracts. The reason for this latter is, that the missionaries, for a long time, could not translate so as to be understood; that but a very small portion of the natives can read, and that the success from this labor has been small. The following paragraph shows us, into what whimsical errors an imperfect knowledge of a language may lead a translator:

"The anxiety for an immediate production of books has caused the publication of Scriptures and tracts so imperfect, as to be almost, if not quite useless, and in particular passages quite erroneous. To prove this, and at the same time show the sort of errors to which I allude, I will give a few instances which were mentioned to me, taken from distant and different versions. John 1:1, 'In the beginning was the word, and the word was with the Lord God Boodh,

and the word was the Lord God Boodh.' Exod. 3: 2, 'The Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire in the knot of a tree.' Acts 1: 8, 'Ye shall receive the power of life and death.' Matt. 5: 3, 'Blessed are the destitute of life.' 1 Cor. 5: 6, 'A little crocodile crocodileth the whole lump!"—Vol. II, p. 255.

The number of those who can read, so as to understand a passage, is incomparably less than we had supposed. "There are," according to our author, "probably not five hundred persons, not taught by Europeans, in all India, who could take up a translation in their own character, of any work in philosophy, morals, or religion, and read it extempore, with understanding." If such be the case, and it is fully supported by the smallness of the success which has attended this kind of labor, our author's position is fully established.

Mr. Malcom is of opinion, next, "that there should be less preaching in English;" "that less time should be spent on periodicals;" "that, in reducing languages to writing, the Roman letters only should be used;" "that the plan of sending missionary physicians should be but sparingly prosecuted;" "that every unnecessary extreme in living should be avoided;" "that there should be more direct preaching of the word, publicly, and from house to house;" and "that regular churches, with pastors and deacons, should every where be constituted, at the earliest possible period." All these opinions are sustained by an array of facts, which, to us, seem decisive of every important point. We think that every one will perceive how exactly all this coincides with the directions of our Saviour. He ordained that men should be converted by the *preaching* of the gospel, that is, by bringing a sanctified Christian mind *into contact* with a heathen mind. We imagine, that he who knew the end from the beginning, did this advisedly. We would willingly extract many passages from this chapter, but, to do so, would be injustice to our author. No one interested in missions, or desirous of enabling himself to form a correct opinion on missionary operations, should neglect to examine this part of the book with deep attention. It will well repay the most diligent perusal.

We are compelled here to take leave of our author; and we cheerfully commend his instructive pages to the atten-

tion of our readers. We hail the work as a valuable addition to our knowledge of the East; and, specially, as throwing much and valuable light upon the missionary field. We trust its success will equal its deserts.

ARTICLE V.

REMARKS ON ROMANS 8: 18—24.*

WE introduce our remarks on this passage with the following translation :

For I consider that the sufferings of the present time are not worthy of comparison with the glory which is about to be revealed to us. For the longing desire of the creation is awaiting the manifestation of the sons of God (for the creation was subjected to frailty, not of its own will, but on account of him who subjected it), in the hope that the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious freedom of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groan, and are in pangs together, until now. And not only so, but ourselves also, having the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan in ourselves, awaiting our filiation [the sonship], the redemption of our bodies.

It is not our purpose, in this article, to review the various opinions which have been entertained respecting this passage, by different interpreters. It has not only called forth the resources of industry and learning, but given ample scope to the vagaries of fancy. When the right interpretation shall be given, it will probably carry with it its own evidence,—an evidence obviating the necessity of exposing all the absurd theories and whimsical conjectures of all who have shed the darkness of

* In publishing this article, we would not be understood as expressing an opinion in respect to the meaning of the passage in question. If it involved important *doctrines*, either in theology or ethics, the case would be different. As an essay towards the elucidation of a confessedly difficult passage, we regard it as highly deserving of publication ; and we venture to express the hope, that the gifted writer, who can make such a beginning in biblical criticism, will be induced to turn his attention more directly to sacred literature.—ED.

their own false reasonings upon the illuminated pages of inspired truth. Already, we believe, this passage has yielded, in a great measure, if not entirely, to the sober and searching methods of modern investigation,—to that diligent examination of words and phrases, which, however humble an employment it may seem to furnish, is yet our only avenue to a certain and satisfactory knowledge of things,—the portico of the grand temple of religious truth. The biblical student, of comparatively humble acquisitions, can already smile at many of the fanciful conjectures, and fruitless, because ill-directed, efforts of men, with whom, in ability or learning, he would be far from challenging a comparison. With the degree of unanimity which exists, at present, among German critics, in regard to the passage under consideration, we are not acquainted. We believe, however, that, both in this country and in Germany, there is a gradual approximation towards harmony of views. It could not, perhaps, be expected, that a passage like the present, of difficult and long-contested import, should, in all points, be satisfactorily settled by the efforts of any single mind. One will, perhaps, strike out the general idea,—will seize upon the clew, by whose guidance others will thread the labyrinth, until, at last, all its intricacies are unravelled, and its recesses explored. If the present effort shall make its own separate contribution to a full understanding of the passage, our object will not be lost.

We do not propose to comment separately upon all the words and phrases of the passage, but to touch lightly upon those on which there is no difference of opinion. We shall aim rather to dwell upon those portions which are essential to a right apprehension of the general scope of the passage. It will be obvious to all, that the keynote of the passage is struck in the verse immediately preceding that with which our translation commences. “And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if we suffer with him,* that we may be also glorified with him.”† Thus bringing the sufferings‡ of Christians into immediate contrast with their future glorification,|| the mind of the apostle instantly takes fire. In a manner strikingly characteristic, he

* συμπάσχειν. † συνδοξασθῶμεν. ‡ παθήματα. || δόξα.

proceeds to give utterance, as far as he is able, to the conceptions by which his soul was filled and overwhelmed. But what is the point of view, from which he contemplates the glory that is to be revealed to the sons of God? On what stage in the career of the sons of immortality does he fix, as furnishing the most full and perfect contrast to the weight of suffering, that bows them in this vale of tears? In other words, what is the period referred to, when they were to be glorified together* with Christ? For, that one and the same period is indicated by this and the following expressions,—the glory which is about to be revealed to us,†—the manifestation of the sons of God,‡—the glorious freedom of the children of God,||—and finally, the sonship,—the ransom of our body,§—that all these expressions, we repeat, point to one and the same occasion, does not, we think, admit a doubt. And what is that occasion? Are we not pointed, most distinctly, to the general resurrection? Overleaping all the intervening period, and overlooking, as it were, all preceding and minor displays of the Christian's glory, does not the mind of the apostle fasten upon the time when the glorified body, raised from the dust in renovated youth and beauty, shall be reunited to the glorified spirit, and the relation of the children of God shall be recognised and announced before an assembled universe? Let us recur, for a moment, to the expressions as they occur,—when, according to the representations of the New Testament, are Christians to be glorified together with Christ?¶ When, in the only sense, acknowledged by the Scriptures, is to take place the manifestation** of the sons of God? Compare, here, Col. 3: 4. "When Christ, our life, is manifested, then shall ye also be manifested with him, in glory." Compare, too, 1 Thess. 4: 13, a passage directly relevant to our subject. And to what period, again, may we so justly refer the glorious freedom of the sons of God, as to that which witnesses their triumph over death, the last enemy, and emancipates their

* συνδοξασθῆται. † τὴν δόξαν μέλλουσαν—ἡμᾶς.

‡ τὴν αποκάλυψιν τῶν νιῶν τοῦ θεοῦ.

|| τὴν ἐλευθερίαν τῆς δόξης τῶν τέκνων τοῦ θεοῦ.

§ τὴν νιοθεσίαν, τὴν ἀπολύτρωσιν τοῦ σώματος ἡμῶν.

¶ συνδοξασθῆται. ** ἀποκάλυψις.

entire nature from the thraldom to which sin had subjected it? But if the above expressions left any doubt, it is dissipated by the final, most explicit statement of the apostle himself, in which he couples the filiation* (evidently another expression for the manifestation of the sons of God,†—the full and public recognition of their relation, and their investiture with the glory which belongs to it) with the redemption of the body,‡ making the two circumstances, if not identical, at least coincident, in time.

Here, then, it seems to us, is an important clew to guide us in the interpretation of the passage. And we cannot avoid the conviction, that here all the interpreters, whom we have seen, have more or less failed. Some throw the resurrection entirely out of view. Others, who admit a reference to it, yet fail to give it due prominence,—to make it the fore-ground of the picture,—to let it occupy that place which it manifestly occupied in the mind of the apostle. We think the phraseology of the passage, especially taken in connection with the general tenor of the New Testament representations, forces upon us the conviction, that the apostle here refers definitely to the period of the resurrection, and that, not so much because this was the most advantageous view from which to draw the contrast, but because this was ever uppermost in his mind, when he reflected on the future glory of the people of God. Indeed, it cannot have escaped the attentive reader of the apostolic writings, how frequent and striking are the allusions to that period, and how it pervaded and colored all their religious hopes. The passage which we have quoted from Col. 3: 4, is full of significance, and furnishes a striking commentary on that under consideration. “Ye are dead,” says the apostle, “and your life is hid with Christ in God.” The Christian life is now *hidden, concealed*. In his separate existence, and real character, he is scarcely recognised. When, then, is he to be manifested? Where honored with the title, and clothed with the glory, that belong to his station. When, in other words, is his manifestation,||—his filiation,§—to take place? “When Christ, our life,” proceeds the

* *νιόθεσια.*

† *ἀποκάλυψιν τ. ν. τ. θ.*

‡ *ἀπολύτρωσιν τοῦ σώματος.*

|| *ἀποκάλυψις.* § *νιόθεσια.*

apostle, "is manifested, then shall ye also be manifested with him in glory."

In 1 Cor. 15, this topic furnishes the theme of one of the most animated and eloquent discussions found on the pages of this always animated writer. He shows how it follows from, and presupposes the death of Christ, how it involves the very cardinal doctrines of the gospel, and is a vital element of the Christian's faith and hope. He dwells upon its proofs, its scenes, and its practical uses, with a minuteness, a variety, and a fulness, which show that it absorbed the energies and interests of his soul,—that it was with him an ever-present and inspiring truth, held not merely as a tenet, essential to the completeness of a scheme of doctrines, but as a truth fruitful of practical influences, and heavenly consolations,—pressing on his heart, with the might of a new and overwhelming reality,—the consummation, and the glory of the gospel,—the grand object of Christian hope,—the grand incentive to Christian faithfulness.

It will not, we trust, be irrelevant, in this connection, to present a passage of some length, from 2 Peter 3: 10—16. We shall give it nearly in the words of the common version. "But the day of the Lord shall come as a thief, in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and the works in it shall be burnt up. Since, then, all these things must be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness,—looking for and hastening unto the coming of the day of God, in which the heavens, being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements melt with fervent heat. But we, according to his promise, look for new heavens, and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent, that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless, and consider the long-suffering of the Lord salvation. As also our beloved brother Paul, according to the wisdom given unto him, hath written unto you, as also in all his epistles speaking concerning these things." This interesting passage needs no comment, compared with Rom. 8: 19; 1 Cor. 15; 1 Thess. 4: 13—18, it sheds a flood of light upon the uses which the apostles made of the doctrine of the resurrection.

If we have succeeded in settling this point, the way is opened for deciding, satisfactorily, upon the meaning of the much contested *κτίσις*. We need not dwell upon the origin and possible signification of this word. Derived from *κτίζειν*, *to create*, it denotes primarily *the act of creating*; secondly, as synonymous with *κτίσμα*, *the thing created, the creation*. It has, we believe, in its ordinary use, about the same latitude as the word, creation, and may, according to its connection, refer chiefly to inanimate nature, or include sentient beings. That it is ever, or could be, without the utmost harshness, employed to denote Christians, there is no evidence. The expression, *καινὴ κτίσις*, *a new creature*, or *a new creation*, furnishes no ground for such a supposition. The question, then, is between that view of it which includes and refers chiefly to sentient beings, and that which refers exclusively to inanimate nature. Does it, in other words, in the passage under consideration, denote *men in general, mankind, or inanimate existence, nature?* If the view which we have taken above be correct, the question is easily, nay, is already decided. The *κτίσις* is introduced as looking with earnest longing for the period when the sons of God shall be manifested, in the hope of showing them their glorious deliverance. Is this true of the world of unconverted men? Could the heathen, of or before the age of the apostle, be said, in any possible sense, to be anticipating the resurrection period, with the hope of being themselves participants of its benefits? This point is too plain to need argument. Of all the doctrines or facts unfolded in the word of God,—of all the truths, indiscernible by reason, of which the gospel is the depository, and which, none, perhaps, bears so decidedly as this the impress of its super-human origin,—none is so far from having visited the loftiest visions of the sublimest speculators. The Pythagorean metempsychosis bears to it no analogy. Theologians have fancied, that in the Platonic triad, they could discover the germ of even the mysterious doctrine of the trinity. The sacrifices of the pagan world have been regarded as embodying a dim conception of the atonement. But the resurrection of the dead is, we had almost said, the one great fact, that belongs exclusively to Christianity. It is certainly a fact, of which there is no evidence, that it had ever entered the conception of man,

until "life and immortality were brought to light through the gospel." And had it occurred to the minds of the pagans, it could not have come as a welcome doctrine. Plato states it as the prerogative of those who had purified their souls by philosophy, that they were exempted from the necessity of reentering a body, when they had once "shuffled off this mortal coil." The body was regarded as always and necessarily an enemy to the freedom and purity of the soul, and the pagan could have conceived no process, as either probable or possible, by which the spiritualized body should become at once the handmaid of its virtues, and the promoter of its enjoyments. And, keeping distinctly in view the scriptural doctrine of the resurrection, all references to that "longing after immortality," which agitates the breast of universal man,—those high aspirations which indicate at once his origin and destiny,—become entirely irrelevant. However true in point of fact, they have no bearing on the case before us.

The only meaning, then, which remains for *κτίσις*, in the present case, is, *the inanimate creation,—nature*. By an animated,—we do not say bold,—*prosopopoeia*, the writer introduces universal nature as longing for the period of the complete emancipation of the sons of God. The argument, then,—for it contains the substance, though not the form of an argument,—is used *a fortiori*. It reasons from the less to the greater. If the benefits to be reaped by irrational existence from the scenes of that day are so great as to justify it in earnestly expecting them, what shall be its results to the immortal intelligences,—the sons of God,—who are to be the principal participants in its glories? If its subordinate and incidental results are so unspeakably desirable, what may they anticipate, on whom it shall confer its "weight of glory?"

The sentiment derived from this interpretation is amply sustained by other declarations of Scripture. We will not go back to the prophetic writings, although it is certain, that among the Jews there existed a belief in the future renovation of the earth. Neither would we lay much stress on the "renovation,"* of Matt. 19 : 28, or the restoration of all things,† of Acts 3 : 21, as these expres-

* παλιγγενεστα.

† ἀποκατάστασις πάντων.

sions are too general to be a safe foundation for argument. When, however, the fact is clearly made out from other sources, they may justly be regarded as corroborative evidence. We need but appeal to the passage already quoted from Peter, in a similar connection, to place the matter beyond a doubt. “ Nevertheless, we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.” The words, “ according to his promise,” decidedly oppose our interpreting this as the mere figurative language of prophecy. It points us to some specific promise made by the Saviour, while on earth, and a general expectation as the result of that promise. Here is no evidence of a state of prophetic rapture, but a declaration of a universally pervading belief, founded on the explicit testimony of Christ himself. But, even conceding the representation to be a *μυθος*, and that they had no expectation of a literal renovation of the heavens and earth, still, inasmuch as Peter has employed this mode of representation, why may not Paul have done so, when treating of the same subject? Especially as it is in connection with this general topic, that Peter quotes Paul, as having treated largely upon these subjects in his epistles.

But this general view receives still further confirmation from a right understanding of the clause contained in the parenthesis. We have connected *ἐπ’ ἐλπίδι*, *in hope*, not with *ἐπειδήγη*, *was subjected*, but with *ἀπεκδέχεται*, *is awaiting*. It thus introduces the reason of the anxious longing of the *κτίσις*, *creation*, for the period in question. The construction seems thus more simple and unembarrassed, and will, we think, commend itself to the judgment of the reader. The clause in the parenthesis, then, intimates the reasonableness of the expectation entertained by the *κτίσις*, *creation*. The reason is, that it had no agency in the act which subjected it to its state of bondage, but, guiltless itself, was so reduced solely on account of another. We give to *διά*, its ordinary meaning, with the accus., viz., *in consequence of*, *on account of*, and thus refer the *τὸν ὑποτάξαντα*, *him who subjected it*, to man, as it seems difficult to see in what sense it could be referred to Jehovah. If we give to *διά*, the signification of *ὑπό*, *by*, with the gen., thus representing Jehovah as the agent, a meaning sufficiently correct is, indeed, made out, but one

having no obvious relevancy to the design of the apostle. That of the other is clear and striking. The earth was not brought into subjection on its own account. "Cursed is the ground for *thy* sake," is the emphatic declaration of the Judge, to guilty man, and one which sets in a striking light the truth of the passage before us. As it was not, then, by its own agency, or for its own guilt, that it was subjected, but solely as the innocent participator in the punishment of another, the creation may rationally hope (such is the tacit implication), that when the last vestiges of the curse are removed from the offender, the unwilling and unoffending sharer in the curse shall receive a like liberation. There is a tacit appeal to the justice of the Deity,—an implied assertion that he will not suffer the innocent victim to remain involved in evils, from which their guilty author has been liberated. This idea might receive a much more extended elucidation than we can now give it, and one which would go far to establish, on independent grounds, the probability of the future restoration of the material world. And the natural period of such a renovation would be the time when it had ceased to be the repository of the sleeping dust of sin-ruined, but ransomed man,—when death, the final enemy, was utterly annihilated by the resurrection of the bodies of the believers to life and glory. What, we repeat, more natural, what more consonant with all we know of the divine economy, than that, in that moment, even physical nature, which was moulded by the plastic hand of its Creator, into innumerable forms of beauty and perfection, and, scanned by the Omniscient eye, was pronounced "good," shall spring forth from the bondage of its corruption, be freed from the stains of sin, and, renovated and beautified, become the meet abode of righteousness? Christ was revealed, that he might destroy the works of the devil. One of these works was the subjugation of the natural world to natural, as a faint type of moral, evil. The curse, which was laid upon the earth, was as much a result of the malignant efforts of the great adversary, as the death, temporal and spiritual, inflicted on Adam, and his posterity. And does not, we ask, the full accomplishment of the avowed purpose of the Son of God's appearing,—his complete triumph over death, and him who has the power of death, that is, the devil,—

require, that he rescue the earth, also, from the evils which it shared, in common with its guilty inhabitants.

We have dwelt so long upon the main topics involved in the passage, that we have room but for a brief comment upon a few of the particular words that have not been already noticed. *λογίζομαι*, *I reckon, compute, estimate*,—a weighty term, and peculiarly forcible, where the writer is about to balance the future glory of the saints against their present sufferings. *Γαρ, for*. Prof. Stuart translates it, in this case, *moreover*. We see no reason, here, for departing from the ordinary import of the particle. Indeed, we can scarcely conceive a case, in which the English word, *for*, is more appropriate and exact as a particle of connection.

Αποκάλυψιν—θεοῦ, *the manifestation*, not of the glory of the sons of God, but *the manifestation of the sons of God*; that is, the public recognition of their relation. See Matt. 25: 31, seq. Col. 3: 4.

Ματαύτην, *emptiness, vanity, frailty*, as appears from the δούλειας φθορᾶς, to which it is equivalent.

Αὐτὴν ἡ κτίσις. We should not notice this simple phrase, but for a mistranslation of Prof. Stuart, who renders it “*the same creation*,” as if the reading were *ἡ αὐτὴ κτίσις*, and proceeds to urge against Prof. Tholuck,* an objection, whose force depends entirely on his erroneous rendering. Tholuck infers justly, “that *ἡ αὐτὴ κτίσις* indicates a descent from the noble to the ignoble part of creation,” as much as to say, that the *κτίσις* longs for the full deliverance of the children of God, in the hope that even the *κτίσις* itself may share in the same glorious freedom. To this, Prof. Stuart replies, “that such an exegesis would necessarily imply that a higher and nobler *κτίσις* had been already mentioned, in the preceding context, with which the inferior one is now compared.” This would be true, were the reading *ἡ αὐτὴ κτίσις*, but as it stands, “even the *κτίσις* itself,” the very form of expression, implies that no other *κτίσις* had been mentioned, but some other object, for which the *κτίσις* regards the event as principally to take place, while itself shall have a subordinate and humble share in its results.

Πᾶσα ἡ κτίσις, *the whole creation, all nature*, an expression,

* Bib. Rep. Vol. I, No. 2, p. 33.

rising in emphasis, and perhaps more extensive in signification than *κτισίς* alone. We submit the question to those whose more immediate province it is to decide, whether, while *κτισίς* generally, in the New Testament, refers to the material creation, *πᾶσα ἡ κτισίς*, comprehends also sentient beings. There is nothing in the present passage to oppose this view. The *πᾶσα ἡ κτισίς*, is not represented as looking forward to the resurrection, but only as involved in common pain and anguish; nor will any one who knows the force of the connective, *οὐ μόνον δέ*, draw from them an opposite conclusion.

Ἄντοι τὴν ἀπαρχὴν τοῦ πνεύματος ἔχοντες, that is, not the apostles, it would seem, but Christians generally. Christians are all alike partakers of the Spirit, and yet alike groaning in their present state of imperfection and suffering, and looking forward to the period of their complete emancipation. As at the commencement of the passage, the apostle couples himself with his brethren,* so he does at the close.

We have thus given our general view of this difficult, interesting, and sublime passage. We willingly leave it to be compared with that which makes *κτισίς* refer to mankind in general. It is readily seen what a stoop this latter requires us to make from the elevation to which we are raised on the glowing wing of apostolic faith and hope. It in fact perfectly *unchristianizes* the whole passage. It degrades “the manifestation of the sons of God,”—their glorious deliverance from bondage,—their *vioθεοτάρ*, the public and solemn ceremony of affiliation, into a something or a nothing, which has been anticipated with earnest longing by the whole heathen world! Tell us not that the apostle brings forward such a view to cheer his Christian brethren in their state of trial and infirmity. Ask us not to believe, that he has led their minds away from their own glorious resurrection,—a reality with whose truth and importance his mind was all imbued and glowing,—to a heathen expectation, which never existed, and which, if it had existed, was never to be realized! Not only is there no inexplicable “*lacuna*” in the omission of the heathen world, or the race of men in general, but such an allusion would have been wholly inappropriate. True,

* *συμπάσχομεν, συνδοξασθῶμεν.*

they are no less in bondage to frailty and corruption, than the natural world ; but it is not true that they, like that, can with any propriety be represented as looking forward to the resurrection, as their period of deliverance. And why ? Because it will bring no deliverance to them. The world of mankind, so far from welcoming the gospel intelligence of a general resurrection and judgment, shrink from it, as a period to them of superlative wo,—in which wrath is to come upon them to the uttermost,—which, while it consummates the blessedness and glory of the righteous, shall fill the measure of their misery and ruin. On the contrary, there is the utmost propriety in asserting this of inanimate nature. And why ? Simply because it is a fact,—at least, because it was the current opinion of Christians of that age, an opinion sanctioned, or rather originated by the express promise of the Messiah himself. No good reason, then, can be shown for denying to Paul the license employed by his colleagues in composing the sacred canon.

With those who regard the figure as unwarrantably bold, there will be, we believe, few to sympathize. We will not dwell upon the accustomed boldness of oriental and prophetic imagery, in which the sea, the earth, the mountains, the valleys, are made not only fraught with intelligence and emotion, but by a still greater stretch of imagination, are endowed with hands, eyes, *feet*, and made to perform acts corresponding to these endowments. The figure in question hardly allies itself, in this respect, to oriental imagery. It is a figure, such as in every nation and age would spontaneously suggest itself to a vivid and powerful imagination, in the contemplation of such facts. Whose bosom does not thrill with the conception,—what taste does not readily admit, at once, the propriety and awful grandeur of the figure, in which Robert Hall represents creation as clothing herself in sackcloth, and a shriek of unutterable agony rending the frame-work of universal nature, over the perdition of a single soul ? But when the theme is the general resurrection,—with all the weight of glory which will be bestowed on the people of God,—when Omnipotence itself shall lavish its treasures of grandeur and of glory, how immeasurably greater the propriety of representing universal nature as instinct with life, and awaiting, with earnest longing, the happy period, in whose

results, in themselves inconceivably glorious, it is so largely to participate. Bold as the figure seems, to a superficial contemplation, it sinks into tame propriety, by the side of the mighty subject which it is designed to illustrate.

And, finally, may we not find in this passage another instance of the use which the primitive Christians made of the doctrine of the resurrection? With what vital energy, and animating power, it came home to their hearts!—how it prompted them to labor, supported them in trial, and consoled them in affliction! May not the modern church inquire, how far, in this respect, she has partaken of the apostolic spirit? The doctrine of the resurrection is, indeed, incorporated in our articles of faith, and occasionally dwelt upon, in our preaching and contemplations, as a sublime truth, a glorious reality. But has it due prominence in our reflections? Do we look and "hasten forward" to the coming of the Lord? Does the Christian preacher avail himself of the utmost efficiency of this instrument, as a means of keeping alive and spreading a deep-toned and active piety? Does it press upon Christians in general its motives to obedience? Is it cherished as a vital, cordial doctrine of the gospel, intimately connected with the resurrection of our Lord, livingly intertwined with all our hopes of future blessedness, and animating us to be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, inasmuch as it conveys to us the assurance and the pledge, that our labor is not in vain in the Lord?

A. C. K.

ARTICLE VI.

THE MARTYR SPIRIT.

AMONG the various objects which excite human admiration, few are comparable with the high achievements of man himself. In the world's history, the brightest page is filled with the record of those who have nobly dared, and nobly done, and nobly died. Perhaps it was hardly to be expected,—while obtuseness or indifference to moral dis-

tinctions was so generally prevalent,—while the moral sense was so little exercised and cultivated,—while so much disguise was intentionally cast around the purposes of the more prominent actors,—that much accuracy of just discrimination should be manifested, in meting out to each his righteous award.

The present period seems, in some respects, favorable, for attempting a candid and just estimate of one class of moral achievements, to which, naturally enough, a very inadequate consideration has of late been given. When war, with its maddening rage, kindles the passions, and concentrates on itself the high regards of nations, too deeply interested in its results not to have their thoughts and feelings, their hopes and fears, almost entirely absorbed by it, vain would be the hope for much regard to be extended to those who only purpose to conquer by meekly suffering. The world, if not really wiser than formerly, has of late been more fortunate; and the repose of almost a quarter of a century, since extensive warlike movements have convulsed its more civilized portions, enables us to look forth upon the moral horoscope, as the anxious mariner, after many a cloudy and dark day, hastens to catch an observation in the first moments of sunshine, lest some obstruction should again hide the great way-marks from his view. We may now cause to pass before us those noble traits and developments of human nature, which were exhibited more frequently, indeed, in other ages of the world, but for which opportunity will not be wanting, while truth is resisted, and virtue is depressed. Could the encouragement be ours, that the *martyr spirit*, even in the inadequate portraiture and defence which it may now receive, would be in any degree honored as its importance and moral dignity require, our highest desires would be accomplished.

The word, *martyr*, originally meant only a witness; and the corresponding derivative words had a signification equally definite and limited. In process of time, as the circumstances under which the act of witnessing became scarcely less interesting than the testimony itself, the two became combined, and, by a natural and easy transition, this adventitious idea, in the end, usurped the place of the primary. In many minds, the term, *martyr*, now suggests only the idea of a sufferer, not a witness. In

others, the two ideas are still combined. To guard against misconception, we would with explicitness state, that it is this compound idea of testimony to truth, involving suffering, which is uniformly intended by the term, martyr, in this article.

Testimony, from its very nature, is the voluntary attestation of one who is free,—who feels at liberty, or only constrained by moral considerations, to set forth, by words or actions, his own convictions of truth, in the matter under consideration. Such suffering, therefore, as is in every sense involuntary, which could not be avoided by the individual exposed to it, cannot be embraced in our definition, as an element of the martyr spirit. Instances, almost innumerable, are continually occurring, where suffering, in various degrees, is involved, or results from the position assumed, or the conviction embraced, with a supposed regard to truth, which position would at once be abandoned, if thereby the suffering could be avoided. This limitation also sets out of the account, at once, all those sufferings, however great, which have been inflicted in a manner so summary and unexpected, that opportunity for deliberate consideration, or indeed any volition in the case, was impossible. It may, indeed, be said, in a vague and general way, that sufferings, in this manner inflicted and endured, evince the spirit of martyrdom; but it is only the analogy, the resemblance in some points, and not the identity, which is thus shown.

It must also be admitted, that other motives than a regard to truth, may sometimes induce even a voluntary and deliberate adherence to an attestation, in words or deeds, which involves suffering. But every known and established principle of human nature, and of the laws of testimony, would require that these "other motives" should be obvious, or, at least, the presumption in favor of their existence should be great. Otherwise, that kind of suspicion, which rests on the most vague and unnatural surmise, might be allowed to set aside testimony the most important, corroborated fully and variously, and entirely uncontradicted.

In settling the above-mentioned points, not a little regard is manifestly due to the circumstances under which the martyr testimony is given. If in the heat of passion, or on sudden impulse, or if under any overshadowing

influence, which must naturally, and almost necessarily, give to the mind a bias unfriendly to a just appreciation of truth, and the motives by which testimony in its favor should be elicited; it will deserve less confident reception, and reliance on it cannot be equally challenged, as when these circumstances had been reversed. For a like reason, the age, temperament, character for probity, and the strict regard to integrity on the part of the witness, deserve to be taken into account. The youthful, the ardent, who have distinction yet to secure, the burning intensity of whose desires for self-elevation would be likely to melt away the barriers which obstruct their accomplishment, who have given no bonds to truth, which might assist them in adhering to her dictates, in adverse circumstances, are more naturally the objects of suspicion than the aged, the habitually deliberate, whose whole life has given pledge of their rigid adherence to integrity.

It is obviously, then, not mere suffering, but suffering for the sake of truth, and as its witnesses,—and this, in such circumstances as allow it to be voluntary,—as raise no violent presumption against the purity of the motives assigned as prompting it, which is requisite to the claim of martyrdom. It may also be freely admitted, that where all these favoring circumstances conspire, they only prove the sincerity, the honest integrity, of the witness. His competency they do not even attempt to establish; and for that we must, of necessity, look elsewhere.

To relieve, somewhat, the dull and dry detail of definitions, and principles, and discriminations, which our purpose would not allow us to omit, and which, for those accustomed to consecutive thought, we have been unwilling to interrupt, by interspersing separate illustrations, permit us now to present instances, exemplifying the above-mentioned principles. This might, indeed, be desirable for other, and more important reasons, than that just stated. Since it is easier to trace our way up from the concrete to the abstract, and, from the individual, to develop the generalized constituents, or elements of this character, than to reach it by the contrary process, we shall be justified in bringing forward an instance, illustrative of the spirit which it is here proposed to delineate. For obvious reasons, the illustration is selected from a

period so remote, that no exception need be taken to its full and free exhibition; and from historical records not so familiar as to have entirely lost the charm of novelty.

Towards the latter end of the second century of the Christian era, under the reign of the younger Antoninus, whose philosophy, much as it has been extolled, did not preserve him from the caprice and cruelty of becoming a *persecutor* of a portion of his subjects, the imperial decree for this purpose was again issued. Imagination may follow the pretorian guard, which bore this rescript from imperial Rome to her subject cities of Asia Minor. The swift galley, freighted with the deadly mandate, may be followed, as she swept her proud course along the shores of classic Greece, and, threading her way between the smiling islands of the Archipelago, entered a long, winding bay, upon its eastern boundary. As the evening sun gilded its peaceful waters, how little in harmony with the murderous purposes of that noble galley, are all the surrounding objects! At the head of that bay, on the declivity of a mountain, running down to its very shore, there then stood (and still stands, after destruction ten times repeated) the city of Smyrna, the queen of Anatolia, extolled by the ancients under the title of "*the lovely*," "*the crown of Ionia*," "*the ornament of Asia*." "Chosen," says our countryman, Stevens, who recently visited it (and whose charming volumes, depicting it and innumerable other objects of interest and instruction, who has not read?)—"chosen with that happy taste which distinguished the Greeks in selecting the sites of their ancient cities, its bold slope, which extended quite down to the bay, covered by tiers of houses, rising one above another, now, but not then, interspersed with domes and minarets, the monuments of the Moslem faith; and crowned on the summit of the hill by a large and solitary castle." That galley, so deeply freighted with destruction, reaches the shores, and the officer in charge hastens to the pro-consul's palace, with the bloody mandate in his hands. The next day's sun shall begin to witness the execution of this stern decretal.

"Search out these doomed men," said this appointed executioner of Rome's authority. "In the meantime, let no means be spared, to prepare, to excite, to exasperate the minds of all the populace, against those who are to

be the subjects of imperial vindictiveness. Let the Jews be embittered against the votaries of that Messiah, who is by them so much abhorred. Let the artisans, whose craft has been endangered by the deserted shrines of our temples, be invited to exterminate the sect which threatens their overthrow. Let all the inveterate, long-smothered prejudice against these innovators, be now aroused and rekindled. With all these means, see to it that the love of excitement, of games and gladiatorial sports be turned in the same direction. Let the multitude be stimulated to crave fresh victims, and applaud even the most sanguinary execution of the laws." When prejudice is thus backed by unlimited power, it is easy to see with what fearful celerity such orders might be executed.

We must pass over, with slight notice, the events which transpired during the first few days of the pouring forth of this persecuting fury. Why should we dwell on the anguish and torture inflicted, by scourging the flesh, till its power of endurance was exhausted; then stretching the mangled and swollen frames of these victims on the rough points of sea-shells, or upon the alternate heads and points of spears; then casting their gory bodies, while life yet remained, to the most voracious wild beasts? But these forms of torture, revolting and horrid as the bare mention of them may seem, were, in reality, among the mildest which their ingenuity exercised itself in applying to these unoffending, unresisting subjects.

One of these victims, a young man of unusual distinction and promise, named Germanicus, was particularly eminent, as a martyr. And though the proconsul,—moved, it may be, by his youth, his noble family, and lofty bearing,—strode earnestly to persuade him to have compassion upon himself, and, by complying with the idolatrous practices required of him, save himself from the tortures and cruel death which otherwise awaited him, he hesitated not, but even irritated the wild beast which was let forth against him. Upon this "glorious death," as subsequent historians denominated it, the whole multitude, amazed at his courage, and at the fortitude of the whole race against whom this persecuting rage was directed, began with one voice to call for the aged patriarch, as a more distinguished victim than those who had already

suffered. He had not, amid these scenes, presumptuously courted persecution and danger, nor did he timidly shrink from it. By the warm persuasions of his friends, he was at first induced to retire before the furious storm. But now, that the public voice thus called for him by name, and the officers came to arrest him, though a further opportunity of escape was open to him, he nobly rejected it, saying, with the spirit of willing self-sacrifice, "The will of the Lord be done." With a benevolence worthy of the disciple of him who prayed for his murderers in death, he ordered suitable refreshments to be set before those who came to arrest him. Then, when he had offered up an humble prayer,—remembering in it, with minute particularity, all that had been connected with him,—breathed forth with such fervor and humility as melted the iron-hearted soldiers who had seized him, they led him to the city. But who are these, in a chariot of state, that come to meet the venerable prisoner by the way? They are no less personages than Herod the Irenarch, or head officer of the police, with his father Nicetes. They persuade him to take his seat by their side, and with insinuating deference to his gray hairs, they strive to win him from his steadfastness of purpose. "What great harm can there be in addressing divine honors to Cæsar, and offering, at least, one grain of incense upon the idol's altar?" At first he remained silent, and they, encouraged, renewed their solicitations. Perceiving their misconception of his feelings, with great dignity and calmness, but so firmly as utterly annihilated their hopes of success, he answered, "I shall never do what you advise me." Then they turned their flatteries to the coarsest abuse, and thrust him from their car with inhuman violence. Injured by the fall, he bore the indignity with uncomplaining meekness, and, fast as the tottering steps of age would bear him, he hastened to the stadium. The proconsul was already there. To the question, "Who art thou?" he fearlessly replied, "I am Polycarp." The renewed attempts of this vice-regent of Rome, to induce the venerable man to swear by Cæsar, or perform some other act, incompatible with the sacred dictates of his conscience, he steadily resisted.

"Revile Christ, and swear; then will I dismiss you," said the proconsul.

Polycarp replied, "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he never did me wrong; how, then, can I now blaspheme my king that has saved me?"

The governor still continuing to urge him to swear by the genius of Cæsar, Polycarp said, "Hear my free confession: I AM A CHRISTIAN; and if you would know what Christianity is, grant me a day and listen to me."

The proconsul said, "I have wild beasts at hand; I will cast you to them, unless you change your mind."

He answered, "Call them; for we have no reason to change from the better to the worse, but it is good to turn from wickedness to virtue."

Again he urged him. "I will cause you to be consumed by fire, should you despise the beasts, and not change your mind."

Polycarp answered, "You threaten fire, that burns for a moment, and is then put out; but you consider not the coming judgment, and the fire of eternal punishment, reserved for the wicked."

The governor, astonished at his confidence,—that he not only refused to retract, but continued undismayed, his countenance brightening with joy,—sent forth the herald to proclaim in the middle of the stadium, "Polycarp confesses himself a Christian." This was equivalent to pronouncing the sentence of death against him; and that bloodthirsty populace, idolaters and Jews, with united vociferation, cried out, "This is the teacher of Asia, the father of Christians, who causes our gods to be forgotten, teaching the multitude neither to sacrifice nor worship them."

"Burn him alive!" "Burn him alive!" was now shouted and reëchoed through the throng. Fuel was collected from every side, with surprising avidity; their victim stood bound before them. He required no fastening to the stake, but calmly said, "He that now gives me strength, will enable me to remain unmoved, even upon the pile."

Then breathing forth an humble prayer, more full of lofty virtue and true piety than heathen philosophy ever conceived,—in which, be it remembered, his privilege of bearing witness, in this martyr death, for the truth of the religion of his Lord, was distinctly and gratefully recognised,—he was made to suffer the cruel punishment prepared for

him. His brethren and fellow-disciples then gathered up his bones, and deposited them in an appropriate sepulchre.

In this case, if we mistake not, we have a fair and full illustration of the martyr spirit as above defined. The suffering in this instance was distinctly and obviously *for a testimony*. It bore decided witness to the truth of Christianity; and it did this, in a manner perfectly voluntary, deliberate, with ample opportunity for reflection and consideration. And this was not the act of an ambitious youth, panting for distinction, and willing to overleap the bounds of discretion or of truth, in his eager desire for notoriety. On the contrary, this witness was chastened by age and experience; his regard for truth, the firmly settled habit of integrity in him, was proverbial, and his reputation for virtue was unsullied. Then, too, the competency of this witness (and there were many others similarly situated) may be as conclusively shown as his fidelity. His position as the contemporary of one of the apostles, and eye witness of the leading facts of the Christian system, must have given him opportunity to *know* that, of which his testimony so solemnly affirmed the truth.

The fair laws of evidence, applied to such testimony as that now exhibited, would certainly exonerate it altogether, from the covert and insidious attacks of one of the most learned and eloquent of modern historians.

Had the celebrated author of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* composed his sixteenth chapter of that history with other views than the disparagement of the claims and evidences of Christianity, then, most assuredly, some of the glaring inconsistencies and sophistries, which now deform it, would have been avoided. Then we should not be compelled to peruse, on the same pages, the high eulogies of "the mild indifference of antiquity," and sneers at the rigid adherence of Christians to their convictions and their vows.

Then, too, the insinuations of a want of honesty in the martyr Cyprian (whose case very nearly agrees with the one above given) might well have been spared; and the palpable *non-sequitur*,—that since *some* of the martyrs were poor and distressed, therefore the testimony of *all* is to be attributed to weariness of life, as its leading motive,—would not have deformed his pages. Nor would the

equally illogical assumption,—that high honors of a posthumous character were the leading inducements to their constancy in a death of violence,—have been here brought forward; false as it certainly is in fact, in reference to the *early martyrs*, and unfounded as it must be admitted, in the true philosophy of human motives. The high honors paid to the memory of martyrs, and the assumed sacredness of their relics, originated, as all know, in a subsequent age; nor did the life or death of Gibbon himself evince any such disregard of the enjoyments of an earthly existence, as would warrant his thus wantonly trifling with the natural love of life by others. Candor, perhaps, should dictate the admission, that undue assumption for this species of testimony, in many cases where suspicion of its genuineness is not unreasonable, had excited in this historian *the habit of suspicion*. It thus happens to the defenders of Christianity, as to many other over-anxious advocates of a good cause, that they injure what they would promote, by undue solicitude to press into its service corroborations of a doubtful character, whose aid is neither necessary, nor much relied on, even by those who employ them. Their opponents, however, by one of the fallacies so fully exposed, and so justly condemned by Whately, assume to triumph, because they have overthrown an out-post,—injudiciously chosen, and not deemed worth defending,—while the entire walls, and the stronger citadel remain unscathed.

Many a good cause has thus suffered, by the combination of indiscretion in its defenders, and artful sophistry on the part of its assailants. This injudiciousness is in no case more likely to evince itself, than in attempts to perpetuate and extend, unduly, that which was perfectly legitimate and available, in its original and narrower application. Thus, because miracles were efficient, in the first establishment of Christianity, they have been feigned, counterfeited, and boastfully appealed to, as conclusive witnesses in favor of the assumption of the different sects in controversy with each other. How inconclusive to every ingenuous mind the hasty postulate, that if these modern miracles can be invalidated, the genuineness of all miracles, however conclusive their evidence, may equally be questioned! Martyrdom, too, when conspiring circumstances gave a high authority to its testimony, would

not be unlikely to call forth this reproduction of its semblance, where neither its spirit was felt, nor opportunities for testing its validity are afforded. But the most which a candid opponent could claim from the overthrow of these undue assumptions would be, that *these* (not others having nothing in common with them but the name) were inconclusive.

To return from this incidental digression: the more welcome, because in no sense invidious, part of our subject, next requires us to consider the *elements of real greatness evinced by the true martyr.* Wisdom, benevolence, self-control, a firm tenacity of purpose, which remains unshaken in most adverse circumstances, and cheerful, generous self-denial, for the accomplishment of any noble end, especially one which is widely promotive of human happiness, have pretty uniformly received the approval, as they deserve the homage and the imitation, of mankind. But where else will these be found in such perfect combination and harmony, as in the character of him who bears witness for the truth, on some topic of transcendent interest and value, and who is willing to seal that testimony with his blood? He sees the truth clearly. Its value, its adaptedness to promote the happiness of those around him, is obvious to his view: and when he sees that truth assailed, its illuminating influence checked, its power and progress impeded, he is also called; it may be, to abjure it. How many opposing influences conspire to bar up his way, and turn him from the high and holy purpose of bearing his "witness of sufferings," in behalf of that truth! Self-preservation, the love of life,—that strongest of our impulsive principles,—conspires with fear of suffering, or of shame, while a temporizing expediency, which puts on the garb of prudence, joins in the effort to cause him to falter. But all these combined do not outweigh his regard to truth, and his benevolence to those who need its salutary influence. How noble, too, that exhibition of firmness, which preserves from irresolution, when motives and impulses so powerful, would incline him to hesitate! What self-control, to hush the commotion within, and, undaunted, survey the accumulated terrors without!

This spirit evinces its superiority, not only by the principles which it develops, but by the circumstances and

concomitants of its exhibition. Viewed in comparison with some of the objects of highest admiration, as they are usually regarded, this claim will be made more obvious. The *warrior* has personal courage; but how low a rank would justice award to it, under the circumstances of its usual exercise! Maddened by a passing excitement,—lured on and sustained by the high-wrought sympathy of the hour,—almost every sense taken captive by some specious or powerful hallucination,—how little, at such a moment, is requisite to carry him onward in the current, even to the peril of life! Very little, surely, more than mere animal impulse, and that not of the noblest kind. Those who have willed the contest, and who set the opposing masses in hostile motion, do not generally share the personal peril. These master-spirits, who play the desperate game of war, have long since discovered, and many of them have honestly testified, that high moral excellence is quite incompatible with those fighting qualities which are most estimable in those who are compelled to be pliant instruments of the unhallowed ambition of their masters. The common soldier may sometimes *think*; and the sober exercise of even a few moments' reflection will be sure to unfit him for his employment. Like that private, who was observed musing in melancholy mood, after one of the bloody battles of the Peninsular war, and when asked the reason of his dejection by his commander, replied, "to think how many widows I have this day made for six pence." A score or two of such *thinking soldiers* would be more dreaded in the army or the camp, than the united influence of the most debasing vices. These fit men to be the supple tools of arbitrary power. Reflection throws barriers insurmountable in the way. How unlike the courage which needs such appliances and concomitants, is the heroism of the martyr! No maddening passions carry him on in thoughtless frenzy. No confused din of martial music, and the cannon's roar, with shouts, and groans, and bustling strife, make him forgetful of duty and of right, but in the calmness of the soul's collected powers, with a moral vision purified and exalted, he sees *truth, immortal truth*, to be more valuable than life, and nobly makes the exchange.

The *philosopher* may exhibit a sincere and ardent love

of truth, both in its pursuit and its manifestation. But will the love of it, which bears him on so serenely in the closet, and in his silent inquiries and observations,—will this rise to an adequate height to make him *the suffering witness* in behalf of that truth to others? How many of the amiable and distinguished votaries of science, to whom she has unfolded her choicest arcana, and laid bare her richest gems, have, with cowardly timidity quailed before the array of determined opposition! Galileo could demonstrate the revolution of the earth; but he could not, or did not, bear an unhesitating testimony to this truth, when prejudice, backed by power, demanded his recantation. Nor does this case of mental or moral imbecility, stand alone in its class. Under similar severity of trial, it would probably be the rule, rather than the exception: Indeed, it may reasonably be doubted, whether abstract, scientific truth, unconnected with the moral nature of man, has power or adaptedness to elicit, and attract to itself such a degree of benevolence, as the martyr spirit requires.

Statesmen may give proof of decided sagacity; their plans of government and their codes of laws may indicate vast and profound researches after truth, in the science of government, and high appreciation of its worth. But how few of them have been willing to leave their own *testimony of suffering*, to carry conviction to the minds of those for whom they legislate, of their own love, ardent, strong, immovable, for "the useful," and "the beautiful," which their own codes and constitutions evince! True, there have been patriots, who, for their country's cause, to promote in some way its welfare, have nobly given themselves up to death. But the number of such, especially of those who have done it in a spirit allied to martyrdom, is exceedingly small. For, assuredly, by no fair construction, can we include in this number, those who take arms of offence, and wield them for the destruction of their fellow-men. Hopes of personal success, and of consequent domination, the spirit of self-aggrandizement, and in fine, the low, base aims of mercenary warfare, are generally the preponderating elements in the character of your fighting patriots. The true martyr never dies with arms in his hand, for the plain reason, that the most successful battle can never settle a disputed matter of right. As Newton said of a fine poem, "it

proves nothing." Nor can it be made to occupy the place of testimony for the truth.

From the number of those who would ordinarily, perhaps, be reckoned martyr patriots, our definition removes another class, by no means small, viz., those who have suffered not voluntarily,—who have been unexpectedly overtaken by the arm of power, and, without having seen that their position exposed them to danger, or having any opportunity to escape from that danger by forswearing their principles, they have been compelled to suffer however unwillingly. Such sufferings can scarcely be considered as allied to the spirit of the martyr. As in the case of Algernon Sidney, the obvious purpose may be to retain the evidence of their views unpublished, in their own hands, and not, of course, to bear a public and decided testimony. This, surely, is not to be a martyr. Is it, then, claiming too much for this spirit, to assert its decided superiority, in the scale of desert,—in the grade of moral qualities, which are illustrated in human achievements?

But, besides these claims for its intrinsic merit, its utility may also be fairly regarded as one of its enhancing qualities. If we task ourselves to form an estimate of the comparative value of this spirit for the diffusion of truth, and for accelerating and perpetuating its final triumphs, we shall at once see its superiority over every other influence hitherto relied on for the accomplishment of this result. The aid of physical force in extending the influence of truth,—the power of armies, or of racks and tortures, either to aid the human mind in perceiving the agreement or disagreement of the subjects of its contemplation, or to increase its love of what is admitted as truth, is now very generally and justly rejected. But while the dungeon and the rack are no longer relied on to maintain or advance the cause of truth, let us beware lest influences scarcely less unpromising, be still put in requisition, and still, to a greater or less degree, confided in. Truth, or what is held and inculcated as such, is so often dressed out in meretricious ornament; any of its features which are thought unwelcome to the prejudices or selfishness of men, are studiously concealed, while the attention is most carefully diverted from them to something extraneous to its nature, and then, when the truth,

under these circumstances, is communicated, and its trappings and embellishments only are regarded, perceived, and remembered, it is still set forth as a mighty achievement in her behalf. Like silly children, who admire the casket, and neglect the diamond which it contains, we are often amused, excited, enraptured, by that which is altogether extraneous, if not opposed, to the truth. Its own peerless value not only fails to be appreciated, but *the love of the truth for its own sake*, which is an ennobling and purifying exercise of the mind, is effectually precluded,—thus perpetuating a positive and irreparable evil.*

Thus, if we mistake not the signs of the times, we are now egregiously misconceiving the application of the sentiment, that “intelligence is the life of liberty,” and that nothing but its wide diffusion is requisite, to perpetuate our republican institutions. Too general is the disposition to rely on the mere illumination of the intellect, or rather, its excitement. What methods are now resorted to, for stimulating and overloading, with the mere lumber of acquisition, those minds which are left almost entirely destitute of moral culture! Because “knowledge is power,” it is eagerly grasped by those whose chief danger is, an excess of power, without integrity to control it. The martyr spirit, by checking this undue regard to self, this ambitious thirst for personal preëminence, and by exalting truth, especially moral truth, with which, we have seen, it is chiefly conversant, will tend to arrest this evil.

From its very nature, it is easy to conceive how the martyr spirit, by improving him who exercises it, becomes a mightier instrument for the overthrow of cherished and entrenched error, than any other power which can be brought into requisition for this purpose. Nor is it difficult to see how it is adapted to awaken interest, and conciliate esteem for the cause of truth, even among those

* The duty of ministers of the gospel, as witnesses or heralds of divine truth, is hence a clear and imperative one. They must exhibit the truths of that message which they bear, so distinctly, with such uncovered clearness, as to make its outlines and proportions obvious to every mind. What would be thought of the skill of an exhibiter of any unequalled work of art,—a picture, or a statue of one of the great masters, who should strive to set it off by the attractions of finical drapery, and superadded, extraneous embellishment! But such conduct would be *wisdom itself*, compared with the infatuation of him who, by striving to adorn, really disguises the truths of the gospel.

who are least predisposed to favor her votaries. By arousing public attention, and turning the full tide of gushing, irrepressible sympathy in favor of truth's suffering witnesses,—by repressing envy, which success in other spheres of a more ostentatious character so naturally engenders,—and finally, by erecting, as does its very nature, barriers so mighty, against the abuse, the perversion of the truth thus established,—it manifests its fitness to be the great moral fulcrum, on which benevolence may act, to elevate a fallen world.

These deductions from its nature are abundantly confirmed by the history of its achievements. We pass over, as too sacred for analysis in this connection, the testimony of suffering evinced by the founder of Christianity, in his own person. It will not be forgotten, that from his own lips fell the declaration, in circumstances of solemn and affecting interest, on his arraignment before Pilate, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." That witness he voluntarily sealed with his blood. The same reason need not prevent a fuller reference to the history of his followers. For the first 300 years, they preserved, with almost inviolate sanctity, those principles of peace, and of unresisting sufferings, which, by an example so endeared, and by precepts so authoritative, had been made obligatory upon them. And can any other period of equal prosperity be pointed out, in the whole record of Christian achievement? Without wealth or power, and, for the most part, without learning or eloquence, the leaven of truth, by the influence of this *suffering testimony*, was more rapidly extended, and made to affect more deeply and thoroughly the whole mass of mind, than at any later period.

Gibbon, while acknowledging the fact of this rapid extension, does not fail also to perceive and admit the efficiency of this agency, while, at the same time, he most unphilosophically seeks to derogate from its just claims. While admitting the effect, and assigning its true and adequate cause, he would suicidally depreciate that same efficiency. This is only one of the innumerable illustrations of the difficulty of making error consistent with itself.

The same historian again complains of the peaceful

and unwarlike disposition so extensively diffused by Christianity; and attributes to this, in no small degree, the facility with which the Goths and Vandals overran the Roman empire. But it would surely seem but the part of candor, to inquire, "what was the result?" The meek and unoffending disciples of Christ excited no prejudice, nor fear, nor suspicion, in the minds of those invaders; who soon laid aside the aspect and bearing of *masters*, and became *learners*. They quickly imbibed the spirit, and partook of the blessings which Christianity had spread before them. Conquerors, indeed, they were, by arms and in name; but, in truth, they were conquered. They rapidly became incorporated with those whom they came to pillage and lay waste. As beasts of prey, they rushed forth from their lair, to raven and destroy;—but, changed to lambs, they fed and lay down with the flock which they had purposed to devour.

How different was the result, when the same empire, some centuries afterward, was invaded by the Saracens. Christianity had now become so corrupted, by alliance with, and dependence upon the state, as no longer to evince its original distinguishing spirit. She met these invaders, not with peace and love, but with arms less congenial to her heavenly character; and her experience verified the striking prediction of her Lord, "all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

Christianity received the former as the furrowed field of summer receives the copious showers;—imbibes, incorporates them, and thus makes them conducive to her greater fruitfulness. But she received the latter as the frozen earth meets, but resists with rigid stubbornness the rain of heaven, till its accumulating torrents, in swollen, turbid rage, burst these congealed obstructions, and spread wide, wasteful, terrific destruction around them.

How strikingly manifest, in these instances, is that ordering of Providence, which, *rightly improved*, shows the wrath of man subordinated to purposes in perfect harmony with the benevolence of the great Ruler of all things, and the happiness of his intelligent creatures,—shows how he,

"From seeming evil still educating good;"

and, better still, in infinite progression, deserves the

homage and the love of those whom he has endowed with powers to appreciate these beginnings of infinite wisdom. And we see, too, how consonant with the wisdom of his ordering, is the invariable result,—that distrust in him, and reliance on forbidden efforts and methods of our own, clothe their authors with misery and shame.

The track of all authentic history, ancient and modern, though its great purpose has seemed but to chronicle the deeds of war and violence, presents an occasional gleam,—a bright and cheering and warming ray,—of that spirit which is here contemplated. We may not *now* linger, to gather them from the distant past, since the remaining space but meagrely suffices to glance at some of its more recent fruits.

The martyr spirit may be exemplified in various degrees; and, though the occasions for its most obvious and distinct manifestation have happily passed away from us, we trust for ever, still its exercise will continue to be required while truth has to struggle for the mastery, and while power remains in hands disposed to abuse it. In a degree it may be found in the domestic circle, and all associations and communities will more or less give occasion for its exercise. To this very hour, *woman*, throughout two-thirds of the world, is a suffering witness, and bears her martyr testimony to the wrongs which her sex is forced to endure, and the baseness of those who inflict them.

There have been martyrs in the cause of benevolence. Such was Howard. The truth, in reference to one great branch of human reform and melioration, shone upon his mind, and with the true spirit, he gave himself up to the great duty of bearing a suffering, self-denying testimony to that truth. With what benign effect upon the wide field of human happiness, the doomed prisoner of almost every civilized country can already testify. Such, also, was Clarkson. The iniquity and cruel baseness of the slave-trade, stood out as a truth, before his view, in characters so bright, that misapprehension or indifference was impossible. For more than twenty years, through toils and reproaches, sacrifices and privations, of which it is scarcely possible to form an adequate conception, he persevered in bearing a testimony of sufferings, which in the end triumphantly prevailed.

The Christian missionary, also, who goes forth unarmed, on his divinely appointed errand of love, and lies down to rest in the hut of the cannibal, and, by that very act of unconscious heroism, bears witness to his purity and benevolence of purpose, and thereby wins the savage heart to confidence, and hope, and heaven, is another exemplification.*

Such, also, was the disposition evinced by the Puritan settlers of New England. In the spirit of suffering witnesses for the truth, they tore themselves from their beloved homes,—the place of their fathers' sepulchres, for a hundred generations;—they braved the rigors of the icy shores of Plymouth, the fury of unknown savages, and grappled with hunger, disease, poverty, death, that they might show their estimate of the peerless value of that great culminating truth, around which their affections had so long, so closely entwined,—“freedom to worship God.”

And when, subsequently, a portion of these same Pilgrims, forgetful of the errand on which they came, or blinded by the prevailing spirit of the age, became persecutors and oppressors in their turn,—when Roger Williams was banished, and, in the depth of winter, was compelled to take his cheerless way through an untrodden wilderness, and, in his own significant and graphic words, “was sorely tossed, for one fourteen weeks, in a bitter winter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean,” he laid the foundations of a state, holding forth the lively example of entire liberty of conscience in religious concerns. Nor were his days of martyrdom then completed. His perse-

* How deeply it is to be deplored, that all protestant evangelical missionaries have not invariably evinced the martyr spirit! It is very doubtful whether bearing weapons of offence has in any instance been promotive of their personal safety; nor will it fail to be remembered, that, in one melancholy instance, beloved missionary brethren, yielding to bad advisers, were left to die, with arms in their hands. Perhaps it would be unreasonable to expect so superior a manifestation of Christian principle and practice, in missionaries, to what is ordinarily exhibited by professed Christians at home. But if the light of their consistent example, in this respect, should be reflected back upon us with a lustre which the blindness of prejudice and perversions on our part can no longer resist, it would be another of the blessed triumphs of the benign results of missions. The disciples in the South Sea Islands, when they first received the gospel, believing the testimony which it bore against rendering evil for evil, immediately converted their fighting spears into some useful appendages to their chapel. The missionaries, seeing them cutting their spears in pieces for this purpose, began to expostulate with them. With surprise, they asked, “Did not the Lord Jesus mean what he said? ‘Resist not the evil, but if smitten on one cheek, turn the other.’” What a lesson was here! The Rev. Mr. Ellis confesses that these simple disciples converted him to the principles of peace. Is it wonderful that God has not given larger measure of success to the efforts of churches for evangelizing the heathen, when these very churches are but beginning to free themselves from the incubus of intemperance, in its many protean forms; and have scarcely begun, as yet, to cast off the unholy panoply of war?

cutors were endangered by the attempt of a coalition among several of the powerful tribes of Indians around them. When it came to his knowledge, instead of yielding to the bitter spirit of retaliation, he exposed his life for those who had treated him with such unmerited severity. He thus describes his personal agency in this business:

"Upon letters received from the Governor and Council at Boston, requesting me to use my utmost and speediest endeavors to break and hinder the league labored for by the Pequods and Mohegans against the English, the Lord helped me immediately to put my life into my hand, and, scarce acquainting my wife, to ship myself alone in a poor canoe, and to cut through a stormy wind, with great seas, every minute in hazard of life, to the sachem's house. Three days and nights my business forced me to lodge and mix with the bloody Pequods' ambassadors, whose hands and arms, methought, reeked with the blood of my countrymen, murdered and massacred by them, and from whom I could not but nightly look for their bloody knives at my own throat also. God wondrously preserved me, and helped me to break to pieces the Pequods' negotiation and design."

Following onward the current of events, we may trace the prevalence of this same spirit, in those wary and far-seeing determinations of the Colonists not to yield themselves up to the caprice and injustice of a lawless despotism. The matters in dispute between them and the parent country were small in amount, but immeasurably great, in the principles involved. While they cautiously abstained from all violations of law, and held forth the language of firm and dignified remonstrance, while they cheerfully submitted to privations, and ingeniously evaded both collision and the abandonment of rights dearer to them than life, they were evidently and rapidly gaining ground against their unjust oppressors,—were so clearly putting them in the wrong, and showing their own position to be defensible and irreproachable, that it only seemed requisite for a few months more of determined and unyielding consistency, to work their complete effect, and change the counsels of the parent state. Unfortunately, or, as the ultra peace advocates would say, wickedly, an act of violence (the destruction of three cargoes of tea, in Boston harbor), committed by them-

selves, for what they doubtless thought a most justifiable cause, brought violence in return; and the bloody, protracted strife of nearly eight years succeeded. So far as the events of war are concerned, that struggle does not fall within the range of present considerations. But we may, with truth, appeal to every patriot,—yes, to every human heart,—whether, in all that eventful period, there are any scenes so moving, or so well adapted to fix an indelible impression of the greatness of that cause,—that *truth* which was then sustained,—as the scenes of suffering there evinced. We can but allude to a single one, nor does it need a minute delineation. It was the time when Philadelphia was possessed by the army of the enemy, the Congress of the Colonies dispersed, and the miserable huts of Valley Forge contained all that could be relied on as defenders of the country; and they were in circumstances such as beggars the power of language to describe its wretchedness. Starving for food, shivering in unclad nakedness, and leaving at each step their tracks of blood, from feet bared to the rough, frozen ground! Let the father, who would give to his children some deep and abiding sense of the estimated worth of civil liberty, lead them to view the scenes of Valley Forge; and a more salutary effect will be wrought by it, than by the spirit-stirring chronicle of glorious war, its battles, victories, and triumphs. There will he see the *American Fabius*, in that darkest hour of the night which gave a nation birth. He, too, the noble, princely Virginian, born and nurtured in affluence, with the bright scenes of wealth and honor all opened to him in another direction, voluntarily turns from them all, and, with the humblest of his soldiers, grapples with privation and suffering, bearing thus his *martyr testimony*. To our eye and heart, he is then more dear, more noble, than when the proud Cornwallis was humbled at his feet, and the exulting shouts of a young and grateful nation hailed him as conqueror and deliverer. We will produce but one instance more; and that,—so unpatriotic is our present mood,—shall be taken from a foreign land. He was the son of one of England's valiant and noble lords, distinguished for deeds of high renown in the bright annals of the proud mistress of the sea. This princely scion of a noble stock begins his career in acts of goodness; and, wonderful infatuation!

he seems bent on martyrdom in its promotion. Persecutions, imprisonments, the royal frown, and, what would be more keenly felt by an ingenuous mind, a father's reprobation, cannot deter him from the strange frenzy, that "it is better to save men's lives than to destroy them." His plan of life, and all his enterprises, seem formed on the same wild infatuation. Can it be credited? he even lavished an ample patrimony, in the quixotic scheme of planting a colony in a remote region, and among a race of men reputed, by most, ferocious. So great was his short-sightedness, and his ignorance of human nature, that he seems to have expected, or perhaps barely hoped, that half naked and blood-thirsty savages would understand his benevolent disposition, and not molest him and his followers. He actually gave up his own life to this danger, to leave a beacon monument to deter the rest of the world from ever acting on his impracticable and absurd principle "of not fighting, but suffering." That man was William Penn. Near where we pen these lines, stood the venerable elm, *the treaty tree*. The second city of this great nation, in all its beauty, and order, and incipient magnificence, was the scene of his peaceful counsels; and the noble Commonwealth that bears his name, with her million and a half of free, prosperous, and happy citizens, is the tangible memorial of the wisdom and efficiency of the *martyr spirit.* B.

ARTICLE VII.

CHINA.

1. *Die Erdkunde von Asien, von CARL RITTER, Band I, pp. 1143; Berlin, 1832. II, pp. 1203; 1833. III, pp. 1244; 1834. IV, —— 1838.*
The Geography of Asia. By CHARLES RITTER. 4 vols., 8vo. Berlin, 1832—1838.
2. *Taschen-Bibliothek der wichtigsten und interessantesten See-und Land-Reisen durch China, mit Landkarten, Planen, Portraits, und anderen Abbildungen, verfasst von Mehren Gelhrten und herausgegeben, von J. H. JÄCK. Theil I, Nurnberg, 1827—1829. Theil II, 1830.*
Pocket Library of the most important and interesting Travels and Voyages in China, with Maps, Plates, &c., prepared by several Authors, and edited by J. H. JÄCK, Royal Librarian at Bamberg. 2 vols. 1827—1830.
3. *The Chinese; a General Description of China and its Inhabitants. By JOHN FRANCIS DAVIS, Esq., F. R. S., &c. In 2 vols. pp. 383—440, in Harper's Family Library. New York. 1836.*
4. *China; its State and Prospects, with especial Reference to the Spread of the Gospel, containing Allusions to the Antiquity, Extent, Population, Civilization, Situation and Religion of the Chinese. By W. H. MEDHURST, of the London Missionary Society. pp. 465. Boston. Crocker & Brewster. 1838.*

THERE are three general sources of information respecting China,—the accounts of early travellers and the Jesuit missionaries, those of modern ambassadors, protestant missionaries and Canton merchants, and the newly opened treasures of native Chinese literature. In mentioning the last by itself, we do not intend to imply, that it has, in point of fact, been entirely distinct from the two former; but that the modern French and Russian schools

of Chinese literature under such men as Remusat, Klaphroth, Humbolt, and Schmid, have a depth, variety, and completeness in their researches, to be found no where else, and have thrown a flood of new light upon China, not afforded by the incidental and insulated labors of their predecessors. It is to the joint results of these three classes of productions, that we are indebted for any clear and comprehensive views which we may entertain of China. We ought not, as inquirers after truth, to be prejudiced against either of these sources of our information; and, for ourselves, we are far from sympathizing with any of those residents or missionaries, at Canton and its vicinity, who affect to smile at the laudatory strain of the Jesuit accounts of China. It should be remembered, that those great men, who carried science, if not religion, to Pekin, were so kindly received, and so highly honored at court, as to lead them naturally, and even necessarily, to see the bright side of things. Later observers at Canton and Macao have been treated with such indignity, and have suffered so much odium among that part of the Chinese with whom they have had intercourse, as to cause them to charge *their* picture of China with far deeper shades. From what we know of human nature, we may assume it as true the world over, that travellers or residents in a foreign country will interweave, in their descriptions, blessing or cursing, very much according to the treatment they have personally received. The two English writers under review are among the few nobler spirits which can rise above those influences that generally produce an unfavorable bias.

There are many respects in which the early travellers and missionaries had a decided advantage over those of the present age. Nor must we allow ourselves to be blinded by the remark, that some of our recent authors have been residents in China for more than twenty years. It would be as true, were it said that they were *excluded from China*, during those twenty years. Have not they, in common with all other Europeans, been kept from the heart of the empire, and confined, under very great restrictions, to Canton and a few small islands? Even the embassies to Pekin are nothing but a repetition of the same journey on the imperial road from Canton to the capital; and when voyages have been made along the coast,

nearly all the intercourse with the inhabitants has been at brief intervals, and by stealth. Besides, the vigilance of the whole government, with an unparalleled system of police, is concentrated upon that single point of contact with Europeans at Canton. What can be learned of China, as a whole, and especially of the interior and western parts, by those who are thus kept in a constant state of quarantine? Shall an estimate be made of Chinese character, from such a specimen as the Hong merchants, those licensed speculators, who are authorized to regard the barbarians as fair game? As well might a foreign traveller make his estimate of our social condition, judging by the boatmen he might see on our great western canal. Another kindred error is, that of having intercourse with intriguing mandarins,—a most extraordinary, and altogether unique class of individuals,—and of applying epithets that are descriptive only of them, to the whole nation. There is no more resemblance nor sympathy, between the artificial and fraudulent mandarins, and the plain, simple, and honest-hearted people, than there is between the nobility and the common people of Europe.

These errors have generally arisen not so much from the fault of the writers, as from the infelicity of their position. Now compare all this with the opportunities of Marco Polo and the early catholic missionaries, who were treated by the government as favorites, who travelled in all directions, and observed every form of society and *lived in the interior of the country*; and it will appear obvious, that their accounts of China would naturally be the fullest and most satisfactory. A proof, that the facts are as might be anticipated, appears in the circumstance, that there has not been information enough respecting the interior, even *to follow and understand* M. Polo; and after all that Marsden, the ablest of his commentators could do, it remained for Klaproth to learn the truth from Chinese and other oriental authors, and thus confirm and illustrate the statements of the noble Venetian, and refute many of the *conjectures* of the English commentator. The fact here stated, is but a fair sample of the relative state of Chinese learning in England, and on the continent of Europe. France and Russia have had their schools of Chinese literature, and have raised up native and German

disciples, who take decided precedence of all Europe, whereas England appointed for that object her first university professor during the last year. And those who are acquainted with the facts well know, that no Englishman in the East has made attainments in this study equal to those of Remusat and Klaproth. We wish not to disparage the labors of those men, who have within a few years published their observations respecting that part of China which they have seen. We are grateful for what they have contributed to the common stock of knowledge respecting China. Still, it cannot be denied, that with all their many excellences, they have less personal knowledge of the Chinese than the Jesuits had, and less Chinese scholarship than the French, Russians and Germans. In proof of the former part of the assertion, we may allude to the remark, so frequently made by the best judges, that he who has learned all that Polo, Mailla and Du Halde can teach him, will find little that is new in the recent books on China. As it regards the latter, it is but too evident, that even in such men as Davis and Medhurst, there is an ignorance of nearly all the new light that has been cast upon Chinese geography and history, by the living oriental scholars of continental Europe. Still there is a very high value to be attached to this class of productions. They form an important link between us and Chinese authors, without which the latter would hardly be intelligible to us. Even the Jesuits' accounts would seem to belong to a remote age, and would have a foreign air, were it not that our conceptions are aided by the reiterated descriptions of living men, who observe and feel and judge as one of us. Where they agree either with Chinese documents or with the Jesuits' accounts, they render that certain, which was before doubtful. Still more frequently do they clear up what was obscure; and, in regard to the east and south-east parts of China, they give us no very small amount of information that is altogether new.

Now what the English and American public greatly need, and as yet do not possess, is some thorough work which shall bring all these materials together; and, by supplying deficiencies, adjusting differences and correcting mistakes, present a clear digest of the whole. For the

Germans, Ritter, in his Geography of Asia, has accomplished this in a masterly manner.

Charles Ritter, born in 1779, and, since 1820, professor of geography to the university of Berlin, is the founder of the science of comparative geography, or geography in its relations to nature, and to the history of man. After presenting some general views, drawn mostly from his great work, we shall give, in an abridged form, a translation of select passages, as a specimen of his manner.*

China is, by its geographical position, almost as much secluded from the rest of the world as America. On three sides it is bounded by lofty and impassable mountains, and thus separated from the other parts of Asia. Though the Chinese have an ocean on one of their borders, they are not a seafaring people, and have never acquired the cosmopolitan character of a commercial nation. The rivers of this country are surpassed only by those of America; and, notwithstanding the north and south and west, including three-fourths of the whole country, are mountainous, the remaining fourth, stretching across the lower parts of both the great rivers, presents the greatest Delta land in the world, being a perfect Holland on a Chinese scale. Here the population and wealth and power of China are chiefly concentrated. The inland water communication, too, which is not confined to the alluvial territory, is like that of Holland, again, in respect to distribution, and like our own in vastness of extent. Besides the two great streams, there is a direct inland water communication from Canton to Pekin. South of the Kiang, it is by means of two rivers, with a passage between them by land of only twelve or fourteen miles; north it is by the imperial canal. This great national canal pervades the whole extent of the Chinese Delta, cutting the two great rivers at right angles, and receiving innumerable branches.

Except at Canton, which is approached by water, there are but three ways of access to China,—that on the north, from Asiatic Russia, through the wall, to Pekin; that on

* Our common maps of China are not to be much relied on for accuracy. The most critical work at a moderate expense is the Atlas of Asia, by Ritter and O'Etzel, Berlin, 1833. The most complete and satisfactory in all respects, is the following: Asia, by Dr. H. Berghaus, 18 large Maps, with a copious Text. Gotha, 1837—38. The great work of Kiaproth on Asia, which has been many years in preparation, and as precursors to which several single maps have already appeared, will, in all probability, surpass every other. Such, at least, appears to be the opinion of Ritter.

the north-west, from central Asia, through the narrow passage between the mountains of Thibet, and the great desert of Tartary; and that from Burmah, on the south-west, into the province of Yunnan. The preëminent importance of the place, and its connection with the history of the empire, require us to commence with "the north-west passage" of China. It touches upon the main part of China, between Sining in Thibet, and Ninghia on the Hoangho. It is here that a part of the great wall west of this river takes a north-western direction, following the pass. It is a little south of this, that the Hoangho leaves Thibet, and enters China; and a little north of it, that the wall, cutting the bend of the river from the east, strikes the western arm. From the gates near Pekin, on the north and west bank of the river, all the way up to Ninghia, there is an unbroken range of mountains. The wall here is needed only as a defence against the Ortos, *within* the bend of the river. From Ninghia, near which that range of mountains terminates, it is some little distance south, before you reach the mountains of Thibet. Passing from that city, south-west, towards Sining, and then turning directly to the north-west, you have on the right the great desert of Gobi, or Shamo, and on the left, the gigantic range of the Himalayan mountains. South of this pass, there is no opening through the mountain to the west, till you reach Yunnan, near Tali, where there is a passage into Burmah, a little above Ava. Thus, a line drawn from the gates near Pekin, to Ava, would leave all the Chinese boundary west of it with but one single passage to central Asia. This narrow passage, with mountains of perpetual snow on the one side, and the desert and a branch of the wall on the other, fortified for many hundreds of miles with strong military towns, is the key to all that part of the empire. Here the fate of many kingdoms has been decided; and near this point the present empire of China took its origin.

The military defence of this part of the empire must appear preposterous to any one who has not an accurate knowledge of the country. That extremity of the Chinese wall designed to be a barrier against central Asia, instead of running north and south, as would be expected, runs, as artillery would be pointed, directly towards the enemy. Besides, it would be supposed, that at this point,

—the only one where invasion directly from the west is practicable,—the territory should be as compact, and the line of defence as short as possible; and yet the western province of Kansu here crosses the river, and runs out in a narrow neck of land, nearly a thousand miles, in a north-westerly direction. For more than a thousand years, Kiayakuan, not far from the longitude of Pekin, and the latitude of Ava, formed the western boundary of China; but now, the jurisdiction of the province of Kansu extends in that direction, beyond the longitude of Calcutta. Now the Chinese historians inform us, that it was the policy of the government to shape this frontier province just in such a way as to include the whole of the passage. By this means, it holds in its own hands a position which commands all that part of Asia. But there are two natural enemies of China in this quarter, the Mongolians on the north, and the Thibetans on the south, both of which,—the former, to be sure, making their way over deserts, and the latter over mountains,—would naturally enter China by this pass. If both should happen to unite, and pour in upon the empire at that point, the latter would inevitably fall a prey to them. To prevent such a junction, the wall was built, and fortified with military stations. Thus a double purpose was answered; and, with the natural barriers of the mountain on one side, and the desert beyond the wall on the other, it may be said, that no ordinary power can wrest that important passage from the hands of the Chinese.

Near Ninghia and Sining, is the point to which three routes from northern, western, and southern Asia converge, leading to China. The western, or central one, coming from the Caspian sea, by way of Samarcand, Kashgar, Hami, or Chamil, and the passage above described, is the one of principal travel; the southern route is from Lassa in Thibet, over high mountains, to Sining, a distance of about twelve hundred miles, according to the journals of some of the catholic missionaries, who passed that way from India to China; that from the north comes from lake Baikal, and crosses the great desert, and is sometimes travelled by the Russians, but chiefly by the Tartars. Such are the difficulties attending a journey by both of these last routes, that no European can travel them with any degree of comfort.

We can now perceive why Genghis Khan, no mean calculator of important positions, in his attempt against China, directed his whole attention to the frontier of Ninghia. His last great victory was the capture of this place, and his successors reaped the benefits of this master stroke of policy, and Kublai Khan soon swayed a Tartar sceptre over all China.

Of the entrance to China by the gates near Pekin, we need say but little here. This is the ordinary channel of Russian and Chinese intercourse. Besides the route from lake Baikal, directly south to Ninghia, reaching China on the west, there are two which are more frequented, leading from that lake to Pekin. The older one is the more easterly, and takes a circuitous course, going around the great desert of Shamo, or to the east of it, and following the general direction of Nerchinsk, Argunsk, and Tsitsicar. The new route, now more commonly travelled, and followed by Lange, Bell, Klaproth, and Timkowski, leads directly from Baikal to Pekin, by way of Selinsk, Kiachta, Urga, and the desert. According to the treaty of 1689, between China and Russia, the boundary between them was to be passed only by triennial caravans, and any attempt to enter China during the intervals, was to be regarded as an aggression. As a party of Russian traders once crossed the line, and ventured to form a settlement on the Amur, a hundred and fifty miles beyond the boundary, they were captured by the Chinese, and carried to Pekin. This at length led to a Russian colony in the Chinese capital, in which the Russian religion and Russian schools are tolerated. The Chinese emperor allows the colony to have six clergymen and four teachers, to be succeeded by others, once in every ten years. The Russian government takes advantage of this arrangement, suggested by Chinese jealousy, and sends, every ten years, a new set of men, to study Chinese and Mongolian literature, and after their ten years of service have expired at Pekin, to return to Russia, as professors of Asiatic literature! This is one of the reasons, that so much Chinese literature comes to us by the way of Petersburg.

The entrance to China on the south-west, from Burmah to the province of Yunnan, is one of great interest to us, as it seems to point out a connection between our Burman

and a new Chinese mission. The passage is from Bhamo on the Irrawaddy, above Ava, by way of Santa, Tengye, and Yung tchang, to Tali. The route is mountainous, and crosses the Salwen and Cambodia rivers. There is another way, by going directly east from Ava, till you cross the Cambodia river, and then following its course up towards Tali; and others still, between these two, all, however, leading to nearly the same part of Yunnan. The first is described by M. Polo, who probably accompanied the Chinese army under Kublai Khan into Burmah, and also by the Burmese embassy to Pekin, in 1833; the second, in the journal of a similar embassy in 1787; the others, in a communication made by Lieut. MacLeod, in 1836. Col. Burney, in three successive numbers of the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, of 1837, gives an account, drawn from Burmese annals, of more than a dozen large armies that passed and repassed this route during the wars between China and Burmah. Klaproth has proved, from various oriental documents, as well as from M. Polo's account, that the inhabitants of the Chinese province of Yunnan are by descent *Karens*; and that this people are spread through the mountainous country between that province and Canton. The province itself, in M. Polo's time, was called *Karaien*, and the Mohammedans now call it *Karayen*.

The mountains of China receive their direction from the great Himalayan system, running east and west, and forming a broad belt across the centre of Asia. That part of it, which enters China, proceeds from the borders of Thibet to the Chinese coast. There are four parallel ranges, of which the most southerly runs along the coast, south of the river of Canton. The second, which is the largest, pursues a south-easterly course along the 26° N. L., directly towards the island of Formosa, and is, in the western part, the retreat of the *Miao tse*, an independent, aboriginal race. In this range, the rivers Kan, Yan, and Yuen, which flow north into the Kiang, take their rise, as also the Pe kiang, which flows south, to Canton. The short pass between these head waters is the only interruption of water communication between Canton and Pekin. The third range, in latitude 32, is the most elevated, where it forms the boundary between the western provinces, Szechuen and Kansu; the fourth, two degrees further

north, runs between the two great rivers of China. On the west side of China, where these mountains leave Thibet, they form a series of impassable, snowy peaks, which serve as a barrier between the two countries.

The gigantic twin rivers of China, rising near each other, in Thibet, then receding, and finally approaching again near the ocean, are much larger than our school geographies represent them. The Hoangho, according to Ritter, stretches about one tenth the way round the globe, being half as long again as the Danube. It flows 800 miles among mountains of perpetual snow, before it reaches China; from that point to the right angle at the east termination of the great bend, its course is 1100 miles; from thence to the ocean, it is 650 miles, making in all 2550 miles. The upper course is very mountainous; the middle is on high table land; the lower is a low alluvial country. The Kiang is still more gigantic, having a course of 3000 miles.

It is well known, that the eastern part of the Chinese wall is now nearly useless, not only because it was, in many places, prostrated by the Tartars, who conquered China, but because it is no longer a border wall, lying, as it now does, within the empire. For the Manchous, now on the Chinese throne, were originally in possession of the territory to the north-east of Pekin. In this direction, therefore, the present dynasty need no defence; from the land of their fathers, from their own homes, they fear no danger. Not so with respect to the Mongolians, who live farther west, and who remember that they were once masters of the empire. There is a short distance, from Pekin west to the Hoangho, where they are not shut out by impassable mountains. This is along the direct route from Pekin to lake Baikal. But the wily Chinese have converted all that mountainous country through which one must pass to reach the great desert, into a kind of Mark, or military colony. The territory is mostly owned by the nobles, and is partly cultivated by the wild mountaineers, and partly by the state criminals, who here find their Botany Bay, or Siberia. This untamed, and untamable population supply the empire with cavalry, and, situated as they are, between China and Mongolia, they form the bulwark of China at that point. The annual chase in these wild regions by the emperor,

his court and the whole army answers a threefold purpose. It inures the court and army to hardship; it furnishes an opportunity to review the military condition of the colony; and awes the people of the country into subjection, by the imposing exhibition which it makes of the military power of the empire.

The imperial canal consists of three parts, the northern from Pekin to the Hoangho, a distance of 675 miles; the central, between the two great rivers, 95 miles;* and the southern from the Kiang to Hang tcheou, 350 miles, making the whole length of the canal 1120 miles. The northern part was built first, and was commenced in the thirteenth century by Kublai Khan. The work begun at the height of land in latitude 36, in the year 1289. Here the waters of the Wenho, a river flowing from the east and then turning south to the Hoangho, were so divided, that a certain part of the stream took a new direction towards Pekin. Here stands the celebrated temple of the Dragon King, the divinity of the canal. The new channel towards the north, receives at Lin tsin, the river Weiho from the south-west and passes into the province, Pe che le, and, after receiving another small river and passing several large towns, it reaches the Peho, which comes from Pekin and passes by to the ocean. Here the Peho itself is used as a canal and may be ascended to Pekin or descended to Tiensing, a commercial city on the coast. Lord Macartney, when he returned from Pekin to Canton, was nine days in coming from that seaport town up to the point where the Weiho enters the canal. Thus far the channel of this river (that is, its lower or northern part) was converted into a canal, comparatively with little labor; the country here is level, and its appearance very monotonous. In four days more, the embassy passed through that part of the canal, which is entirely the work of art, up to the dividing of the waters. "The high artificial banks," says Ritter, "the temples, the conical sepulchres of the priests, the forest of masts, the fortifications, the throngs of boatmen, the great breadth of the channel, all combine to give an air of sublimity to the scene. At the floodgates, seventy-two in number, bridges are thrown over the canal on account of its narrow at

* It will be seen that this account differs from that of the English embassy.

those places; here also the government receives toll." After passing the eminence, there is a pretty rapid current to the south, and the canal passes by lakes and large cities through a fertile country, and crosses the Hoangho 140 miles from its mouth. "Through this whole distance," —we quote again from Ritter,— "the canal often passes through lakes, ponds and marshes, with which they communicate by floodgates for letting off or receiving water, as occasion requires. It has been found necessary to have large reservoirs of water, so that in time of drought there might be a supply. All these lakes and pools are so covered with floating villages and the boats of fishermen, with their fishing cormorants, and all the dry land is so perfectly cultivated, as to render this whole section of the country highly productive."

The Chinese authors inform us, that the canal between the two great rivers was made between 1490 and 1584, and that it followed the course of a stream which ran to the south. A little below the large lake that is situated here, at Yang tcheou, where M. Polo was governor, the canal is divided into two branches, the left one going directly south and crossing the Kiang, and thus continuing the main route to Hang tcheou and Ningpo, the one on the right bending south-west and striking the Kiang farther up towards Nankin, and forming the passage to that city and to Canton. The canal from the Hoangho to the Kiang has an average breadth of 200 feet, and being twenty feet above the level of the country, necessarily exposes many cities to inundations. On account of the great prevalence of the waters, the land is less cultivated here than elsewhere; but the waters themselves teem with the *lotus* and with fishing villages. The crossing of the Kiang is very different from that of the Hoangho. Though the current is much less rapid, it being only two miles an hour, whereas that of Hoangho is five, it is not less than two miles wide, and is supposed to be from three to four hundred feet deep. Tsing kiang, further down towards the ocean, is called the "key of the empire." It has an immense, though unknown, population, and being a maritime emporium, its harbor exhibits a perfect forest of masts. Europe is almost as ignorant of the country along this great river from the canal to the ocean, as it was

recently of the centre of Africa. Some discoveries are just beginning to be made.

The south branch of the canal, from the Kiang to Hang tcheou, was commenced near this city in the seventh century, but was not completed till 1181. It runs through a very populous territory, which is intersected by innumerable branch-canals, and in its northern section is divided into three large parallel arms. "The names of the collateral branches," says our geographer, "which are very numerous,—for the land is completely covered with populous cities all of which stand connected with the grand canal by branches,—we must pass over, because, without more accurate maps than we possess, they would be unintelligible to our readers. To be well versed in the complicated canal network of this Netherland, Lombard, or Babylonian territory, is the first duty of the mandarins who are stationed here. Some idea of the immense population of this canal and river territory may be gathered from the imperial census of 1813, which gives in round numbers twenty-eight millions for the province of Pe che le, twenty-nine for Shautung, twenty-three for Honan, seventy-one for Kiangnan, and twenty-six for Chekiang, making for these provinces alone one hundred and seventy-seven millions, more than two-thirds the population of all Europe."

We subjoin a sketch of the route from Canton to the Kiang, and thus place before the reader, at one view, all that European ambassadors to Pekin generally see of the Chinese empire. From Canton to the mountain pass (Meiling), a distance of about 250 miles, the route is by water on the river Pe kiang, which comes from the north, and empties in at Canton. Large boats can ascend as far as Chao tcheou, a distance of 170 miles, and small boats can go as far as Nanyong, 75 miles farther up. Near Canton the appearance of the country is like one continuous garden; next follows, for a distance of several days' journey, an unbroken plain, fertile, but not so highly cultivated. At Tsing yuen, about one degree north of Canton, uncultivated patches of ground begin to appear, though in general, the vale of the river is covered with crops of rice and tobacco, and the hills on each side with cotton and camomile. At Chao tcheou, are multitudes of vessels, laden with goods destined for Canton, Macao,

India and Europe. Nanyong is the last town in the province of Canton and the head of navigation. Here the river is narrow, with steep, rocky banks, and travellers leave their boats to cross over the mountain to Nanyang, the first town in the province of Kiangsee, a distance of twelve or fourteen miles, where boats are again taken on the river Kan to lake Poyang, at its junction with the Kiang. Though the ascent of the mountain is steep, the road is well paved, and at the summit or the gate, it is cut through solid rock thirty or forty feet deep. This passage is so crowded with drays and carts, or rather with asses, and men acting as beasts of burden, in transporting goods from river to river, that it resembles Pearl street more than it does a highway. This is the only convenient place of crossing the mountain, and consequently it is made the great thoroughfare for transporting the silks of Nankin, the porcelain of Yao tcheou, and the cotton of Hounan and Houpe. From the splendid prospect towards Canton and the ocean, the traveller now turns his eye, and sees on the other side nothing but a wild mountainous district, threaded by a silver stream. The distance now to the Kiang, is about 400 miles. A little down the Kan, at Kan tcheou (*tcheou*, a town, like Charlestown, Jamestown, &c.), are bends in the river and rapids, not unlike the Highlands on the Hudson, with mountains of fir-trees overhanging, and rendering the scene highly picturesque. Here a tow-path is hewn out at the river's edge, to work the barges and endless trains of timber-floats through the narrow passage. After passing through a flourishing district, spotted with cities and villages, the traveller reaches Nan tchang, the splendid capital of the province, where hundreds of imperial barges lie at anchor. Here the vale of the river begins to open, and spreads into a broad plain, reaching to lake Poyang. On the east side of this lake, which is 70 or 80 miles in length, and is specked with many beautiful islands, is the porcelain district, where the whitest and most delicate China-ware is made. Yao tcheou is the porcelain emporium, and is one of the wealthiest cities of the empire. The ware is prepared a few miles northeast of this city.

After these details, it would be interesting to hear at length the general remarks and philosophical reflections of this prince of geographers. But we must content our-

selves with the following summary, condensed from his work.

The great ocean current, which finds an outlet among the Ladrones, beats directly against the coast of China, producing a tide that flows more than 500 miles up the Kiang. This maritime part of China is filled with bays, lakes, streams, canals and marshes; and the periodical succession of dry land and water by the tides, produces an effect upon the soil and its millions of inhabitants, to be observed in no other country on the globe. The relation between the coast and the ocean is highly characteristic of China, having no parallel in the northern hemisphere; and even that of Brazil, in the southern, has only a distant resemblance. The natural inland communication of this part of China is so much improved by art, that no part of the world can be compared to it. Such facilities for intercourse have a wonderful influence upon its myriads of inhabitants, by resisting the tendencies to individuality which exist in unconnected provinces. The action and reaction of mind upon mind, brought thus in contact, give a great uniformity of character to the whole population.

Nearly all the rivers of China come in parallel lines from the mountains in the west. But the canals run north and south, cutting these rivers at right angles. The smaller streams supply the canals, and the larger serve as drains to carry off the superfluous water. The whole coast, from Pekin to the mountain near Hang tcheou, is traversed by the imperial canal, which is like the trunk of a great tree sending out innumerable branches. Such a canal in Europe would connect the Baltic with the Adriatic and this with the Euxine. In magnitude, this compares only with the great wall, and far surpasses it in utility. Only in a country, where despotism controls the labors of millions, would it be possible to construct either; and only in a country of so uniform a water level could such a gigantic canal be formed without a single interruption. It winds its crooked course around elevations, and, with a considerable current, in a channel from 200 to 1000 feet in breadth, makes its majestic way sometimes through large bodies of standing water, often above towns and villages, and occasionally through mountains.

The chief influence of the canal on the condition of China arises from its opening a communication, not only

between the individual provinces, but between the north and the south of China. In no other way could the barren province of Pe che le and Pekin be furnished with the abundance of rice produced by the rich soil of the Delta. The insecurity of the coast navigation, the sand-banks and currents and tornadoes of the Yellow sea, the miserable construction of the Chinese junks, the common dread of the wide ocean, and, above all, the want of nautical skill, present to the Chinese such obstacles, that comparatively few voyages are made by sea. An attempt by Kublia Khan, in 1292, to transport by the coast the productions of the south to the capital, was attended with the loss of 10,000 lives from the single harbor of Canton. If, as has often happened, pirates interrupted the transport vessels, famine in the north was the inevitable consequence. For these reasons, all the business between the north and the south of China centres on the canal. On the short route from Pekin to Tiensing, on the bay, the English embassy met 1000 barges with 50,000 men, besides innumerable small boats, so that this branch had, reckoning the barges going in the opposite direction at the same rate, a constant floating population of 100,000. It is estimated that the imperial transport vessels, employed on the canal in collecting the tribute, always in rice, is not less than 10,000, and the men employed in them not less than 200,000. Add to this the swarm of merchant boats, that almost touch each other in the central portion of the canal, and you can form some notion of that busy scene of action.

One fourth of China lies constantly under water, or is so marshy as to be incapable of tillage. Over this whole territory there are annual inundations, as on the banks of the Nile and the Ganges. All this would take place by means of the great rivers coming from Thibet, even though not a drop of rain were to fall here, and though no swelling tide were to rush in from the opposite direction. The building of dams, repairing damages of floods, opening or completing canals, are recorded as among the great events of history. In the Imperial Geography, the descriptions of the canals in the several provinces, constitute one of the principal chapters; and, in treating of Shensee, which is least provided with them, 350 pages of this work are occupied in describing them. No man-

darin can make any pretensions to learning, who is not perfectly acquainted with those of his province, and the governor of the province must know their history, their measurement, and all the mathematical reckoning for dams, sluices, and branch canals. With all the details of this branch of knowledge, the imperial ministers are as familiarly acquainted as our professors of botany and conchology are with the details of their science.

But the influence of the hydrographic system of China is still greater on the modes of life among the industrious classes. Of those productions which depend on this system of irrigation, we will mention that of rice alone, the staple article of food for three hundred millions of inhabitants, and which grows only on the coast south of the Hoangho. It yields regularly two harvests in a year, the one in May, the other in October. Not only all the other parts of China, but the Manchows, and even the Mongols of the barren Gobi, as far back as to Siberia, are all dependent on the rice crops. The great army of the emperor, as well as the army of civil officers, in that complicated government, from the highest to the lowest, receive half their pay in rice. All the taxes of the nation are paid in rice; and hence the number of revenue vessels. Rice-dealing is thus the basis of Chinese trade; and the Delta, where this article is grown, is the centre of business, and the seat of the densest population. Whenever the rice crops fail, millions die of famine.

The inhabitants are not all so fortunate as to have land to stand upon; many must be content to lead a kind of nomadic life, on the water; for in such extensive lowlands, a large part is necessarily in a middle state between land and water. Many lakes, and marshes, and channels, as in Shautung and Kiangnan, are covered with dwellings, as much as the land. All the waters of China are free, no tax whatever being paid for fisheries, and the peculiar culture of this floating soil. Whole tribes of fishermen, in floating villages, without country and without home, wander about from place to place, like the fish of the sea, or the fowls of the air. Their vessels are connected into large floats; in the rear are small artificial gardens; and thus the backyards of these sailing farmers are covered with vegetable products, and are alive with ducks and swine.

In dwelling so long on the first work which we proposed to notice, we have consulted the wants of the English reader, attempting, from a rare and foreign production, to furnish him with a useful introduction to those English works which we are yet to recommend. Partly in pursuance of the same design, and partly for other considerations, which can easily be divined, we now turn to Jäck's charming Pocket Library of Travels, so far as they relate to China.

This is an admirable work, both in its plan and its execution. Various methods have been adopted to give to the public, in a cheap form, the substance of numerous and costly books of travels. A favorite method with the English, at the present day, is to prepare a manual on a particular country, including history, political divisions, natural productions, &c., &c., arranged in separate chapters, and in a didactic form. Egypt, Palestine, and other volumes in the Family Library, may be taken as specimens. But here, as in all cases where *every thing* is professedly taught in a compendious way, superficiality is necessarily the most distinguishing characteristic. Another and better plan is that pursued by Conder, in the Modern Traveller, of introducing into geographical descriptions, travellers' routes, and historical notices. But here all the charm of personal narrative and incident are sacrificed, and the book can have no soul, no internal bond of unity. Our author, in his Pocket Library, has chosen the more attractive form of a series of personal travels, keeping up a lively interest in the fates and fortunes of each traveller, retaining the most entertaining, as well as instructive parts, and abridging what is dull and unprofitable. We do not pretend that all the value of the original works is retained; that would be an absurd pretension. And yet we believe it is precisely in this way, that the object proposed can be best attained. Not only does the reader accompany the traveller, and see all the various scenes through which he passes, and thus learn both the country and the people by observation, but in the successive travels in the same country, he visits them from century to century, and witnesses their progress in the various stages of modern history. Nor is the reader wearied by repetition in the successive narratives. The routes vary; one traveller gives him one specimen of

the country and people; another gives him a different one. They travel in different periods, have different talents and tastes, different occupations and connections. One is a missionary, another is engaged in the haunts of business, and a third resides at court.

The author has prefixed a notice of all the books of travels on China that are extant, and a brief geographical description of the empire, and has inserted maps and plates as they appeared to be necessary.

The first traveller that appears in the book is *Carpini*, who, with another monk, was sent in 1246, by Pope Innocent IV, as an ambassador to the Tartar emperor, with the twofold design of dissuading him from making further inroads upon Europe, and of preparing the way for the introduction of Christianity into Tartary. The two travellers went first directly to the court of Bohemia, where the king interested himself much in their behalf, and provided a conveyance for them to Silesia, and thence to Massovia. Here they learned that it was necessary to be provided with presents, and here, too, they met Wasilik of Russia, with whom they travelled to Kiew, then the Russian capital. At this place they were obliged to dispose of their horses, because they were not accustomed to dig under the snow and feed on the steppe grass. Consequently, they took post horses, and on the 4th of February, 1246, they reached Kanow, the first Tartar town, a little below Kiew on the Dnieper. Here they were introduced with oriental ceremony to one of the princes, who sent them forward still farther east, with guides to the camp of the khan Batu. From thence they set out, under new guides, for the emperor's tent, or Golden Horde, which they reached on the 27th of July, the very day that a new emperor was elected. This gave them opportunity to witness the rude splendor of that nomadic court. All the countries between Russia and China, both of which were then conquered by Tartar arms, sent their princes or ambassadors to the election and coronation; and the number present was said to be 4000. All these, as well as our travellers, were obliged to approach the person of the emperor on their knees. In the following winter, the two papal ambassadors returned, and travelled for two or three months through trackless steppes, on which not a tree was to be seen and slept upon the snow, with which

the winds often buried them during the night. They arrived, at length, on the 8th of June, at Kiew, after a profitless journey of unexampled difficulty and danger.

The next is a brief account of a similar embassy, in 1247, by four Dominican monks, of which *Ascelin* was the principal individual. They went by way of Persia to the Tartar camp, had endless disputes about presents and acts of homage, were detained an unreasonable length of time, barely escaped torture and death, and finally returned by way of Syria, the northern border of which was thirty days' journey from the "Horde," and reached Rome after an absence of three years and seven months.

The third traveller in this work is William of Rubruck, sent in 1253, by Saint Louis, king of France, then in Cyprus. He went by way of Constantinople, the Euxine, the Don and Wolga, to the camp of the same Batu mentioned above. From this place, across the Mongolian desert to Karakorum, was a journey of five months. As the emperor Mengho was in China, Rubruck was obliged to continue his route to that country, taking his course to the south-east, and proceeding through Tangut, Thibet, and Solanga. He accompanied the emperor and his court back to Karakorum; from thence he returned, by Astracan and Aleppo, to Acre. We have not room for more particulars.

Next comes the most celebrated and important book of travels which has ever been published respecting China,—we mean the travels of *Marco Polo*, the Venetian, from 1272 to 1295. Of no similar work have there been so many editions and translations. The English edition, with learned notes by Marsden, is by far the best. For a long time, his accounts were ridiculed, and he was named Mr. *Million*, from the incredible population which he gave to the large Chinese cities. But modern investigations show, that he was the most exact and faithful of all the European travellers in China. Respecting the interior of China, we owe more to him than to all the modern ambassadors, merchants and missionaries put together.

The two brothers, Nicholas and Matthew Polo, of a noble Venetian family, sailed, in 1260, in a merchant vessel to Constantinople; from thence they proceeded across the Euxine to Armenia. From Armenia they travelled,

by way of Sudak and Guthakha, to Bochara in Persia. After residing there three years, they became acquainted with an ambassador of the Tartar monarch, who, struck with their familiarity with the Tartar language, and their talents and general knowledge, proposed that they should accompany him to his court, thinking that his sovereign would be pleased if he should introduce them to him. They accepted the proposal, and made the long journey through a cold and snowy region, and in 1265 were received with great favor by the emperor. Five years from the time of their arrival, they were solicited to accompany one of the Tartar nobles on a mission to Rome, to request the Pope to send to Tartary a hundred Christian teachers. They set out on this mission, under the most favorable auspices; but the distinguished nobleman soon sickened and died. They, however, continued their journey to Armenia, and here took ship and arrived at Venice in 1272. When they had spent two years in their native city, they called to mind the wishes of their generous benefactor, and, accordingly, after obtaining letters from Gregory X, to Kublai, the emperor, they returned to his court, accompanied by two monks, and by Marco Polo, son of Nicholas, then but fifteen years of age. When they landed in Armenia, there were civil commotions there, which so terrified the monks, that they fled and took refuge with one of the Knights Templar. The three Polos continued their journey alone, and the emperor, hearing that they were on their way back, sent a military escort of 4000 men to meet them at a distance of forty days' journey. The evidences furnished of their having done what they could to gratify his wishes, satisfied him of their fidelity, and he showed them so much favor, that it excited the envy of the court.

The young Marco Polo soon made himself master of the four Tartar languages, and of the usages of the court, and thereby so won the favor of the monarch, that at the age of twenty-one he was sent on important public business to a distant province. Such were the extraordinary talents and knowledge he displayed, that he was promoted to higher offices, and often sent into the provinces charged with responsible duties. It was during these oft repeated and extensive travels that he kept those accurate journals, which have been so instructive to subsequent

ages, and whose character is rising with every revolving year. China was never more flourishing than under the Tartar emperor Kublai Khan; and this was the very time of Polo's residence in Tartary and China. It is interesting to trace his journey from Venice across central Asia to Pekin,—for Kublai had now fixed his capital here. The route, from Ancona through the Dardanelles and the Euxine, to Armenia has already been indicated. It continued through Georgia, Bagdad, Kermania, Heret, Balk and Badakshan (*i. e.*, from Georgia south-east along to the entrance of the Persian gulf, then north-east across the desert to Belur Tag); through Kashgar, Hami, Sha tcheou, Champion (Kan tcheou, where he remained one year), Sining and Ninghia. Thus, from Persia to the borders of China, he followed the great route described at the beginning of this article, the only one leading from central Asia. From Ninghia he followed the left bank of the Hoangho through Tenduc (along the north and east of the great bend), and passing the great wall, entered Cathay (North China), and at length arrived at Cambalu (Pekin). It is amusing to see how these places are laid down in our older maps. Cathay is represented as an immense empire between China and Kanschatka! and Cambalu on the river Amur, 10° north of Pekin! One of Polo's early journeys in China, was from Pekin directly south-west through the whole extent of the country to the borders of Burmah. No modern European traveller has seen any of this immense region, and the noble Venetian and a few Jesuits are our only guides. It is here that Polo speaks of the passage from China to Burmah, through which the armies of both countries passed, in a war that raged between them at that time, and through which Chinese caravans passed at stated seasons. That part of Yunnan which bordered upon Burmah was then called *Karayan* (the country of the *Karens*), and the people spoke a *different language*. From this part of China, he passed through the central or rather southern provinces to Yanghui (Yan tcheou), on the canal, a little north of the Kiang, where he resided as provincial governor for three years. The minute account which he gives of the numerous cities near the heart of the empire where he so long remained as governor, renders his work invaluable, even at the present time, 600 years after it

was written. But we must break off from this fascinating topic, by remarking, that after a seventeen years' residence in China, our traveller longed to see his native Venice, and having with difficulty obtained the consent of the magnanimous emperor to return, he was conveyed by a fleet, in great splendor, to India, whence he went by land to Constantinople, and reached Venice in 1295, loaded with riches and honors.

The fifth in this collection is an account of a Persian embassy, sent by Shak Rokh, to China in 1419. The route was from Herat, by way of Samarcand, Turfan, Hami and Su tcheou, where the caravan, consisting of 860 persons, were examined, and then received with great splendor by the Chinese authorities stationed at this outpost. The city is described as strongly fortified, and as being a place of considerable trade. It is near the western extremity of the wall in the mountain pass, leading from China to the west of Asia. The armed forces here were exactly on the plan of the Russian military colonies. After nine days' journey the embassy reached Kan tcheou, the capital of the Chinese territory west of the Hoangho. Here, as in every city, the ambassadors who, with all their retinue, had been gratuitously supplied with lodging and provisions, received 450 horses, 56 carriages, and more than 600 men, to convey them on their journey. In every city they were received into a public hall, having a curtained throne, directed towards Pekin, in the midst, with carpets for all but the servants, who were placed in the rear, and at the signal, given by the guard, who stood near the throne, the Chinese magistrates and ambassadors all bowed their heads, and were then seated at their repast. In general, they found imperial inns every night, and cities at the end of every week. As they approached Pekin, the splendor of their accommodations continually increased. We pass over the ceremonial at court, the costly presents given and received, the tardy and solemn forms of audience, the allotment of places of residence, public dinners and daily provisions, the imperial chase and dramatic exhibitions, and the honors and perils of ambassadors; for, in all these respects, every embassy, Persian, Russian, Portuguese, Dutch and English, see the same wonders and tell the same tales. Rokh's embassy returned by the same route, and in 1421 arrived in safety at his capital, Heret.

The journey of Göz to China, which follows next, is conceived and executed in the spirit of the middle ages. People were very much puzzled to know what to believe respecting Cathay. Some thought it was China, others thought it was a more northern country, and a third and more numerous class doubted its existence. The distinguished Ricci in his letters from Pekin, had declared that Cathay was but another name for China; but, then, the accounts of Mohammedan merchants, representing the Cathayans as Christians, from the resemblance of their forms of worship to those of the Catholics, threw an air of mystery over the whole subject. The head of the Catholic establishment at Goa resolved to search out those sheep, so far away from the shepherd's care, and to bring them, if indeed they were as represented, under the papal protection and guardianship. The pope and the king of Spain approved of the design, and the latter ordered the governor of India to provide for the expense. Göz, a Jesuit of enterprise and talent, then at Lahore, as an assistant of Jerome Xavier, was selected, on account of his extraordinary acquaintance with the Persian language and with Mohammedan usages, and directed to go, in the double character of merchant and Persian ambassador to China, with the next regular caravan. It was customary for merchants to assume, for the sake of the imperial hospitality, this character when they went on the great route to western China; and even after the Chinese understood the trick, their national vanity made them wink at the imposition, which honored the empire by multiplying embassies from unknown tributary nations.

In 1603, Göz started from Lahore, with a caravan of five hundred merchants for Kashgar, about five hundred miles in a direct line to the north. In passing from the borders of India to the borders of Tartary, it was necessary to go through the east of Persia, in order to avoid the mountains of Thibet. One month after leaving Lahore, they reached (in a north-westerly direction) Attok, on the Indus. After travelling three or four months, often hindered by brigands, they obtained, finally, a military escort, with which they moved slowly on to *Cabul*, a place of great trade. Here the caravan changed; many forsook it on account of its dangers; others, after some delay, joined, and Göz gained much by lending six hundred crowns to a Kashgar princess,

whose money had failed her in returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca. They proceeded through Badakshan (north of Cabul), till they reached nearly the fortieth deg. north latitude, where they fell in with the great Persian route from Bochara and Samarcand, passing directly east into Kashgar. Thus the caravan went around Belur Tag, and from that point their way was mostly through plains and along the skirts of deserts, till it reached the Chinese entrance. It was a year before a new caravan could be made up at Kashgar for Cathay. Here Göz purchased ten horses for himself and Isaac his Armenian servant, provided himself largely with a species of precious stone highly valued in China, and in January, 1605, he reached Aksa. A fifteen days' journey east brought him to Kuche, where they remained a month to recruit their horses which had sunken under the fatigue of a stony and sandy route. In twenty-five days more they reached Chalis, where the caravan was to assemble. Tired of the delay in order to obtain a full company for the proposed caravan, Göz resolved to venture on with a few merchants; and at this moment he met the return caravan from China, which though made up of private merchants had, as usual, announced themselves as ambassadors in China, and, as such, resided three months in a palace at Pekin, where they became acquainted with the Jesuit missionaries. Göz was overwhelmed with joy at these tidings, and at the assurance given him, that Cathay and China was one and the same country. Proceeding by way of Turfan, Göz and his little company came to Hami, on the eastern boundary of the kingdom of Chalis (extending from this point west to the kingdom of Kashgar). After nine days more they reached Kiayakuan, the entrance into the Chinese line of fortifications. In one more day he came to Su tcheou, where, after various fortunes, having been abused and cheated by the Mohammedan merchants, on the one hand, and on the other, having received in reply to his letters to Ricci in Pekin, not only fraternal epistles, but a messenger who was a native Christian, he died on the borders of China in March, 1607. He found this a great place of trade from the west, and one portion of the city was inhabited by Mohammedans, many of whom had married Chinese wives. The native Christian, who met Göz only eleven days before his death, took his papers and conducted Isaac,

the Armenian servant, from this border town to Pekin, where Ricci made out the book of travels, partly from the journal of Göz, and partly from the oral account of Isaac, who had made the whole journey from Lahore to Pekin. We must not forget our faithful Armenian. After remaining a month at Pekin, he was sent safely back to India by way of Macao.

We may here pass over the next interesting work, N. Trigault's account of the missionary tours of the Jesuits in China from 1579 to 1609; because not only Du Halde, but Gutzlaff and Medhurst have given the substance of it to the public.

But we must despatch the remaining half of this interesting book in a few words. The Travels of Lambert, written by De Bourgas, we pass over entirely, since they are connected with China more in name than in reality.

In 1730, several Danes sailed from Copenhagen for China, and landed at Macao. The chaplain of the ship published a tolerably fair account of the Chinese.

In 1750, a Swede, by the name of Peter Osbeck, a disciple of Linnæus, was appointed chaplain by the Swedish East India Company. He made a similar voyage, and published a similar account, which was translated and abridged for the Pocket Library. In the same year, another disciple of Linnæus, by the name of Foreen, also chaplain of a Swedish merchant vessel, visited China, and published his observations in a series of letters. A third of a similar character follows. Next come Barrows' Cochin-China, and Anderson's account of the British embassy, both in 1792. The Voyage of Thunberg, a disciple and afterwards successor of Linnaeus, to Japan, in the same year, is highly important for his botanical discoveries. Van Braam's account of the Dutch embassy to China in 1794 has a permanent value, for it rich geographical descriptions. Of the later English accounts nothing need here be said.

We have reserved but little room for noticing the valuable works of Davis and Medhurst. These we would have every reader, interested in China, peruse for himself. Although neither of them is perfect, we hesitate not to give them the preference over any thing we have seen in English. Gutzlaff's history is less valuable. Particularly is the greater part of his first volume a most unhistorical production. When he comes down to modern history and

European intercourse, he is less unskilful in the selection of his materials and the management of his subject. He excels only as an enterprising traveller and shrewd observer; and hence his journals are his best productions. But Mr. Davis has a more comprehensive mind; has more power of generalization; is more statesmanlike and scholarlike; knows better what it is that constitutes the character and condition of a people; has more various information; selects the right topics; gives them their due proportion, and weaves them into his various and charming narrative, so as to make his work as attractive and symmetrical as it is instructive. In no other book of equal size can we learn so much respecting the civil and social condition of China. It is a work of equal research and candor. There is no gaping at tales of wonder and prodigies; no European complacency and prejudice. To praise or to censure is not a matter of choice, but of duty. There is one thing, however, which seems not to be in keeping with his general character; and that is, the exposure of many disgraceful acts of European merchants and masters of vessels, in which the Portuguese, the Spaniards, the Dutch, the French and the Americans act a conspicuous part, while the *English* appear to be no sharers in this game! We cannot,—such is the spirit of the book,—believe that is the effect of national vanity, or odium; but we set it down to the fact of his delicate official and personal relations. To us it seems that his frequent classic allusions and quotations were not inspired by the occasion, but put on, like useless buttons upon a garment, because it is the mode. In speaking of his learning, we must not suppose he is a Remusat or a Klaproth; he is not to be regarded as a profound oriental critic.

But it must not be supposed that the high excellences of this work render that of Mr. Medhurst unnecessary. On the contrary, they mutually complete each other. The latter had a single object in view; to present the prospects of the missionary enterprise in China. In sketching the history, the institutions, the character and condition of the Chinese, he has selected every thing with reference to his object, and nobly applied it. Mr. Davis wrote for the mere man of the world, Mr. Medhurst for the Christian: both are necessary to a complete view of China and her prospects. This writer does not aid us so much by learned research, as by his

personal information. With a sound and vigorous understanding, with extensive opportunities for observation,—different, indeed, from those of Mr. Davis, but not less favorable,—with a searching eye, and with a great amount of practical knowledge, he has given us,—what we greatly needed,—a picture of truth, to guide Christians in their efforts for China. His chapters on the population and the civilization of China are particularly valuable, as also his remarks on Chinese laws and literary examinations. The account of the Catholic missions is very judicious and candid, though it displays no great historical tact. We might select innumerable paragraphs of value and interest, for our pages, but it will be more satisfactory to the reader, if we dispense with imperfect specimens, and refer him to the work itself.

We cannot close, without directing particular attention to the importance of preparing missionaries to approach China from Burmah. That is one of the two best points for reaching China. The most difficult are those by Canton and by Pekin. Though the Chinese government is every where vigilant, yet its argus eyes are no where turned so steadily as at the great European mart. All attempts to penetrate the heart of the country from that quarter will be resisted unto blood. The time will probably come when the great road from central Asia to the province of Kansu, so much frequented in the middle ages, will be again resorted to; and then, of what service would it be to us to have a mission among the Mennonites, that are settled in large colonies on the Azof and Caspian seas? Such a mission, if successful, would lead directly to the heart of Tartary, and thence to China, through the agency of a prosperous people, whose religion is not only tolerated but protected by the Russian government. But a prospect of speedier success seems to be opened in that part of Burmah bordering upon Yunnan. A regular and comparatively easy caravan route exists there, and has always been travelled, from the earliest times to the present. Through this, many of the earliest invasions from the west were made upon China; through it, numerous Burman and Chinese armies have passed and repassed in modern times. The route is minutely described in several recent itineraries of Burman ambassadors to Pekin. Besides, the inhabitants of the province of Yunnan are, in part, *Karens* by descent,

and this numerous tribe is scattered all along the mountains among the Miao tse, who, though living in China, have never submitted to its government. We have a host of Karens, already converts to the Christian faith, and living, too, in the vicinity of their Chinese brethren. Our Assamese mission will probably spread into the same neighborhood; and Ava itself is not so much separated from the Chinese borders by distance, or by mountains, as by present political disturbances. Hitherto, there has not been enough of law and order in that quarter to render it advisable that missionaries should be planted there. But if we may draw conclusions from the past, if we may calculate on the tendencies of things, if, from the signs of the times, we can foresee the future in any respect, we may predict, that at no distant period, the English rule in the East, spreading with every new collision, will reach to the Chinese boundary line. Should such an event transpire, and bring our missionaries under English protection, at the very point where Chinese Karens and Christian Karens can come in contact, and where our missions would most naturally spread out, it is easy to perceive, that it will open by far the most favorable way for carrying the gospel to the vast empire of China.

EDITOR.

ARTICLE VIII.

LITERARY NOTICES.*

1. *A Discourse, delivered at the opening of the Providence Athenæum, July 11, 1838.* By FRANCIS WAYLAND. Published at the request of the Directors of the Athenæum. Providence. 1838.

We sat down to this discourse, with pencil in hand, resolved, without fear or favor, to magnify our office as critics. It was not long before we came to a capital fault, the return of the old familiar phrase, "But this is not all," and its cousin german, "Nor is this all." We took umbrage, too, at the expression, "whatever of true or beautiful or good," and determined to maintain, at all hazards, that it was neither true, nor beautiful, nor good. But we read on; and began to feel the influence of the author's power and the impor-

* Two or three of these notices were prepared for a former number, but were necessarily omitted.

tance of his subject until we were ashamed of our petty criticisms. Compared with the author's earliest productions, this Discourse betrays less solicitude and sensitiveness in regard to the delicacies of language, but greater mental resources and more manliness of bearing. The former seemed to be the author's very best; and in measuring his stature, we had the impression that he was standing on tiptoe: in the latter, his position is firm and easy and his mien natural; and when his discourse is finished, there is a strong conviction left in our minds, that,—to use a Yankee phrase,—“there is more where that came from.”

We confess that, in the discussion of practical subjects of momentous interest, we cannot admire mere prettiness of style and lady-like ornaments, nor respect the man who seems to make them his aim. In elegant literature, where an author's production is designed to please as a work of art, we are charmed with beauty not less than others. Nor do we object to it in any case, provided it comes unsought. But to require it on all grave subjects, or even to regard it as a special merit, is as absurd as it would be to require that a military commander should have a pretty face and a genteel form. In the celebrated contest between Demosthenes and Æschines, we despise the feeling, that could accuse an opponent of neglecting the graces of Attic diction; but we venerate the high-minded patriot who could reply, that his mind was occupied with weightier concerns.

On the occasion of opening an *Athenæum* in one of our flourishing cities, nothing could be more appropriate than an exhibition of the advantages which would result from the universal diffusion of useful knowledge. In discussing the subject thus happily chosen, the author has, in a vigorous and earnest manner, poured forth golden sentiments, which we could wish might be heard in every city and village in our land. The first part of the Discourse, which breathes throughout a generous patriotic spirit, exhibits the *economical* advantages resulting from the diffusion of knowledge; the second treats of the *social* benefits arising from it. From the third, which discusses its *political* importance, and the political evils resulting from the sensuality of the rich, we select the following passage:

“Since the tendencies to sensuality are so strong, and their results so deleterious, it is surely of importance to present something else which may temper the eagerness for organic pleasure, and allure the soul, even for a while, from the gratification of the appetites. It is surely useful to place before the eyes of men, the fact, that they are not *all carnal*; that they have an immaterial nature, which, little as they may have thought of it, is capable of holding communion with the wise and good of other ages; nay, of holding intimate communion with the Creator himself. The mere knowledge of this fact will frequently suffice, at the outset, to determine the choice, for life, in a mind of high natural aspirations, and turn it off for ever from the beholding of vanity. And, at a later period, when the soul has drained the cup of sensual pleasure, and has discovered the tastelessness, if not the bitterness of its dregs, the means of intellectual gratification being placed within its reach, may

crimson the cheek with the blush of ingenuous sorrow, redeem many a lost one from the slavery of the senses, and restore him to the dignity of a thinking, independent, reasonable being.

Not only, however, do we propose to substitute for the gratification of the senses something else; we substitute something which the reason and conscience of men themselves confess to be better. Sensuality degrades a man in his own estimation. His spiritual nature scorns the indignity to which she is subjected. Alone, the man dare [s] not think upon himself, and in society he shrinks from a comparison with high-souled, independent purity. And even the lighter forms of frivolity, though they be not chargeable with the atrocity of vice, yet cannot escape the confession of their own inherent littleness. On the contrary, intellectual cultivation restores the man to his true place in the creation of God. He learns to rejoice that he is a thinking being. His mind becomes to him a kingdom. Delivered from the thraldom of the senses, he can look with pity on the gilded manacles which are ostentatiously displayed around him, and rejoice, that, except from the commission of wrong, it is not possible that he should ever be despicable."

Again:

"It can have escaped the observation of no one, that one of the greatest political dangers to which this country is exposed, arises from a feeling of estrangement between the rich and the poor. I do not suppose, however, that the capitalist and laborer will ever be here arrayed in arms against each other. In a country where neither entail nor primogeniture can exist, the conditions of men change so rapidly, that a contest between these two classes, by physical force, is scarcely to be apprehended. We have, however, reason to fear, that this feeling of estrangement may lead the different classes of society to look with indifference upon the rights of each other. The majority, for the time being, will then trample upon the rights of the minority; constitutions, and law, and equity, will be forgotten, and the only rule recognised, will be the will of the strongest. Each party, as, in the mutation of politics, it comes into power, will improve upon the example of its predecessor; and thus, each in turn will suffer and inflict the most aggravated wrong. The result of this may be easily predicted. All men hate injustice when they themselves are the sufferers; and, as all in turn suffer, they will all in turn lightly esteem that form of government under which injustice may so easily be perpetrated. A growing disaffection toward republican institutions will thus be engendered, and all will consent to submit to the tyranny of one, in order to be delivered from the tyranny of many. This, I hold, to be the danger, to which, at this moment, we are in this country exposed; and I almost fear, that, from this very cause, some symptoms of a want of confidence in the permanence of our free institutions have already become apparent."

We close with one more extract:

"Intellectual cultivation opens to men a new path to social distinction. So long as men are merely occupied with the accumula-

tion of wealth, the possession of wealth confers the only title to eminence. Hence, society is divided, horizontally, into two classes, the rich and the not rich, the capitalist and the laborer. But, so soon as men begin to reflect, and, by reflection, to expand and invigorate their own intellects, a mighty change of opinions is immediately effected. The man discovers within himself a new element of value, and he discovers that the same element exists, in different degrees, in the other men around him. A new order, the order of merit, is created, and its distinctions are cheerfully conferred on every one who is worthy. Poverty here works no exclusion, and wealth furnishes no recommendation. The man who is denied admission to the aristocracy of property, is welcomed into the prouder and nobler aristocracy of talent. He feels that he may occupy a position in society according to his deserts, and the aspirations of his soul are satisfied. Now, the benefit of all this is twofold. In the first place, it moderates the insolence of wealth, by setting at naught its exclusiveness, and teaching that distinctions more permanent and more illustrious than it can possibly confer, are open to all. And, on the other hand, by reducing the value of wealth to its true level, it becomes in a less degree an object of envy; and thus, by making it less exclusively desirable, makes the possession of it vastly more secure.

But, while intellectual cultivation opens a new path to distinction, its tendency, far from setting men at variance with each other, is directly to bring them into harmony. The intellectual gifts of the Creator are impartially bestowed upon the rich and the poor. Wealth presents few, if any, peculiar opportunities for development of mind. The capitalist of twenty thousand a year has no more leisure for study than the industrious mechanic. And thus we find, in fact, that the names which have done the most to render our country illustrious, the Franklins, the Rittenhouses, the Bowditches of science, have sprung from the industrious classes of society, and have laid the foundations of their fame in the hours redeemed from the labors of a toilsome profession. Hence, when men meet together as *intellectual* beings, the rich man has nothing whereof to boast, and the poor man nothing whereof to be ashamed. Every other distinction fades away before the distinctions of knowledge and virtue. Here, it is a wise man that is strong, it is a man of understanding that increases strength. In such society, the palm is always awarded to the wisest; artificial distinctions are forgotten, and no man can claim superiority over his fellows, except it hath been freely awarded to him for the reason that he hath deserved it."

2. *The Personality of the Deity. A Sermon preached in the Chapel of Harvard University, Sept. 23, 1838.* By HENRY WARE, JR., Professor of Pulpit Eloquence and the Pastoral Care. Published at the request of the members of the Divinity School. Boston. James Monroe & Co. 1838.

This is a timely and valuable discourse. At a period when the ravings of a frantic philosophy, destructive alike of sound sense and of pious feeling, are promulgated, it is cheering to see such a chaim-

pion come forth to demolish the theory of a God, made up of abstract principles, on the very spot where it had been proposed. No mystification can conceal the absurdity, as well as impiety, of divesting the Deity of those personal qualities and feelings, which alone can call forth, sustain or justify our filial love. To speak of loving a mere abstract law of order, were a solecism; and to worship an impersonal infinity, would be irrational in theory, and in practice impossible.

In opposing the sentiment alluded to, Dr. Ware maintains, 1, that what is first and chief in the universe, is conscious, active mind; and that abstract principles are but the laws of its various relations; 2, that disrobing God of his personality amounts to a virtual denial of his existence; 3, that it destroys the object of worship, and thus annihilates that essential duty of religion; 4, that it removes the sense of responsibility; 5, that it contradicts the Bible; 6, that it destroys the possibility of a revelation, in any intelligible sense.

We will give the reader a brief specimen of the author's manner:

"The doctrine amounts to a virtual denial of God. Indeed, this is the only sense in which it seems possible to make that denial. No one thinks of denying the existence of principles and laws. Gravitation, order, cause and effect, truth, benevolence,—no one denies that these exist; and, if these constitute the Deity, he has not been and cannot be, denied. The only denial possible is by this exclusion of a personal existence. There can be no atheism but this; and this is atheism. If the material universe rests on the laws of attraction, affinity, heat, motion, still all of them together are no Deity; if the moral universe is founded on the principles of righteousness, truth, love, neither are these the Deity. There must be some Being to put in action these principles, to exercise these attributes. To call the principles and the attributes *God*, is to violate the established use of language, and confound the common apprehensions of mankind. It is in vain to hope by so doing to escape the charge of atheism; there is no other atheism conceivable. There is a personal God, or there is none."

We feel no disposition to stop and inquire whether there be any deficiencies in this discourse, arising from the writer's theology. We are not in pursuit of heretics at present, and even if we were, we should have to argue chiefly from silence, or resort to other evidence to make out a very bad case. We choose rather to welcome the appearance of such sermons from whatever quarter they may come.

3. *An Address delivered before the Peithessopian and Philoclean Societies of Rutgers' College, on the literary character of the Scriptures.* Delivered and published by request of the Peithessopian Society. By ALEXANDER H. EVERETT. New York. 1838.

This Address, which we had the pleasure of hearing, and which we are happy to see in its present form, is, as might be expected from its distinguished author, appropriate, tasteful and rich. We

feel a sincere pleasure, when such talent and learning, in a man, too, who has seen more of the world than almost any of our writers, are employed to persuade the youth of our academic retreats to give the Bible a high place among their literary pursuits. "These ancient records," to use his own language, "are venerable and interesting, under every point of view. Their most important aspect is that under which they are considered as the symbols and assurances of divine truth; but, regarded merely as literary monuments, they are not only the most ancient and curious, but I may safely say, the most extraordinary and valuable in the whole compass of literature. 'Independently of the divine origin of the Scriptures,' says the accomplished and clear-headed Sir William Jones, 'I have found in them more true wisdom, more practical good sense, a warmer benevolence, and a higher strain of thought and poetry than I have met with in any other work that I have perused, or indeed all other works put together.' In this opinion I entirely concur." The character of the Bible is viewed under three aspects, its philosophy, its poetry, its history. Instead of describing, in language of our own, the author's train of thought and style of execution, we will present him in his own person and garb to the eye of the reader:

"The philosophy of the Scriptures is at once sublime and simple. It satisfies the highest aspirations of the highest minds, and it falls within the comprehension of the humblest inquirer, who honestly seeks to understand it. It embraces the material universe, with its glorious and complicated system of

—'planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;'

the moral world, where the ruling spirits of good and evil carry on a perpetual warfare, with alternate and apparently not unequal advantage;—the great problems that have attracted, exercised, and defied the severest study of generation after generation:—it embraces them both with unshrinking grasp, and solves them with a single word. It carries home the sublime truth to the simple heart of the common believer, with a clearness of conviction, that Socrates and Cicero in their happiest hours of inspiration never knew. This word of power that solves these mighty and momentous problems, that carries home this cheering conviction to the believing heart,—need I say to you, gentlemen,—is God!

"When from the merely spontaneous exercise of our intellectual and physical powers, we first turn the mind inward to reflection upon its own nature, and outward to an inquiring contemplation of the objects around us, we find ourselves part and parcel of a vast system. We ask, with intense curiosity, with agonizing interest, 'What am I? Whence came I? What means this glorious panorama of ocean, air, and earth, that I see around me,—these splendid orbs that illuminate the day and night,—these lesser lights that twinkle and burn around them,—the seasons with their everchanging round? Who can tell me the secret of the being and working of this wondrous machinery? Did necessity fix it firmly as it is, from all eternity? Has accident thrown it together, to remain till some other accident shall reduce it to nothing, or did some master-workman adapt it, with intelligent design, to some great and good end? If so, what means this dismal

shade of evil that overshadows with its dim eclipse so large a portion of this good and fair creation? What relation do I bear individually to the grand whole? Am I a mere ripple on the boundless ocean of being, swelling into life for a moment and then subsiding for ever, or is this curiously compacted frame the abode of a substantial, immortal mind, destined to exist hereafter through countless ages of happiness or misery?

"The greatest and wisest men, of all ages and countries, have undertaken to answer these questions in various ways, but generally with slender success. One tells us that the origin of all things is in water, another that it is in fire; a third places it in the earth, and a fourth in the air. Epicurus resolves the universe into primitive atoms, while Zeno fixes it firmly in the brazen bonds of necessity. In regard to the problem of the moral world opinions are equally various. In one system, fate is the supreme arbiter, and chance in another. Some acknowledge the existence of gods, but place them apart in some remote celestial sphere, where they live on, regardless of the stir and bustle of this lower world. A few, more wise than the rest, obtain some faint glimpse of the truth, of which, however, they avow that they feel no certain assurance. All is doubt, uncertainty, error. There is no absurdity so great, says Cicero, that some distinguished philosopher has not made it the basis of his theory. The labors of modern inquirers have not been attended with better results. They have terminated in reviving successively, one after another, the exploded follies of antiquity. One denies the existence of mind, and another that of matter, while a third doubts the reality of either. All,—I mean all whose researches have been conducted independently of Scripture,—deny the reality of moral distinctions, and reduce man to a level with the animals around him. Such are the noble and consolatory views which the wisdom of Europe proclaimed within our own day, through the mouths of her ablest and most judicious apostles, as the last results of the labors of all preceding ages upon the great problem of God, man, and the universe.

"From this chaos of controversy, doubt, confusion, imposture and error, we turn to the Scriptures. Here we find ourselves at once in a new atmosphere. The very first sentence removes all difficulty. What do I say? The light breaks upon us before the sentence is finished. The first half-sentence settles at once and for ever the great problem of the universe. **IN THE BEGINNING GOD.** No metaphysics; no logic; no rhetoric; no tedious induction from particular facts; no labored demonstration *à priori* or *à posteriori*; no display of learning; no appeal to authority; but just the plain, simple, naked, unsophisticated truth: **IN THE BEGINNING GOD!**

"With the utterance of this little word, an ocean of light and splendor bursts at once upon the universe, and penetrates its darkest recesses with living beams of hope and joy. Order, harmony, intelligent design for happiest ends, take the place of unintelligible chaos and wild confusion. A cheerful confidence in the wisdom and goodness of an all-wise and almighty Creator, is substituted for gloomy doubt and blank despair. Evil still remains, but how different is its character! In a universe of chance and fate, it is a blind, irresistible power, like the destiny of ancient fable: treading under its giant feet

with remorseless fury, the fairest flowers of the natural and moral creation. ‘In a godless universe,’ says Madame de Stael, ‘the fall of a sparrow would be a fit subject for endless and inconsolable sorrow.’ With an almighty Father at the helm, evil, physical and moral, puts on the character of discipline. We cannot, it is true, penetrate the necessity of its existence, or the nature of the good which it is intended to effect. We are tempted at first to exclaim with the eloquent sophist of Geneva, ‘Benevolent Being! where, then, is thy almighty power? I behold evil on the earth.’ But what then? Does our limited intelligence comprehend the universe? Can the infant at his mother’s breast understand why the honeyed stream is removed from his lips, and a bitter draught of medicine substituted for it? Does the little child realize why the kind father confines him in schools,—refuses him the indulgences which he thinks so delightful,—inflicts upon him, perhaps, a severe punishment for some, to him, unimaginable fault? To the child, the lapse of a few years makes all these mysteries clear; in the mean time, his confidence and love for his parents induce him to submit with undiminished cheerfulness, where he cannot understand. Shall the frail being of a day repose with less faith and hope on the bosom of Omnipotent and Omnipotent goodness?”

4. *Tales of Truth, for the Young: or Waters from the living Fountain, flowing at all Seasons.* By R. BABCOCK, D. D. Second edition. Philadelphia. 1839.

We are glad to see the second edition of this little volume. Though there is no want of books designed for the young, yet the number of judicious juvenile books is by no means great. As the author observes in his preface: “This is the age of amusements. At a time when men become children and seek for tinsel, and toys, and rare excitements, till novelty in their production has put invention to the rack, it surely is less strange than lamentable, that children feel themselves licensed to repudiate every thing which is not decidedly amusing, as decidedly intolerable.” * * “The tendencies of the whole system now most popular in the instruction and improvement of youth, is to relax, not strengthen, to deteriorate rather than benefit their mental and moral nature. Every thing must be done for pleasure, not duty; for present gratification, not for ultimate advantage. Their school-books must, as far as possible, be amusing stories. Knowledge must be granulated to particles so small, and diluted to a consistency so thin, that it can be swallowed insensibly, or else it is thought it cannot be digested at all. It is curious to listen to the inquiries of children, and their childish parents, in reference to a new study or a new book proposed for them. ‘Is it interesting; will my child be pleased with it; is there no danger of its being thought dull?’ Just as though the tasking of the mental powers to do any thing not amusing, was either impossible or injurious. As you train the child you form the man: and what shall perpetuate the strong and stern principles of duty, if you thus cater to a vicious and enervating love of ease,—of mere amusement? * * The Bible, too, which is not quite pleasing and palatable enough to harmonize with these modern views, must be rewritten, in parts and parcels, so as to adapt it to the

general design. It must all be made exceedingly amusing and exciting to the fancy and passions of the young, in order to secure for it a certain and a welcome reception, even by those whose hearts are at enmity with its holiness and its author! The ineffable folly of these attempts would excite a smile, if the awful danger of the delusion did not force a sigh."

In presenting a better specimen of what religious books for the young should be, we think the writer has been successful. Instead of diversifying a few thoughts and spreading them through a volume, he has elicited a rich variety of moral principles from simple and affecting Scripture narratives, and thus suggested a much neglected, but profitable method of treating the historical books of the Bible. The distinguishing excellency of the plan is, that the living form, in true history and incident is first presented, and then the principle deduced and applied to the conscience. The "tales" are not told for their own sake,—they are not "empty," but are richly laden with moral and religious truth. The first is "of the man who dared to sin against God," or the story of Achan; the second, "of her who preferred God and his people to every thing else," or the history of Ruth; the third has the somewhat quaint title of "the meeting of life and death," or the raising of the widow of Nain's son. This last is evidently the most difficult subject to master; and has, we think, less of unity than the rest. The main design of the author seems to be to collect the radiance of this whole scene into a focus in the character of Christ. In such a process, beginning with details and ascending from them to general views, it is not so easy to intersperse reflections as when the process is reversed, as in the first tale, where numerous truths radiate from Achan's act as from a common centre. The story of Achan appears to us to be more skilfully managed than the others, and to be truly a successful effort. It has the air of being the most spontaneous, and is certainly the most exuberant. Its single parts have not too great a breadth, nor do any of them dwindle into disproportion. Nothing extraneous is artificially attached, nothing belonging to the subject omitted. Through the whole there is a happy combination of simplicity of form with pregnancy of thought. Let not these remarks be construed as disparaging to the remaining parts of the work. We are only speaking of comparative merit, where all is confessedly good.

There is neither space, nor particular occasion for minute criticism. As a matter of taste, we should prefer to have the expression, "flowing at all seasons," struck from the title of the book; and we think one short sentence, on page 114, where it *seems* to be implied, probably without design, that our Saviour never had a "sight of death" until after he was thirty years of age, might be improved.

5. *Leschon Rabbanan, oder gedrängtes, volständiges, aramäisch—chaldäisch—deutsches Handwörterbuch, als Hilfsmittel zur Erlernung des Thalmuds, der Thargumim und Midrashim, nach dem Aruch, Mussaphia, Buxtorf und Landau. u. s. w.* Von J. K. DESSAUER. Erlangen. 1838. pp. 282. 8vo.

A brief but complete German Lexicon of the Rabbincial Hebrew, as a help to the study of the Talmud, the Targums and Medrashim,

according to Aruch, Mussaphia, Buxtorf and Landau, with an Appendix, containing the Divisions and Technical Terms of the Talmud; an account of the Rabbinical Schools, and Sects; and Abbreviations, and Chaldaic Paradigms, &c. By J. H. DESSAUER. Erlangen. 1838.

Every learned theologian has frequent occasion to use a Rabbinic Lexicon in his exegetical reading. But as this species of literature is little cultivated among us, and as the lexicons are very expensive and rare, few know how to prize even such works as may be found in our public libraries. Undoubtedly every one, who can afford it, should have Buxtorf's great work in his library; but it can hardly be expected that the majority even of educated ministers should possess it. It was the design of our author to furnish such persons with a cheap substitute for the larger Rabbinical lexicons. The oldest work is the Aruch of Nathan Bar Jechiel prepared in the twelfth century, but not published until 1515; the next that appeared was an enlargement of the same by Mussaphia, a Spanish Jew, 1655. Both of these are in Hebrew. The lexicon most known and valued among us, is that of Buxtorf, published in 1640. This is a book of great learning and, though it was founded upon the two preceding, the extensive collection of new materials which was made, cost immense labor. In 1819, Landau published a large and diffuse Rabbinic lexicon in German, in five volumes. Only the last two works can be easily found, and these are expensive. The manual under review costs less than three dollars, and yet it contains more words than Buxtorf or Landau. By omitting all references and authorities, and giving nothing but words and simple definitions, in the manner of our pocket dictionaries, a most copious vocabulary is reduced to a small compass. We could wish that the definitions had been more copious, and that all the *results* of a philosophical development of the significations had been presented. But a philosophical and well arranged Rabbinical lexicon does not exist; even Buxtorf, with all its treasure of learning, is a mass of confusion. The labor of preparing such a manual would be very great; such as no one would undergo, who was not exclusively devoted to making a thesaurus. We cannot better designate this book, than by calling it *a very copious vocabulary* in an attractive and convenient form. All the words, to the great convenience of the ordinary student, are pointed. The lexicon itself occupies exactly 200 pages 8vo., in double columns; eight pages of the appendix are devoted to the divisions of the Talmud and its contents, ten to technical terms and the Rabbinical schools; then, in twenty-three closely printed pages, follows a complete alphabetical list of Rabbinical abbreviations, merely giving the Hebrew words for which the letters stand. The student who has this catalogue can dispense with Buxtorf "De Abbreviaturis." Twenty-four pages are added, giving all the grammatical forms and inflections, so that an ordinary Hebrew scholar can use the lexicon without being obliged to purchase a Rabbinical grammar for this purpose. We only regret that the book is not in Latin instead of German, as we fear no one will risk an English translation. Every Hebrew scholar, who can make out the meaning of a few German words, will find his account in possessing a copy of the "Leschon Rabbanan."

ARTICLE IX.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICA.

Statistics of some of the Baptist Literary and Theological Institutions for the current year.*

The New Hampton Academical and Theological Institution, N. H. Officers of instruction. Rev. Eli B. Smith, Principal and Professor of Biblical Theology and Ecclesiastical History; Rev. J. Newton Brown, Professor of Exegetical and Pastoral Theology; William E. Wording, Professor of the Latin and Greek Languages and Literature; Rev. Amasa Buck, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. There are also a Tutor, an Instructor in Elocution and a Teacher of Penmanship. There are three departments: 1. the English, term of study five years, number of students 117; 2. the Classical, term of study three years, number of students 80; 3. the Theological, the term of study four years, the number of students 36. Total 273. We omit the female department although large and prosperous, because it does not enter into our general plan to furnish notices of female seminaries. The anniversary is on the third Wednesday before the first Monday in September.—*The Maine Baptist Theological Institution*, at Thomaston. Rev. Calvin Newton, Principal. In Oct., 1838, there were four students in the second year, and five in the first. The Institution has been recently established.—*The Baptist Virginia Seminary*, at Richmond. R. Ryland, Principal, Elias Dodson, Assistant, present number of students 62. This Seminary has been seven years in operation, and has had in all 243 students, of whom 54 were candidates for the ministry.—*The Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution*, Mad. Co., N. Y. Officers of instruction. Rev. N. Kendrick, Professor of Systematic and Pastoral Theology; Rev. J. T. Maginnis, Prof. of Biblical Theology; Rev. T. J. Conant, Professor of Hebrew, and of Biblical Criticism and Interpretation; Rev. G. W. Eaton, Professor of Civil and Ecclesiastical History; Rev. A. C. Kendrick, Professor of the Greek Language and Literature; S. W. Taylor, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; J. F. Richardson, Professor of the Latin Language and Literature; P. B. Spear, Tutor in Hebrew Philology and Sacred Antiquities; J. H. Raymond, Tutor in Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, and Belles-Lettres; A. Lamb, Jr., Tutor in the Greek Language. Present number of students 120:—theological department 16; collegiate department 55; academical or preparatory department 29; shorter course 17; resident graduates 3. The course of study in the academic department extends through two years; the shorter course adds to this two years more, selecting parts from the collegiate and theological courses; this last occupies two years, the study of the Hebrew language being included in the collegiate course, which, in other respects, has the ordinary arrangement. The commencement is on the third Wednesday in August.—*Brown University*, Providence, R. I. Officers of instruction. Rev. Francis Wayland, President, and Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy; William G. Goddard, Professor of Belles-Lettres; Rev. Romeo Elton, Professor of the Latin and Greek Languages; Rev. Alexis Caswell, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; George J. Chace, Professor of Chemistry, Geology and Physiology; Horatio B. Hackett, Professor of Hebrew and of Classical Literature; William Gammell, Professor of Rhetoric; Nathan Bishop, Tutor in Mathematics; and Charles S. Bradley, Tutor in Latin and Greek. Present

* The officers of other Baptist theological institutions and colleges are requested to send us notices similar to the above.—Ed.

number of students 188. Commencement, the first Wednesday in September.—*Waterville College*, Maine. Officers of instruction. Rev. Robert E. Pattison, President, and Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy; Geo. W. Keely, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; Phineas Barnes, Professor of the Latin and Greek languages; Rev. S. F. Smith, Professor of Modern languages; Justin R. Loomis, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History; Edwin Noyes, Tutor in Greek; and Danford Thomas, Tutor in Latin and Mathematics. Number of students 75. Commencement, the second Wednesday in August.—Prof. Caswell, of Brown University, has in a state of forwardness, for the press, an Elementary Treatise on Astronomy, designed as a Text-Book for the use of Colleges and Academies.

ENGLAND.

Lord Brougham has published two volumes of Dissertations, as Illustrations of Paley's Natural Theology.—The Excursions in the Interior of Russia, by R. Bremner, in two volumes (1839), are represented by the English journals as being more valuable than ordinary travels in Russia.—No new English work is more highly commended than, Statistics of the Colonies of the British Empire in the West Indies, South America, North America, Asia, Austral-Asia, Africa and Europe, by R. M. Martin, 1839, one volume royal octavo.—A third English edition of Mrs. Sigourney's Letters to Mothers, is just out of press.

FRANCE.

M. Jaubert is De Sacy's successor as professor of Persian; Mr. Renaud, his successor in Arabic, is preparing a biography of this celebrated oriental scholar.—The new Paris edition of Chrysostom's works in Greek and Latin, in 26 parts, is completed about this time. The works of Basil will follow, in the same elegant style, as also those of Bernard.—The minister of Public Instruction has ordered that one foreign, living language be introduced into all the royal colleges of France; the Italian into those situated near Italy, the Spanish into those near the Pyrenees; and either the English or German, at the option of the student, into those of Paris and Versailles.

GERMANY.*

The university of Leipsic, has for 1839, a list of 94 professors and teachers, of whom the most distinguished in literature and theology, are Hermann, Winer, Heinroth, the best German writer on psychology and anthropology, Wachsmuth, author of the most celebrated work on the Historical Antiquities of Greece, Krug, author of the excellent Philosophical Dictionary, or rather encyclopedia of intellectual and moral philosophy, including its whole history, Seyfarth, known from his writings on Egyptian hieroglyphics, Nobbe, the editor of Cicero, Klotz, a young philologist of the highest character, coeditor of Jahn's Annals of Classical Philology, and editor of several classic authors, Illgen, Winzer and Grossman.—The university of Bonn, has the present year 93 teachers, of whom we mention the names of Freytag, Schlegel and Lassen, in oriental literature; Welcher and Näke (deceased), in classical philology; Augusti, Nitzsch, Rheinwald, Sack, Bleek, Scholz and Klee (the two last Catholics), all distinguished writers in theology.—The university of Tübingen, enrolls on its catalogue this year 55 teachers. We will name only Ewald, the orientalist, Bauer, in theology, and Walz in classical literature.—Konigsberg, has 57, the most important of whom are Löbeck, in classical philology, Sieffert, in theology, and Bohlen, in oriental literature.—Giessen, has now 41 teachers; Kuinöl, Credner and Osann, are best known.—Erlangen is not extinct;

* Many of our learned subscribers, particularly those devoted to the study of theology and classical literature, regret the paucity of critical articles in this Review; others, and those not a few in number, complain that we should occupy three or four pages in bibliographical and literary foreign intelligence in which they feel no interest. There must be a little mutual indulgence.—Ed.

Kaiser, Olshausen, Döderlein (Latin synonyms), von Raumer (Geography of Palestine), Harless, and 37 others are going on as usual.

Some of the German gymnasia in 1839. *Frankfort, on the Oder*, has 12 teachers and 166 students; the course of study in the gymnasia is six years, nearly equivalent to our Latin schools and colleges put together. Poppo, the ablest editor of Thucydides, is the rector. When will our preparatory and classical schools have such teachers as Poppo, Jacobs, Butmann, Matthiae, Ramshorn, Döring, Rost, Grotofend, Heusinger, Herzog, Schmieder, Siebelis, Lindemann, Friedemann, Melhorn, Moser, Gerlach, Möbius, Meinecke, Gurlitt, Bornemann, Ellendt and Kraft? — *Pforta*, near Naumberg, one of the oldest and most celebrated gymnasia of Germany, the nursery of the best classical scholars for several generations, has now 15 teachers and 168 students. It is introducing more of mathematical studies and natural science than formerly. — *Wittenberg*, has 8 teachers and 127 students. Spitzner, author of the most recent and approved school edition of Homer's Iliad, is the rector. — *Cologne*, has two gymnasia. The Catholic gymnasium has 13 teachers and 374 students. Among the teachers are Gölle, editor of Thucydides, second only to Poppo, and best for schools, and Grysar, author of the splendid work on the Latin language. — Among the most celebrated living teachers in the German gymnasia, we may mention, furthermore, Kreft of Hamburg, the Grotofends of Hanover and Gottingen, Lindemann of Zittau, Herzog of Gera, Siebelis of Bautzen, Schulze and Köpke of Berlin, G. Jacob of Cologne, Bothe of Mainz, Friedemann of Weilburg, Melhorn of Glogau, Moser of Ulm, Wex of Eisleben, Richter of Quedlinburg, Gerlack of Basle, Herbst of Wezlar, Baumgarten-Crusius of Meissen, Struve and Ellendt of Konigsberg, Rost and Wüstemann of Gotha, Kritz of Erfurt, Bach of Fulda, the Orellis of Zurich, Wüllner of Dusseldorf, Förtsch of Naumberg, Schmidt and Stahr of Halle.

The historian and popular writer, von Raumer of Berlin, has recently been presented with a gold medal by Victoria, queen of England.

The third volume of von Cöln's *Dogmengeschichte*, or *History of Theological Sentiments*, extending from the Reformation to the present time, has been prepared and published by Neudecker. This important work, the best on the subject, is Müncher's remodelled, by von Cöln, but the learned author died after finishing the second volume. The first volume relates to the ancient church, or the period of the church Fathers, the second to the scholastic age, and the third to modern times. The text is brief and comprehensive, but the notes contain very choice and copious extracts from the best original authorities in the language in which they were written. — The third and last volume of Bode's *History of Grecian Poetry*, mentioned in former numbers, will be published in April. — A second edition of Rückert's *Commentary on the Romans*, in two volumes, is just leaving the press. He has also established a "Magazine for the Exegesis and Theology of the New Testament;" the first number appeared in 1838. It is not designed to discuss theological doctrines at large, but to be limited to the exegetical theology of the New Testament. Indeed, according to his own explanation of the title, it is to be devoted exclusively to the interpretation of the New Testament. His method of interpretation is too rigid for the Germans,—too regardless of philosophical and theological creeds; but Americans will heartily concur with him in his leading principle: "Employ all the proper means in thy power to ascertain the true sense of the writer; lend him nothing of thine,—take from him nothing that is his. In other words, never inquire what he ought to say;—never shrink from what he does say. It is thy business to learn and not to teach." He adds, "from this principle I cannot depart in the least, although it is unpopular, and I well know what it will cost me and what personal sacrifices I have been obliged already to make." He has probably been dismissed from office in Zittau. If his judgment were as sound and his spirit as biblical, as his prin-

ple is correct and his talent and learning great, he would furnish a splendid illustration of "the martyr spirit."—These last words suggest the case of the seven dismissed professors of Gottingen. Three of them, Ewald, Jacob Grimm and Dahlmann, have published each a separate defence of their course, in which Grimm is full of wit and terrible sarcasm. Was it wise, was it heroic, for these worthies to write their own "acta martyrum?" Does not the deed itself speak louder and more nobly?—Prof. F. Rückert (not the commentator) of Erlangen, equally celebrated as an orientalist and a poet, has declined the appointment of being Ewald's successor in the university of Gottingen!—Von Hammer has published the fourth volume of his splendid "Biographical Gallery of distinguished Moslem Rulers of the first seven Centuries of the Mohammedan Era," or from A. D. 600 to 1300.—Professor Ullmann has taken up, in earnest, what he calls "the vital question of our present theology," in regard to the life of Jesus, in a book entitled, "Historical or Mythological?" divided into four parts: 1. What does the establishment of the church through a crucified individual presuppose? 2. A Critique upon Strauss' Life of Jesus; 3. A public letter to Strauss, on the personality and miracles of Christ; 4. Characteristics of the canonical and apocryphal writings relating to the evangelical history. Thus one bold skeptic has called forth many of the strongest minds in Germany to the long neglected and almost despised study of the Evidences of Christianity. Most of the English works on the subject, relate to a kind of infidelity that among the learned is now mostly extinct. Not only will the "vital question" fix what has long been fluctuating among the Germans, the historical basis of Christianity, for themselves, but will, by meeting the new and now prevalent mode of attack, supply a great deficiency in our apologetic theology.—H. Reuchlin has commenced a very interesting and important work, "History of Port-Royal," or the contest between the reformed and the Jesuit Catholicism under Louis XIII and XIV. The first volume will appear next month.—Maurer's brief grammatical and critical (Latin) commentary on the Old Testament is progressing; the Psalms are finished and the twelve Minor Prophets will appear in a few days.*—The following works for Jacobs and Rost's *Bibliotheca Greca*, are in press; select parts of Aristophanes, by A. Seidler; Herodotus, in four volumes, by C. Struve; Homer's *Odyssey*, by G. W. Nitzsch; Select parts of Lucian, by C. Struve.†—As an instance of unprecedented enterprise, we may mention the publication of all the early monuments of German national literature in one uniform body, by Basse, a bookseller of Quedlinburg. Many distinguished scholars are employed in the collection, and several valuable works, never before published, relating to the history and literature of the Middle Ages, have been discovered among the refuse of old libraries, and several of these have in a short time passed twenty or thirty editions.—A beautiful and cheap edition of Winckelmann's entire works in German, never before collected into one set, is in a course of publication at Dresden. His chief work, "History of Ancient Art," in German, appears first and may be had separately at little expense.—Prof. T. Hitzig, has commenced a brief commentary or "Exegetical Manual of the Old Testament," after the style of De Wette's "Exegetical Manual of the New Testament," which is also now in progress. Vol. I, which is just from the press, contains the twelve Minor Prophets.—The best and most complete account of Japan, according to Ritter, is in P. F. Siebold's "Nipon, or Archives for the Description of Japan," begun in 1832, and continued to the present time.—A. Ermann's Travels round the Earth, through Northern Asia, Berlin, 1838, are exciting considerable attention in England as well as in Germany.

* See Dec. No. of 1838, p. 629.

† See June No. of 1838, p. 318.

QUARTERLY LIST.

DEATHS.

LUTHER CRAWFORD, in Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 13, aged 33.
 THOMAS DOUGLASS, in S. C., Aug. 15, aged 90.
 JAMES GARCELON, in Lewiston, Me., Dec. 28, aged 77.
 SIMEON P. GRISWOLD, in West Meredith, Del. Co., N. Y., Feb. 21.
 WILLIAM J. PRITCHETT, in Ill.
 AMOS REED, in Packersville, Ct., aged 80.
 ALEXANDER RIDDLER, in Peoria Co., Ill., Oct. 7, aged 35.
 JOSEPH SHEPPARD, in Camden, N. Y., Dec. 13, aged 52.
 PETER SIMONSON, in Greenwich, N. J., Jan. 9.
 HENRY SMALLY, in Roadstown, N. J., Feb. 11, aged 80.
 WILLIAM SPENCER, in Jacksonville, Ill., Sept., aged 70.
 WILLIAM TANDY, Bethel, Christian Co., Ky., Oct. 12, aged 60.
 LEVI WALKER, Jr., in Griswold, Ct., Feb. 2, aged 28.
 LEWIS WILLIAMS, in St. Louis Co., Mo., Nov. 16.

ORDINATIONS.

CHARLES S. ADAMS, at Long Branch ch., Va., Dec. 24.
 SAMUEL ADSIT, at Weedsport, Cay. Co., N. Y., Dec. 12.
 DAVID AVERY, at Bloomfield, Ct., Feb. 6.
 AUGUSTUS O. BACON, at Walthourville, Liberty Co., Ga., Jan. 12.
 A. C. BARRELL, at Laona, N. Y., Feb. 7.
 JACOB BLAIN, at Pompey, N. Y., Feb. 14.
 WILLIAM BROOKS, at Mineral ch., Chatham Co., N. C., Dec. 16.
 WILLIAM L. BROWN, at Ann Arbor, Mich., Feb. 14.
 DANIEL D. BRUNSON, at Edgefield dist., S. C., Jan. 20.
 ISAAC BUTTERFIELD, at Cicero, Onon. Co., N. Y., Feb. 6.
 VOLNEY CHURCH, at Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y., Feb. 14.
 J. MILTON COBURN, at Effingham, N. H., Feb. 21.
 WINTHROP CONVERSE, at Mansfield, Ohio, Dec. 27.
 IRA CORWIN, at Medina, Ohio, Feb. 20.
 A. G. CURRY, at Paris, Ky., Nov. 17.
 WILLIAM H. DILANO, at Ira, Cay. Co., N. Y., Dec. 6.
 WILLIAM A. C. DIX, at Northampton, Va., Feb. 12.
 AMBLER EDSON, at Plymouth, Vt.
 CHARLES FARRAR, at Felchville, Vt., Jan. 29.
 THOMAS H. FORD, at Payson, Adams Co., Ill., Oct. 29.
 PETER GOO, at Frankfort, Herkimer Co., N. Y., Dec. 5.
 ELIAS GOODSPEED, at Essex, N. Y., Jan. 10.
 STILLMAN T. GROW, at Independence, Oakland Co., Mich., Jan. 31.
 HERMAN S. HAVENS, at Saybrook, Ct., Oct. 31.
 T. D. HERNDON, at Long Branch ch., Va., Dec. 24.
 WM. HOBBS, at Salem Ass., Ill., Nov. 3.
 VELONA R. HOTCHKISS, at Poultney, Vt., Dec. 29.
 SILAS C. JAMES, at Chester Co., Pa., Dec. 3.

AMARIAH JOY, at Farmington, Me., Dec. 5.
 JAMES A. KEYS, at Auburn, Mich., Nov. 1.
 MARSHALL W. LELAND, at Washington, D. C., Jan. 3.
 E. T. MANNING, at Orleans co., N. Y. Oct., 31.
 JESSE MILLER, at Laughery, Dearborn co., Ia., Feb. 1.
 THOMAS MURRAY, at Hodgdon, Me., Feb. 16.
 ROBERT MYERS, at Andover, Vt., Nov. 7.
 PUTNAM OWENS, at Smithfield, Va., Nov. 19.
 RUSSELL C. PALMER, at Hermitage Village, Gen. Co., N. Y., Dec. 12.
 H. L. PETTUS, at Russell's Spring, Tenn., Jan. 13.
 EDWIN D. REED, at Morrisville, N. Y., Nov. 21.
 JOSEPH ROCK, at Goochland Co., Va., Dec. 6.
 GEORGE N. ROE, at Hopewell, Ont. Co., N. Y., Feb.
 JOHN H. ROSCO, at Batavia, N. Y., Dec. 19.
 E. S. SMITH, at Elba, Genesee Co., N. Y., Feb. 27.
 JESSE H. SMITH, at Bath, Medina Co., Ohio, Oct. 10.
 WILLIAM STEELE, at Clinton Hill, Ill., Sept. 2.
 STEPHEN TAYLOR, at Sodus, N. Y., Feb. 8.
 WILLIAM TILLINGHAST, at Franklinville, N. Y., Nov. 14.
 CHARLES VAN LOON, at Westfield, Mass., Feb. 27.
 ABRAHAM WADE, JR., Concord, Erie Co., Penn., Jan. 23.
 ALONZO WADHAMS, at Covert, N. Y., Nov. 21.

CONSTITUTION OF CHURCHES.

At Whitesville, Alleghany Co., N.Y., July 7.
 At Beaver Creek, Bond Co., Ill., July 27.
 At New Canton, Va., Sept.
 At Brownsville, Jefferson Co., N.Y., Oct. 2.
 At Cynthiana, Pike Co., Ohio, Oct. 21.
 At Hartford Co., Ky., Oct. 27.
 At Canfield's Corner, Tioga Co., N. Y., Nov. 1.
 At Preston, Chenango Co., N. Y., Nov. 27.
 At Fauquier Co., Va., Dec. 2.
 At Portageville, N. Y., Dec. 5.
 At Paris, Me., Dec. 6.
 At Buffalo, Va., Dec. 15.
 At Branford, Ct., Dec. 19.
 At Evansville, Ia.
 At Jarvis Gore, Me., Jan. 17.
 At Lafayette city, Jan. 12.
 At Camden, Oneida Co., Jan. 24.
 At East Greenwich, R. I., Jan. 30.
 At N. Y. city, Tabernacle ch., Mulberry st., Jan. 30.
 At Jackson, Jackson Co., Mich., Jan. 30.
 At Woodstock, Vt., Feb. 12.
 At Amity, Me., Feb. 15.
 At Vienna, N. Y., Feb. 21.

DEDICATIONS.

In Wales, Me., Nov. 14.
 In West Wrentham, Mass., Nov. 27.
 In North Conway, Me., Dec. 12.
 In Thomaston, Me.
 In Meriden village, N. H., Jan. 1.
 In Rumney, N. H., Jan. 3.
 In East Monmouth, Me., Jan. 9.
 In Cabotsville, Mass., Feb. 7.